



J. Kelloway Sculp.

Published December 1st 1797. by Cadell and Davies, Strand.



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THE
WORKS
OF
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

WITH
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE;
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
*A VIEW OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND
PROGRESS OF ROMANCE;*
By JOHN MOORE, M.D.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

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1797.

W O R K S

JOHN S. MOULTON, M.D.

MEMOIR OF HILLIER

MEMORANDUM FOR THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

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able that the Romans were influenced by the same kind of good will towards the conquered, that the Spaniards were to the Mexicans, and the European traders on the coast of Guinea are to the

COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS

RELATION for the loss of liberty, the Romans communicated their language and manner to their new subjects.

ROMANCE.

BEFORE we enter into any account of the life and writings of Dr. Smollett, it is thought proper to present the reader with a sketch of those variations of manners in Europe, which gave rise to that particular species of writing for which he was so much distinguished.

Some very early customs and institutions will of course be comprehended within this sketch.

When the Romans, by the superiority of their military discipline, had subdued all the nations within their reach, they endeavoured to render them more civilized. Were we to give credit to some of their poets and historians, we should imagine that they undertook the first from the pure view of accomplishing the second. Yet no history, sacred or profane, furnishes examples of the inhabitants of one country entering forcibly into the territories of another, from the mere impulse of benevolence. It is therefore pro-

bable that the Romans were influenced by the same kind of good will to the people they conquered, that the Spaniards were to the Mexicans, and the European traders on the coast of Guinea are to the negroes.

A late elegant historian informs us, that “as a consolation for the loss of liberty, the Romans communicated their arts, sciences, language, and manners, to their new subjects *.”

That the Romans instructed the Britons in certain arts is undoubted: but it was merely to render them more profitable slaves to Rome. Of one art, however, the Romans took particular care to keep them ignorant; namely, the art of war; that art which secured to themselves the government of other nations.

Tu regere imperio populos Romanæ memento

Hæ tibi erunt artes—

The historian above mentioned adds, “that the vanquished nations were disarmed by their conquerors, overawed by soldiers kept in pay to restrain them, and given up as a prey to rapacious governors, who plundered them with impunity.”

What kind of consolation is this! Even had those wretched people been less exposed than they were, to the rapacity of the Roman prætors sent to govern

* See Dr. Robertson's View of the State of Europe, Sect. I.

them—had they been allowed to retain a considerable share of the riches they were taught to acquire; in what an abject situation would they still have been, beholding their masters eternally before their eyes, and being conscious that they held the fruits of their own industry by no surer tenure than the pleasure of those masters?

The earliest inhabitants of this island of whom we have any records, who resisted the invasion of Cæsar, and fought in defence of their country under Caractacus and Boadicea, barbarians as they were, appear infinitely more respectable than their civilized posterity, who lived tamely under the Roman yoke. Two Roman legions were sufficient to keep all the accessible parts of this island in subjection for above three hundred years. What an idea does this convey of the superiority which the military discipline of the Romans gave that people over the rest of mankind!

Those legions were at last called from Britain, to preserve more valuable conquests: but such is the debasing influence of long-continued subjection on the human mind, that the wretched Britons were unable to preserve the independence which fortune had restored to them. Unable to resist a handful of Caledonians, who rushed from that mountainous country which the Romans had never subdued, the effeminate Britons applied for aid to their ancient masters with abject eloquence: "The barbarians," said they, "chase us into the sea, the sea throws us

“back on the barbarians, and we have only the miserable choice of perishing by the sword or the waves.”

Before they were civilized by the Romans, the Britons would perhaps not have described their dilemma in such pathetic terms; but they would assuredly have used more energetic means of extricating themselves. The Romans, however, were at this time so violently attacked by Attila, that they paid little attention to the groans of the Britons; who, finding they had nothing to expect from Rome, applied for assistance from Germany, and received an army of Saxons into their country.

It soon occurred to those auxiliaries, that the country they were able to defend, they would be able to conquer. Accordingly, after they had repelled the invaders from the north, they began to seize the possessions of the southern inhabitants; murdering or driving the original proprietors to the Highlands of England; namely, to Wales. In the same manner, when the conquerors extended themselves into Scotland, they appropriated the Lowlands to their own use, and drove the original inhabitants to the Highlands of that country. The inhabitants of Wales and of the Highlands of Scotland are therefore descended from the same original British ancestors, and at this day speak a language essentially the same; the difference being only what must take place when two divisions of a people, speaking the same language, are kept

kept from all communication with each other for a series of years. That the present inhabitants of England and of the Lowlands of Scotland are in like manner descended from the Saxon invaders is highly probable, from the circumstance of their speaking a language that is essentially the same. Considering the wars and enmity that existed for many centuries between the Scots and English, this could hardly have happened but from their having descended from the same people.

When the Saxons were called to Britain, they were free men. The Britons, who called them, had been long debased by the Roman yoke. The difference this makes is prodigious.

Much has been said and written of late to shew the ill effects of liberty; not surely in the intention of disgusting the inhabitants of this island with that which has been one great basis of their prosperity, and has so long rendered them the envy of surrounding nations; but merely, it is to be hoped, with a view to prevent the abuse of freedom, which, like the abuse of every thing else that is estimable in life, becomes pernicious in proportion to the value of the thing abused.

Liberty and property are the two most valuable blessings men can possess: but when a dread of the one being in danger preponderates in a nation, they are apt to lose all solicitude about the other. Those who supinely endure encroachments on their politi-

cal freedom, while they are tremblingly alive to what ever they are told may endanger their property, forget that when the first is gone, the second must soon follow. They may be deprived of it more methodically, but not more certainly.

To render wealth a permanent blessing to Great Britain, its inhabitants must preserve in its purity that constitution which their ancestors established in 1688. They must retain, as Dr. Smollett finely expresses it, in his Ode to Leven Water,

— hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

After having deprived other nations of freedom, the Romans themselves were deprived of it; and with it lost the love of their country, and all that elastic energy of mind which renders free-born men superior to the rest of mankind. The indolent and luxurious inhabitants of Italy shrunk from the fatigues of war; foreigners were bribed or compelled to fight their battles; the armies on the frontiers relaxed in discipline. It is worthy of observation, that military discipline is most cheerfully submitted to in the armies of nations which have maintained their civil liberties. The Greeks were always better disciplined than the Persians; and the Turkish armies are the worst disciplined troops in Europe. Having lost the energy of freedom, the Romans could not withstand those attacks which their ancestors would have repelled with ease.

The

The Saxons who invaded England did not imagine it possible that men who had tasted the sweets of independence could remain quietly in a state of subjection, and therefore thought it necessary, for their own secure possession of the country, to extirpate great numbers of the natives. This inhuman policy was carried greater lengths by those Saxons, than by any conquerors of whom we have an account in profane history. They conquered exclusively for themselves, not for the benefit or aggrandizement of the state to which they had belonged, or of a country to which they never meant to return. The conquered lands were considered as a property which all had contributed to acquire, and in the division of which all had a right to share.

By what rule the division was made is not known : but the respect in which they held their chief, and the conviction they entertained that it would be for the general safety to adhere to him, and rally under his standard, appear, from the large share of the lands that were allotted to him, and which, in many instances, were afterwards called crown lands, or royal demesnes. This veneration for the chief appears in a still stronger light, from his being appointed to divide the rest of the lands among the inferior officers ; and from these officers receiving their portions on condition of attachment to him, and of serving him in war at their own expence. Those inferior officers,

who were the first barons or nobility, after retaining a certain proportion of their share of the land in their own hands, for the support of their dignity and household, were obliged to divide the remainder of what was allotted to them among their followers; that is to say, the soldiers who had in the course of the war been immediately under their command. The common soldiers received their portions from their officers or barons on the same condition that the latter had received theirs from the sovereign. He who conferred the land was called the superior; and he who accepted it on the above condition, the vassal. The ceremony on these occasions seems of an humiliating nature; the vassal falling on his knees, and declaring himself the creature (*homo*) of the superior. This was, from the Latin word, called doing homage. Humiliating as this ceremony may appear, the proudest thane submitted to it; and afterwards kings themselves did not scruple to go through it, on account of lands or provinces which were their property, but situated on the territories of another sovereign.

Those new proprietors were bound to protect their acquisitions, not only against such of the natives as had been spared, but also against new hordes of their own countrymen. The common danger united them together, and secured their obedience to the chief as much after they resided in an established habitation, as when they marched in the field.

This permanency of command increased the superiority of the leaders over the subordinate, and accustomed the minds of the lowest to respect and obedience, in peace as well as in war. Some of the barons had certain offices in the sovereign's household conferred on them, which descended, with a title, to their posterity.

At first, even the most powerful of the officers were considered as greatly subordinate to the chief or sovereign; but in process of time, the particular vassals of each great officer, especially of those who lived at the greatest distance from the residence of the sovereign, relaxed in attention to him, and directed it entirely to the chieftain, whose power and influence they daily saw and felt. This oblivion of the sovereign and attachment to the chieftain augmented, when the latter assumed supreme jurisdiction over all within their own districts. At length these petty chiefs, by combinations with each other, became, in a great measure, independent of and formidable to the sovereign himself.

In this state of society continual jealousy and alarm must have prevailed. The barons built fortresses or castles on the most inaccessible situations of their lands. Emulation and rivalry between the chiefs produced rapine and bloodshed among the people, particularly at times when the crown had not the power to command tranquillity. A considerable baron, in those days, was

above

above law as much as the sovereigns of Europe are at present. When, tempted by the weakness or misfortune of any of his neighbours, a baron determined on war, he did not indeed publish a manifesto, enumerating his grievances, but he equally issued orders to take, burn, and destroy. The wretched populace were exposed to all the horrors of war, and the families of the chiefs to the most shocking effects of hatred and revenge. Robberies and murders on the highway were frequent. The castles of the barons were sometimes the receptacles of hired banditti. Bands of robbers were regularly formed under leaders of their own choosing, by which travelling was rendered highly dangerous. Whole villages were pillaged. The castle of the baron was often blockaded. Women were exposed to violences of every kind, and the possessions of the ecclesiastics themselves were not always safe from the rapacity of those plunderers.

When wickedness and impiety had arrived at this height, it was proposed that the valour and generosity of individuals should form a supplement to the weakness of law. Combinations were formed for the protection of ecclesiastics, of virgins, of widows, of orphans, and for the redress of the injured in general. The utility of those associations, in checking the abuses against which they were formed, became apparent. The reputation acquired by some, roused the emulation of many. All the young men of family,
who

who in those days were almost the only persons who could live independent of bodily labour, entered into these societies; from which, when afterwards patronized by the sovereigns as well as the church, the Order of Chivalry originated.

The precise period at which this famous Order was first established, it is difficult to determine: but soon after it had been established, it was thought expedient to educate children with the express view of accomplishing them for it. The choice was made from the children of noble families. War, religion, and love, were the pillars of this famous institution, which refined and gave fresh lustre to that gallantry towards the fair sex, which varnishes and gilds the roughness of Gothic manners.

At seven years of age, the children destined for the profession of chivalry were removed from their father's houses to the court or castle of the sovereign. As their education was in some points severe, and required steadiness and strength, boys of stout constitutions and intrepid minds were preferred to all others of equal rank. The first situation they obtained, however, was that of pages, during which they waited at table, and performed other menial service, which were not considered, in those days, as humiliating. Their address and manner were attended to. They were taught to dance and play on the harp; and while they were instructed in the religious tenets which it was their duty to believe, it was at the same

same time the business of certain ladies of the court to teach them the metaphysics of love, and impress on their minds an early devotion for the sex.

The contrast between the manners of the Greeks and Romans and those of the Goths is not so surprising in any point as in that of their behaviour to the fair sex; the former seeming to have bestowed but a very moderate share of attention on the women, and to have permitted them little share in conversation or in general society; whereas the latter are said to have believed that something sacred and prophetic belonged to the female sex, and on that account sometimes consulted them in the most important exigencies of the state. Even amidst the horrors of their invasion of the empire, while they spread bloodshed and devastation among the men, they forbore from any violence to the women; and after these same Goths had become christians, it was not in the power of the priests to impress higher veneration for any saints in the calendar, on the minds of the youths educated for chivalry, than the court instructresses did for those ladies whom each youth chose as the mistress of his heart.

At the age of fourteen, the young candidate, from the rank of page, was promoted to that of esquire. The esquires were of different kinds. One was called the carving esquire; his duty was to attend in the hall at dinner, and carve the various dishes with dexterity, and distribute them among the guests: but the esquire
who

who was chosen for the companion of his patron, was taught the use of the spear, the sword, and the battle-axe, and accustomed to exercise under the incumbrance of armour.

At twenty-one, he was received into the Order of Chivalry. The ceremonies on this occasion were calculated to make a deep and lasting impression. The youth was obliged to pass the preceding night in prayer and acts of devotion in a church, attended by a priest, to whom he made a full confession of his sins; after which he received absolution, took the sacrament, bathed, and being dressed in white raiment, and having heard a sermon adapted to the occasion, he advanced, presenting a sword which the priest girded to the side of the young man, after it had been consecrated by a blessing. He then moved to the person who was to confer the Order, and fell before him on both knees with his hands joined, and having sworn to maintain the honour of religion and of chivalry, he was, by the assistants, dressed in complete armour; in doing which, they always began by attaching the spurs. He again sunk on his knees, and was dubbed by the sovereign, who gave him three touches with the flat of the sword on the shoulder, saying, "I invest thee with the Order of Chivalry, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. Be faithful, bold, and loyal."

At

At the end of the ceremony, the young knight generally mounted his horse, which stood ready at the church door, and poised his lance, while his charger pranced and bounded with a pride equal perhaps to that of his master.

The desire of fame, the obligations of religion, and the enthusiasm of love, being thus united, it is not surprising that the professors of chivalry were inspired with an uncommon ardor for occasions of distinguishing themselves. In consequence of which the freebooters who infested the open country were soon dispersed, the injuries done to widows and orphans in a great measure redressed, and the violators of virgins punished. But the military spirit of the knights continued, after the objects on which it had been exerted were removed.

The fashion of challenging to single combat had probably existed among the Gothic nations long before the period of which we are now treating, but duels only took place in case of some accidental quarrel; and although those happened pretty frequently, it would appear that they did not occur so often as to satisfy the ardour of the knights, and prevent their spears from rusting. In an age when the higher orders of mankind had few sources of amusement, and in countries where commerce or agriculture afforded little or no employment for the lower class, a state of languid tranquillity was more insupportable than a state

of war : but though many wished for the bustle of hostilities, a plausible pretext for beginning a war did not always occur. In those days, the people of every nation thought they had a right to assume a new form of government when they pleased, for themselves : but none thought they had a right to disturb the governments of their neighbours by missionaries, to spread their political opinions among them. And it never occurred to any nation, that the only or the best means of securing their own constitution was to make war against another. Those and other ingenious causes of war, which have since, in the progress of refinement, been used so successfully, did not present themselves to the unenlightened minds of men in that age of darkness.

In this dilemma, when so many were eager for fighting, and none could suggest a good cause of quarrel, a lucky thought struck one knight-errant, which in some measure removed the difficulty. He caused it to be proclaimed, " that the lady he had chosen for the object of his adoration was not only the most beautiful, but also the most chaste and accomplished woman in the universe ; that he was ready to maintain this by the power of his arm, and to punish as a blasphemer whoever should assert the contrary."

This was a challenge which could not fail being accepted. The combat that ensued was the harbinger of many others on the same principle ; and every knight,

knight, whose bosom panted for an opportunity of distinguishing his love of glory or of his mistress, could indulge his fancy when he pleased.

The formalities with which those combats were attended rendered them amusing to the public, and peculiarly flattering to the ladies who were the subject of dispute. The rival beauties were on those occasions seated in a conspicuous manner. Whatever had been the opinion of the spectators with regard to the respective merits of the ladies previous to the solemnity, they now suspended their judgment until, by one of the champions being unhorsed or slain, it was decided that the mistress of the victor should in future be considered as the fairest, chastest, and in all respects the most accomplished of the two.

When women of family were shut up in castles, forbid all familiarity with men, and seldom admitted into any society but that of their nearest relations, it is evident that the manners of the age combined with the native modesty of the sex to secure the virtue of the ladies.

This extreme difficulty of access contributed to elevate the passion of the lovers to that enthusiastic height which we are told was then so common, and which is believed now to be so rare. The reverse, however, ought to have been the case; for if the castles or fortresses, in which women of high birth were shut up, made their virtue more secure, they rendered it also less meritorious.

The

The women of rank and fashion of the present day, who are so much more exposed to attack, are entitled to higher admiration from resistance.

The ardent knights-errant above-mentioned were soon relieved from the necessity of displaying their courage in combats with each other. The most striking and extensive instance of human infatuation that ever occurred, furnished them ample means of manifesting it in a cause infinitely more important in the eyes of their contemporaries, and equally absurd in those of posterity; namely, that of recovering the city of Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre from the infidels.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, Gregory the Seventh had entertained the idea of uniting the Christian powers against the Mahometans, on this very pretext. He foresaw that such a project must necessarily augment his own power and influence: but this ambitious pontiff had made so many attacks on the civil power of princes, that they regarded with a suspicious eye whatever he proposed; and, notwithstanding the ignorance and superstition of the age, he was unable to carry his project into execution.

While the Arabians were in possession of Palestine, they gave no molestation to the Christians who came on pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. On the contrary, as the infidels reaped some advantage from the number of pilgrims, they were

treated rather with kindness. The ardour for this meritorious journey was augmented also by the respect shewn to those who had made it, on their return to their own countries. Besides, an opinion was pretty prevalent in Christendom, about the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century, that the world was very near a close. This notion determined great numbers of Christian inhabitants, of even the most remote parts of Europe, to make a visit to the Old Jerusalem during their life, as a probable means of securing them a place in the New after their death. But when the Turks tore Syria from the Arabians, and gave the law in Jerusalem, the Christian pilgrims were insulted by the new conquerors, who ridiculed the object of their adoration. The pilgrims, on their return, filled all Europe with accounts of their own sufferings, and of the dreadful impiety of the Turks. A native of France, known by the name of Peter the Hermit, who had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, wandered over Europe, preaching the duty incumbent on the believers in Christ to avenge the insults which had been offered to his followers, and to regain his sepulchre from the infidels. What pope Gregory durst not attempt, the hermit Peter accomplished. An enthusiasm for the crusades overspread Europe. It met the military spirit of the nobles, and was thought by the tradesmen and peasants a more easy and certain method of obtaining the favour of Heaven, than the hard labour, fasting,

fasting, and penances to which they were subjected at home. The numbers that assumed the cross, which was the badge worn by the crusaders, is almost incredible. Every country of Europe was abandoned by thousands of the bravest and stoutest of its inhabitants. A certain number of knights, however, remained in each, to whose protection were consigned the wives and daughters of those who went to the holy war; so that the spirit of chivalry was kept up at home, while it glowed with augmented ardour abroad.

After overcoming a thousand unexpected difficulties, and having obtained many victories, the Christian army, diminished to a tenth of its original number, arrived at Antioch. The siege of that place had continued nine months, when the spirit of those enthusiasts began to droop.

A numerous army of infidels marched to the relief of Antioch. Many of the Christians deserted at this news. The faith of Peter the Hermit himself failed. Convinced that the fury of the enemy would be peculiarly directed against him, he fled.

This unexpected desertion spread augmented terror and dismay over the crusaders. When they seemed on the point of despair, another priest, Peter Barthlemi, stopped their despondency and revived their spirits. He assured them, that Jesus Christ himself had revealed to him, that if the army would pass three days in fasting and prayer, they would immediately after find the identical spear with which his side had

been pierced while he was on the cross. "I leave you to judge," said Barthelemi, "how very easy a matter it will be for you to defeat the infidel army, when you have once got possession of that spear."

The Christians having of late been accustomed to fasting as well as prayer, fulfilled the conditions; and Barthelemi, to their infinite satisfaction, found the spear.

The leaders having given time to the soldiers to refresh themselves, seized this period of renewed enthusiasm, and defeated the infidels. Antioch surrendered; and the road through Syria was open to the Christians.

By the retreat of the Turks, the city of Jerusalem had some time before this been recovered by the Soldan of Egypt, whose alliance the crusaders had hitherto courted. He sent an embassy to inform them, that provided they would come in a peaceable manner, and without their arms, they would be permitted to enter Jerusalem, and perform their religious vows. He farther promised, that all Christian pilgrims, who in future wished to visit the holy city, should be treated in the same hospitable manner that they had ever been by the Arabians, his predecessors.

How infinitely is it to be regretted that these offers were not accepted, which would have saved the memory of those zealots from the eternal reproach of a cruelty, surpassing, if possible, the original folly of their

their enterprize, and in direct contradiction to the precepts of the religion they professed !

After a siege of several weeks, they entered Jerusalem by assault, put all the garrison to the sword, slaughtered the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex ; and then, not only free from remorse, but exulting in what they had done, they proceeded, smeared with blood, to the holy sepulchre, singing anthems to Him who preached peace and goodwill to man, and to that Being whose mercy is above all his works.

With some lucid intervals, this crusading madness lasted more than two centuries, during which time it has been computed that between five and six millions of men, in the different countries of Europe, assumed the cross. Such a long and extensive intercourse between the eastern and western world could not exist without having a considerable influence on the manners and sentiments of the inhabitants of both : but particularly of the latter, who passed through so many countries more fertile, better cultivated, and in a higher state of civilization than their own. Those who went by Constantinople had the opportunity of contemplating society in a vast and magnificent capital, and of viewing the refinements of a luxurious court ; many of which, with some of the customs and notions prevalent among the Asiatics, they afterwards carried to their own countries. Among other importations, it was generally believed that a large

cargo of the fictions of the Arabian imagination was brought to Europe by the crusaders, consisting of genii, enchanters, giants, golden palaces, amaranthine gardens, and all the splendid wonders of those romances which were read with eagerness in all the countries of Europe at this period.

The learned and ingenious Mr. Thomas Warton was of opinion, that those fictions were introduced at an earlier period by the Saracens or Arabians, who, after having been for some time established in Egypt and on the north coast of Africa, entered Spain about the beginning of the eighth century, and having conquered that country, their opinions, their customs, and their fables were diffused among the Spaniards, and spread to the other people of Europe.

Another learned and very ingenious critic* thinks that the ancient Scalds of the north believed in spells and enchantments, and also had some notion of the existence of giants and fairies previous to the period when the Saracens invaded Spain.

Mr. Warton is of opinion, that even if this could be proved, still the system of fairy mythology might be of Asiatic origin; because it is mentioned in some historical records, that a multitude of emigrants from Georgia, under the conduct of Odin, retreated, after the total overthrow of Mithridates, from the advancing legions of Rome, and established themselves in Denmark, Norway, and the other Scandi-

* Dr. Percy.

navian provinces which had been subjected to the Roman government. Of course this Odin or Wodin, who was afterwards worshipped as the god of the Scandinavians, may have introduced the Asiatic fictions into these northern regions at that time. In support of the historical authorities for the expedition of Odin, and for the introduction of the eastern customs and superstitions to the northern nations, Mr. Warton observes, that there is still a similarity between certain customs of the Georgians and those of particular cantons of Norway and Sweden. The ancient Danes and Norwegians inscribed the exploits of their heroes on rocks, which was also an Oriental custom. When a northern chief fell in battle, his armour, his war-horse, and his wife were consumed on the same funeral pile with his body. This horrible ceremony is at present observed in the east.

A correspondence is remarked between the druidical superstitions and those of the magi.

The Gothic hell resembles that of the Persians.

Lok, the evil spirit of the Goths, has a great likeness to the Arimanius of the Persians.

That blooming virgins shall administer luscious wine to the faithful, and fill the hearts of believers with delight in Paradise, was no invention of Mahomet, but a favourite article of the creed of all the bordering nations, which he thought highly expedient to adopt in the Alcoran. In Odin's elysium, in like

manner, the departed heroes received cups of the strongest mead and ale from the virgin goddesses called Valkyres*.

The learned Professor Mallet, of Geneva, in his Introduction to the History of Denmark, asserts, that even to the present age the people of that country are infatuated with a belief in the power of magicians, witches, genii, and spirits, concealed under the earth or in the waters; which belief they derived from the fictions of the Scalds before the crusades, or the coming of the Arabians into Spain: but he thinks that some parts of their stories and romances are to be understood in a figurative sense.

“The Gothic castles,” says he, “were rude fortresses situated on rocks, and rendered inaccessible by thick mis-shapen walls, which ran winding round the castle, and were called by a name which signifies serpents or dragons; and as they secured the women and young virgins of distinction, the ancient romancers, who knew not how to describe any thing simply, took occasion, from this, to assert, that the ladies of the castle were guarded by dragons.”

This interpretation seems much in the spirit of our countryman John Bunnian, and certainly would not have been endured in the age when the romances were written. The same authority, which in this arbitrary manner changed dragons and serpents into

* Warton's History of English Poetry.

stone walls, might have converted the giants who guarded the castle into turrets, the dwarfs who sounded the alarm from the battlements into cocks crowing on the chimney tops ; and the whole spirit of the ancient romances, whether of Asiatic or Gothic extraction, would have been frozen into allegory.

Many who dispute whether the specious miracles of fairy fiction are the progeny of the fertile imagination of Arabians, or of the gloomy fancy of northern bards, are agreed, that they were unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. There are critics, however, who have doubts on this point, and even insinuate that the first idea of knight-errantry belongs to the former ; in support of which, they ask whether Hercules, Theseus, Jason, and others, were not men who freed their country from robbers, redressed wrongs, subdued oppressors, slew monsters, and relieved virgins. They ask if the Cyclops were not giants. They insist upon it that Circe was to all intents and purposes as complete an enchantress as either Alcina or Armida. They quote the eighth eclogue of Virgil and the exploits of the Mæris to prove that the ancients understood magic ; and they think it clear, from Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, that the trick of changing human creatures into trees and animals of various kinds was known before the Arabian enchanters were heard of. And finally, they assert, that the Canidia of Horace was as genuine a witch as ever rode on a broomstick from Lapland, and probably a
near

near relation of Shakespear's witch, who failed in a sieve to Aleppo *.

Vidi egomet nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,
Cum Saganâ majore ululantem. Pallor utraque
Fecerat horrendas aspectu. Scalpere terram
Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt. Cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea †.

On the whole, however, it must be allowed, that whatever sketches of magic may have been left by the Greeks and Romans, it afterwards received a fresh glow and more awful form from the splendor of Arabian colouring, and the gloomy sublime of the Gothic pencil.

It is justly remarked by the learned and elegant author of the Letters on Chivalry, that the imaginations of Shakespear and Milton, fertile and sublime as they were, received assistance from Gothic ideas, in working up some of their most striking and most terrible descriptions.

That Wales should have been so constantly made the theatre of the old British chivalry, and that a prince of that country should have been one of the favourite heroes of ancient romance, Mr. Warton thinks was owing to the friendly connection that was established between Wales and the province of Ar-

* Macbeth, Act I,

† Horace.

morica or Brittany. No district of France seemed more delighted with the fictions of the Arabians, which were soon blended into the native romances of that province; and many of those favourite fictions were engrafted on the tales and chronicles of the elder Welsh bards.

To account for the connection between Wales and Brittany, Mr. Warton adopts a story, not found in any of the Greek or Roman historians, but which he thinks sufficiently authenticated by the testimony of some old British writers, who assert, that as early as the fourth century, Maximus, a general of the Romans in Britain, having engaged an army of provincial Britons to support him, set up a separate interest against his countrymen: but not succeeding in his designs, he was obliged to retire, with his British adherents, to the neighbouring maritime country, with which they had long trafficked, and which had, like themselves, disclaimed the Roman yoke. The British emigrants, with their Roman chieftain, were received in the most hospitable manner; they were incorporated with the inhabitants; and in compliment to them the name of the province was changed from Armorica to Brittany. The most friendly intercourse subsisted for many centuries between the inhabitants of that corner of France and those of Wales and Cornwall; the two latter being generally united and auxiliaries to each other, first against the Romans, and afterwards against the Saxons.

On some pressing occasions the Welsh were reinforced by bands of their friends from Brittany. The leaders of some of those bands are honourably mentioned in the songs of the bards : but the most distinguished champion against the Saxons was their own countryman, the famous Arthur prince of Silures, whose praise was resounded by every bard. Scarce a single castle, rock, river, or cavern in Wales remained undistinguished by some of his exploits.

Every song, narrative, or record, in praise of this hero, was carried from Wales to Brittany, believed with eager credulity and affectionate admiration by the Bretons, who were proud of being considered as the countrymen of so renowned a warrior. The collection was more carefully made and preserved in Brittany than in Wales, and, together with a chronicle in the Armoric or Welsh language, deducing Prince Arthur from Priam king of Troy, was brought to England about the year 1100 by Walter Mapes, archdeacon of Oxford, as he returned from the continent through Brittany.

A desire of being considered as the descendants of the Trojans had been manifested by different nations at various periods ; yet if Homer's poem was to create an ambition to be thought the posterity of the warriors he celebrates, his partiality for his own countrymen, it might have been expected, would have made the choice in general fall on them.

This

This is so far from being the case, that not only the other nations who wished for an illustrious origin, but even the Greeks themselves, in the reign of Justinian, were ambitious of being thought the descendants of the Trojans.

Mr. Thomas Warton, after mentioning this fact, observes, that “unless we adopt the idea of those antiquarians, who contend that Europe was peopled from Phrygia, it will be hard to discover at what period, or from what source, so strange and improbable a notion could take its rise; especially among nations unacquainted with history, and overwhelmed in ignorance. The most rational mode of accounting for it, is to suppose, that the revival of Virgil’s *Æneid* about the sixth or seventh century, which represented the Trojans as the founders of Rome, the capital of the supreme pontiff, and a city, on various other accounts, in the ages of Christianity, highly revered and distinguished, occasioned an emulation in many other European nations of claiming an alliance to the same respectable original.”

In addition to the ingenuous reason assigned by Mr. Warton for the general preference given to the Trojans over the Greeks, it may be observed, that the venerable character of Priam, and the misfortunes of his family, the generous and humane disposition of Hector and Sarpedon, and the afflictions of Andromache, are more calculated to interest the heart

heart and engage the affections than any thing recorded in the Iliad concerning the Grecian heroes.

In some of the colleges in this island it was usual, formerly, for the boys to engage in sportive battles, under the denomination of Greeks and Trojans; and I well remember that the partiality above-mentioned, from whatever cause it arose, prevailed in favour of the latter; at least in that in which I was educated the general wish of the boys was to be considered as Trojans.

The compilation brought from Brittany, consisting of the fabulous chronicle of the kings, of traditions and historical songs, having been translated into Latin, and enlarged by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was from the Latin translated into French, under the title of *Brut d'Angleterre*, in the year 1115, and afterwards exhibited in English by Robert of Gloucester and Robert Manning, about the beginning of the fourteenth century. In this medley, full of anachronisms, Prince Arthur and his court, and the heroes of his round table, are described with a magnificence far beyond what could have been attained by a king of Wales, and with various customs of chivalry which were not adopted till long after the period in which Arthur lived. This prince is adorned with all the virtues that poets and monks can bestow upon the heroes they delight to honour. Yet surprising as his exploits and adventures are represented to have been, they seem less surprising, and may be more easily accounted

accounted for than the means by which some of the enemies he is said to have encountered could have been collected together. He is represented as having defeated, in the same battle, a king of Spain, a king of Egypt, a king of the Medes, a king of Syria, a king of Babylon, and a duke of Phrygia. Arthur was not only an excellent general, but what some excellent generals are not, an exemplary Christian; and it was this part of his character that chiefly drew upon him the malice of so many Arabian magicians, with their heathen enchantments. But he had for his friend Merlin, a Christian enchanter, as far superior to the heathens of the same profession, as the serpent into which the rod of Moses was changed, was to those into which the rods of the Egyptian magicians were turned.

About the same time, or soon after this romance of Arthur, a fabulous history of Charlemagne appeared. Two expeditions in particular of this famous conqueror procured him the honour of being the hero of the work in question. After having defeated Vitiken, who had roused the Saxons to assert their liberties, and slaughtered four thousand five hundred prisoners, for permitting their general to make his escape, he constrained many of the remaining Saxons to affect a belief in Christianity, and to conform to the Christian ceremonies, by ordering that all who refused should be massacred. This he called converting them. He afterwards led his army
to

to Spain, on purpose to convert, in the same manner, the Saracens who were in possession of that country. On his return through the Pyrenees, he was attacked by the enemy in the valley of Roncevaux. Many of his principal officers were slain, and particularly the celebrated Rolland. "*Ce malheur,*" says Voltaire, "*est l'origine de ces fables, qu'un moine écrivit au onzième siècle, sous le nom de l'Archeveque Turpin, et qu'ensuite l'imagination de l'Arioste a embellies *.*"

This expedition against the infidel Saracens, joined to his zeal in converting the Saxons, more than all his other actions, determined this monk to choose Charlemagne for the hero of his romance, evidently composed in imitation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, and filled with fictions of the same extravagant nature.

Among a variety of facts, not only unsupported by, but inconsistent with, the records of credible history, this romance of Charlemagne mentions a

* Voltaire has been accused of being inaccurate in his facts by some who never examined whether he was inaccurate or not, and who made the charge on no surer foundation than the principle which men, who have nothing but precision to boast of, are fond of propagating; namely, that men of genius and lively imagination are incapable of examining into the truth of facts, even when they write history. Dr. Robertson and Mr. Thomas Warton, two men of unquestionable genius, and distinguished for the accuracy of their inquiries, have given testimony in favour of the depth as well as accuracy of Voltaire's historical researches.

pilgrimage

pilgrimage of that monarch to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem; a circumstance calculated at once to interest the reader's affections in favour of the hero, and in favour of such absurd expeditions to Jerusalem. But no fancy in the whole book can appear more extravagant, to those who do not keep in mind the excessive credulity of the age in which it was written, than the author's imagining he could make it pass for true history; yet what else could be his reason for writing it in Latin, and ascribing it to a contemporary of Charlemagne, an archbishop, who might be supposed to have a complete knowledge of the facts, and whose religious and dignified character would give weight to what he related?

The Celtic and Latin were the two most common languages in Europe for the first eight centuries. The inhabitants of Provence formed a language composed of the two, which soon became more universal than any other, and was spoken by the nobility and higher orders of society in the greatest part of Europe. This early French was called *Romane* or *Romance*, on account of its affinity with Latin, and the books written in it were called *Romances*. It was divided into two dialects, both bearing the name of *Romance*. In the provinces of the south of France it obtained the name of *Provençal Romane*, because spoken by the subjects of the counts of Provence, known by the name of *Provençals*. In the northern provinces, a great number of Frankish

words being adopted, it became the origin of the present French. And the Comte de Tressan asserts, that in Picardy the language of the common people, at this day, is much the same that was spoken in the twelfth century *.

It appears then that Prince Arthur and Charlemagne were the two original heroes of romance. The first may possibly have possessed as many heroic qualities as the second. As he fought in defence of his country only, he was probably a much more virtuous man. But the theatre on which Arthur acted was narrow in comparison with the magnificent and ample stage on which Charlemagne exhibited. Some of the early French and German writers complain of the insolence of Geoffrey in representing a prince of his own paltry island in as pompous a light as Archbishop Turpin had placed so great a monarch as Charlemagne. The truth is, both those heroes were obliged to the invention of romance writers for many of the exploits imputed to them; and Geoffrey's collection, with the fabulous history ascribed to Turpin, became the ground-work of innumerable romances, wonderfully adapted to the prevailing taste of the age in which they were written. They were filled with giants,

* Quelque singulier qu'il soit que la langue romance du douze et du treizième siècle se soit conservée intacte en Picardie, le fait n'en est pas moins vrai, et tous les gens éclairés de cette province m'accorderont cette assertion.

Discours préliminaire. Traduction libre d'Amadis de Gaule.

monsters, dragons, and the machinery of Arabian or Scaldic necromancy, for the gratification of all lovers of the marvellous; with religious ceremonies and the miracles of saints, to please the superstitious; with ladies of peerless beauty, and knights of unshaken constancy, for the edification of the amorous; and they were occasionally interspersed with combats and battles, which seem to have been mightily to the taste of the bulk of mankind in all ages. Those two works having been translated into the vulgar tongue of every nation in Europe, were read with extreme avidity by those who could read, and listened to with wondering attention by those who could not. They produced different effects on different dispositions and in different climates. That they should excite a general enthusiasm for arms and adventure, was to be expected: but that the martial gallantry they encouraged should, even in the most luxurious climate in Europe, be refined and sublimated into that enthusiastic species of love which was felt or affected by some of the Troubadours of Provence, was what could hardly have been imagined.

Those men were called Troubadours, or inventors, from their inventing poetical romances and songs, which an inferior class, called Jongleurs, sung to the harp at feasts and solemnities. They sung of war and battles; of the wonderful adventures of knights; of the beauty and virtues of damsels. As they adorned those damsels with every possible grace and

accomplishment, the poet sometimes fell in love with the creature of his own imagination, and continued to make sonnets and love-songs on women who existed no where else; and if any of them afterwards met with a lady more interesting than usual, all the virtues and graces which he had collected in his sonnets, for the use of his ideal mistress, were applied to this real lady, whom perhaps he would continue to celebrate in his poems for years. Thus it often happened among the Troubadours, that instead of love making the poet, the poet made the love. Many have believed that this was the case with Petrarch.

But however that may be, the works of the Troubadours came every day more into vogue. The profession was highly respected; and the most distinguished of those who followed it were cherished in private society, and great favourites at the courts. They were even freed from taxes. Some sovereign princes became so intoxicated with the works of the Troubadours, that they were vain of being enrolled in their number. The most eminent of these was Richard the First of England. This prince had a passionate taste for poetry. He had composed some poetical romances, and was afterwards the subject of many; particularly of one, intitled, The Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, which, with added fictions, celebrates his warlike exploits during his crusade. From this poem Mr. Thomas Warton gives several extracts. In that which describes the
duel

duel between Richard and the Soldan, at the siege of Babylon, it is said of the latter,

A faucon brode in honde he bare
For he thocht he wolde thare
Have slayne Richarde with treafowne *.

The learned gentleman imagines, that by this faucon brode is meant a hawk; and that the Soldan is represented with this bird on his fist, to shew his indifference or contempt for the adversary with whom he was going to fight. Mr. Warton supports this conjecture by mentioning a curious Gothic picture, the subject of which is supposed to be this same duel; and some very old tapestry, on which heroes are represented on horseback with hawks on their fists. He adds, that in feudal times, no gentleman appeared on horseback but with a hawk so placed. But with all due respect to the authority of the picture and tapestry, and all possible deference to Mr. Warton's opinion, I cannot help thinking that the faucon brode signified a broad faulchion which the Soldan had in his hand, with which he certainly had a better chance of killing Richard than with a hawk on his fist, unless indeed the Soldan had reason to expect the same assistance from his hawk that Valerius Corous received from the crow, in his duel with the Gaul †.

* History of English Poetry, p. 166.

† Vid. Tit. Livii Histor. lib. vii.

In the same poem we are informed that Richard carried a battle-axe from England, that made him more than a match for the Soldan.

King Richarde I understonde
Or he went out of Engelonde
Let him make an axe for the nones
To brake therewith the Saracyns bones,
The heed was wrought right well
Therein was twenti bounde of stele.
And when he come into Cyprys londe
The axe toke he in his honde
All that he hytte he all to frapped
The Gryffons away faste rapped.

But nothing in this poem can give a higher notion of the terror with which Richard's prowess had struck the infidels than what is recorded, in plain prose, by Joinville, that when the Saracens were riding, and their horses started at any unusual object, they said to their horses, spurring them at the same time, *Et cuides tu que ce soit le roy Richart?*

What contributed, as much as the favour of princes, to prompt young men to become Troubadours, was the great favour with which they were beheld by the ladies; many of whom were exceedingly solicitous to have those poets for their lovers, merely for the pleasure of being celebrated in their poems. That the avowed passion of a Troubadour, and his addressing love-sonnets to a lady, was not injurious to her reputation, or, at least, that many husbands

bands were of this opinion, is evident, for the husbands in general were as vain of having a Troubadour attached to their ladies, as the ladies themselves could be. It is highly probable, therefore, that this species of attachment of a Troubadour to the married lady he chose for the theme of his poetry laid the foundation for the Ciciſbeism of modern Italy.

The compositions of those Provençal poets were numerous, and some of them contained the best specimens of writing of the age; yet they would have perhaps for ever remained in the oblivion into which they had fallen, had it not been for M. de Sainte Palaye, of the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris, by whom the literary history of the Troubadours was written.

A few manuscripts which he found in the library of the king of France, respecting this subject, seem to have excited his curiosity; and understanding that there were many more in Italy, he went to that country for the express purpose of examining them. Having obtained from the Pope free access to those manuscripts, he found the collection immense. In the abridgment that was made, some account of the lives of a considerable number of Troubadours is given, with as much of their compositions as was thought to contain any poetical merit, or tended to give an idea of the genius of the age in which they were written. Whatever seemed ridiculous or indecent was omitted. To too many of the originals the latter epithet was justly to be applied.

It is natural to imagine, that a more genuine notion of the customs, manners, and prevailing opinions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries will be gathered from the writings of men who mixed with the world, and visited different countries, than from the chronicles of monks, secluded from mankind, and whose minds were contracted by local and professional prejudices. The monkish chronicles treat only of public events, or of the pretended miracles of saints; the writings of the Troubadours give a view of domestic society. The works of poets often have this advantage over those of historians. In the compositions of the Troubadours, lively and even sublime images are to be found. They treat sometimes of warlike, at other times of religious subjects; and when the poem is intended to animate the prince and people to regain the sepulchre of Christ from the infidels, it is at once warlike and religious. Some of those compositions are boldly satirical on sovereign princes; and, what in that age required still more intrepidity, they even attack the vices of priests. Others are cruelly severe on the women: but in general they are full of the praises of the fair sex, and sometimes that praise swells to profanity.

It seems a little surprising, that the husbands in those days, and in a country so near to Spain, should have been so very much at their ease while those Troubadours, some of them in the flower of youth and remarkably handsome, were singing love-songs to their

their wives. They were lulled into this security perhaps by the Platonic sentiments occasionally transfused into their verses; for the passion of several of the Troubadours seems to have been of so refined and spiritual a nature, that the husband might think he had as little to fear from them as from any singers whatever. The lover sometimes dwells with such persevering praise on the virtue of chastity, that however tender-hearted his mistress naturally might be, she must have thought herself obliged to continue cruel, on purpose to please him.

After declaring that the lady of his choice *inflames his heart* and transports his soul, one of those fervent lovers requests that she will permit him to *kiss her gloves*; and adds, that he would never presume to ask a higher mark of her favour.

In a poem of William of Montagnogout, addressed to his mistress, are the following sentiments:

“That man cannot love, nor ought to be beloved,
 “who asks of his mistress what virtue condemns.
 “It is desire, not love, that seeks the dishonour of
 “virtue. A loyal lover is never attached from
 “passion, but from tenderness and reason. Never
 “did I form a wish that could wound the heart of
 “my beloved! No pleasure could be a delight to
 “me that reflected on her delicacy.”

However excellent this doctrine is in itself, it seems extraordinary that it should have been inculcated by a set of men whose mistresses were generally other men's wives.

What

What is recorded of some of those Troubadours seems as extraordinary as the adventures of any of the heroes of romance. Of this the reader may judge, from a few examples which I shall abridge from their literary history.

Pons de Capdueil united the advantages of high birth, a fine figure, a great fortune, to that of a talent for poetry. He fell in love with Azalais, the wife of a baron of Auvergne. He composed poems in praise of his mistress. They were sung at the feasts and tournaments exhibited at the baron's castle, to which all the neighbouring nobility were invited. The lady, on whose account those entertainments were made, was delighted, the husband satisfied, and the lover had all the enjoyment he seemed to wish, namely, the approbation and smiles of his mistress. But of a sudden this happy lover took a suspicion that all these fair appearances proceeded more from the lady's taste for praise, and feasts, and tournaments, than from her fondness for him. He wished, therefore, to have a more unequivocal proof of her passion. This is not surprising. But the proof which Pons de Capdueil languished for was not precisely what would have satisfied the greater part of lovers. To obtain the summit of his wishes, he withdrew to another province. He pretended to admire another lady, and composed sonnets in her praise. He was in hopes that when Azalais heard of this, she would immediately manifest the deepest affliction. His supreme

preme joy was to spring from her excessive sorrow. This was the unequivocal proof of her love his heart panted for. He had no wish beyond it. Capdueil did not obtain the fruition he expected. The baroness hearing that she had a rival, gave orders that none should ever mention the name of Capdueil to her. If by accident it ever was mentioned, she kept a contemptuous silence. The capricious Troubadour, meanwhile, expected letters of recall filled with amorous reproaches : but when he was informed by his friends that she never pronounced his name, and lived very cheerfully, he returned, dejected, to his native province, and wrote penitential letters to his mistress, informing her of the fond motive of his withdrawing, begging her forgiveness, and offering to submit to any punishment she thought proper to inflict. The lady was inexorable. She never deigned to answer his letters, nor would she listen to the mediation of those friends he commissioned to speak in his favour. In the anger which this disappointment inspired him with, what did the enraged lover do? It might have been expected that he would have satirized all womankind. No ; he wrote a libel against his mistress's looking-glass, which, by shewing her all her beauty, could alone, he thought, fill her mind with so much pride. The lady died soon after, and the lover lamented her death in an elegy, wherein he asserts, that the angels were at the same time singing her praises in Paradise.

Capdueil

Capdueil now turned his mind from love to devotion, became a zealous preacher in favour of the holy war; and enforcing his exhortations by his example, he set out for Palestine, and died in the third crusade.

Geoffroi Rudel, prince of Blaye, was inspired with so desperate a passion for the countess of Tripoli, whom he had never beheld but in dreams, that he determined on making a voyage to her residence. When he was told that he would run a risk of being taken by the Saracens, he declared, that even in that event it would be a felicity for him to know that he was nearer the happy dwelling which she inhabited. He missed that felicity, however; and falling sick during the voyage, he landed at Tripoli in a dying condition, obtained a sight of his mistress, which, as it was the first, proved also the last. He literally expired at her feet.

Geoffroi Rudel seems to have entertained the same sentiment with Bertrand d'Alamanon, who, in one of his poems, declares, that although he has little or no hope of ever obtaining the favour of his mistress, yet that hope, small as it is, affords him more pleasure than the full possession of any other woman.

The amours of the Troubadour William Cubertaign with Marguerita, wife of Count Raimond of Castel-Rouffillon, were not of so refined a nature as those already quoted: but they were attended with very singular circumstances, and their catastrophe was dreadful.

William

William was a handsome man, as well as a poet. Marguerita was pleased with his person and delighted with his verses. She made such advances as emboldened him to declare his passion for her. He expressed his love in such warm and unguarded terms in one poem, that the husband became jealous. As soon as William perceived it, he assured the count that he was desperately in love with Agnes, sister to Lady Marguerita, who was, he added, the real subject of the poem. The count communicated this information to the countess before her lover had an opportunity of explaining his reasons to her. She believed this false statement to be true, and overwhelmed him with the bitterest reproaches the next time they met. William endeavoured to justify himself by acquainting her with the count's jealousy, and by assurances of his own continued love: but Marguerita could not bear that another should be thought the object of praises intended for her; and yielding to the suggestions of excessive vanity, she insisted that her lover should compose a new sonnet expressly in her praise. William, being as much intoxicated with love as Marguerita was with vanity, obeyed her commands.

In this composition the lady's beauty was so feelingly described, that the count's jealousy returned, and was augmented by the insinuations of the courtiers, who were envious of William's good fortune. Impelled by the fury of revenge, the count

found

found means to draw William out of the castle; he then stabbed him, cut off his head, and tore out his heart. The latter he gave to the cook, to dress in the manner of venison. When this was served up at his table, he invited his wife to eat of it. As soon as she had complied—

“Do you know,” said the monster, “what you have been eating?”

“No,” she replied: “but I find it delicious.”

“I believe it,” answered he. “It is what you have long delighted in. Look,” continued he, uncovering the head of William, “behold the head of him whose heart you have been eating.”

At this dreadful sight the countess fainted; and when she recovered, precipitated herself from a balcony, and was killed.

Shocked at such barbarity, the inhabitants of Rouffillon and Narbonne forgot all that was blameable in the conduct of William and Marguerita, and remembered only the cruelty of their fate. For many years after these transactions they assembled in great numbers at an anniversary instituted for the purpose of praying for the souls of those two unhappy lovers.

This is similar to the story of Raoul de Coucy and Gabrielle de Vergy, which, some years before the revolution, was made the subject of a tragedy on the French stage.

The amours of Guillaume de Balazun with Madame de Joviac were not attended with a scene quite so bloody.

bloody. After this Troubadour had been for some time in possession of the lady's heart, one of his intimate friends, who had had a quarrel with his mistress, which was afterwards made up, assured him, that all the pleasure she had afforded him, previous to their quarrel, was not equal to that of their reconciliation. Balazun was instantly seized with the most singular caprice that ever caught the mind of a lover. He resolved to pick a quarrel with his own mistress, on purpose to enjoy this new pleasure. In consequence of which wise resolution, he refrained from visiting the lady; and when she sent a confidential friend to know what had offended him, and to offer all proper reparation in case she had unintentionally given him any cause of displeasure;

"I will give no explanation," said Balazun, "because she cannot correct the fault she has committed, which is of a nature that I shall never forgive."

The lady, exasperated at this conduct, determines to think no more of him. After some weeks absence, the lover hastens to the house of his mistress, that he may enjoy the supreme delight of reconciliation. He finds Madame de Joviac in no humour for indulging him. She orders him to be thrust out by her servants; and persevered in this disposition for a whole year, during which Balazun tried in vain to prevail on her to abate of this rigour. At last, by the intervention of a friend, who carried some pathetic verses from her lover, she agreed to receive him

him on the former footing, on condition that he should tear off the nail of his little finger, and present it to her with a poem expressive of his repentance.

The friend could not move her to abate a single iota of this penance. The lover composed the verses, had the amputation of his nail performed, and offered the expiatory sacrifice on his knees to his mistress. At the sight of his bleeding finger the lady relented, burst into tears, embraced her lover, and listened to his verses with transport. From that time their historian asserts that they loved each other more than ever.

Aimeri de Belmont, in a poem addressed to the Countess de Sobiras, declares, "that her attractions
"and virtues are so prodigious, that any one who
"would enumerate only one half of them would be
"thought an inventor of fables. That if Heaven
"would grant him the possession of her heart, the
"greatest monarch would appear to him but a
"wretched vassal; for as the ocean is the receptacle
"of all the rivers of the earth, so in his mistress
"were united all the graces and all the virtues."

Pierre d'Auvergne was a distinguished Troubadour and a handsome man. He is said to have been equally successful in love and in poetry. He did not, however, always employ his muse in the service of the ladies. The aim of some of his compositions is to persuade his countrymen to engage in the holy war. In one, he reasons in this manner: "God

“commands us to regain his holy sepulchre. Let
 “us go cheerfully. He who is killed in this cause
 “may say to God, *Si tu es mort pour moi, ne suis-je
 “pas mort pour toi?*”

Admired poetical productions and brilliant warlike exploits alone could raise men of low birth to the society of the nobles, or introduce them into courts. But in that age courts were almost as numerous as castles; and a Troubadour, whose compositions were at all in vogue, was a welcome guest at them all. Although Peter Vidal was the son of an obscure tradesman of Toulouse, his reputation as a Troubadour gained him the favour of some of the highest characters of the age. Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, courted his friendship, and received him into his palace in the most flattering manner. The verses which Vidal made in praise of the viscountess were as agreeable to her husband as to herself: but from being her bard he became her lover, and had the presumption to kiss her, one day, when he entered the room where she was asleep. His kisses were not so pleasing to the lady as his verses. She drove him from her with indignation, and would never after admit him to her presence, even at the request of her husband, who saw the offence in a less heinous light.

Vidal was consoled for the cruelty of Adelaide, by the patronage of Richard the First of England, whom

he accompanied to Palestine. It would appear, from his conduct there, that he entirely lost his senses, and assuredly had not recovered them when he returned to Provence; for there he fell in love with a lady, whose name was Louve, (Wolf,) and in whose honour he assumed the name of Louve. Happy had he stopped there: but to do her more honour, he contrived to get himself hunted in a wolf's skin; and in the execution of this piece of gallantry he narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the dogs.

Vidal recovered his understanding after this, and many of his compositions have been preserved. Some are distinguished for poetical ornament, and others for the instruction they convey. Nothing can form a greater contrast than there is between the advice he gives to others and the conduct he himself followed.

But the lives as well as writings of many of the Troubadours were distinguished for a degree of propriety and elegance superior to what was usual in that age. In their compositions are to be found some beautiful descriptions of nature, and some excellent rules for the conduct of life; and there can be no doubt that this class of men, who, by some, have been called the fathers of modern learning, contributed not a little to soften the rough manners prevalent over Europe, and to the revival of a taste for letters.

The enthusiasm of the crusades, by breaking the barriers which separated nations, permitting rays from the most enlightened to extend to the most obscure, and opening a free communication of sentiment, tended also to the same object, and to the general improvement of the world.

In the early ages of the Roman republic, it was forbid by law, to utter an indecent expression in the hearing of women. It was an established custom for the men to give place to them when they were met in the streets; and when they were called as witnesses to a court of justice, it was not lawful to touch their persons, although that was the usual form in summoning men. These and other marks of respect for the female sex continued, until the Roman manners became profligate and corrupt: but at no period was that degree of respectful attention to the sex shewn, either by the Greeks or Romans, which always prevailed among the Gothic nations. The institution of chivalry swelled this respect into an obsequiousness approaching to devotion.

All that ancient history records, bearing any resemblance to the gallantry of the knights-errant, and their devotion to the will of their mistresses, is the story of Antony and Cleopatra. The crusades engrafted Asiatic splendor on chivalry, and gave a magnificence to all the courts of Europe with which

they were before unacquainted. The open communication with the East produced likewise an alteration in the structure and ornaments of the fables and romances which had formerly pleased the imagination of the public. Most of these, as was before observed, had been founded on the chronicles of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, or the romantic history of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers: but after the expeditions to Palestine, new ideas and fresh poetical ornaments enriched the compositions of the bards; new countries, new manners were described; more hyperbolical language, and a different species of supernatural machinery, was employed in the conduct of the romances.

The fertile and luxurious soil and climate of many parts of Asia invite to indolence, and indolence creates tedium. To prevent the continual intrusion of that yawning fiend into the seraglio of the sultan, his courtiers and mistresses were under the necessity of collecting or inventing narratives and stories for his amusement. Story-tellers were also sought for by the visiers and caliphs, equally at a loss how to fill up the long languid intervals of a life spent in indolence and sensuality. Whatever the rich have a great demand for, the poor will be eager to provide. Story-telling was cultivated as an art. The art could not be very difficult, where the audience were too proud to think
they

they needed instruction, had no idea of wit or humour, and found entertainment from the recital of a succession of incidents, however improbable. Variety alone was necessary; and the story-tellers acquired, by practice, a wonderful facility in linking incidents, so as to excite curiosity.

It was a custom in Asia, from the earliest times, to celebrate the divinities and heroes in songs of triumph, immediately after victory. That this was an usage among the Jews, we have from the highest authority. It is known, from profane history, that this custom likewise prevailed among the Persians; and some of the magi were generally the composers of the triumphal hymns.

There is every reason to believe, that the commanders of the armies which opposed the crusaders had story-tellers to amuse them in the camp, and poets to celebrate their exploits. Whether the *Christian* chiefs borrowed the custom from the Asiatics, or found it originally in their own countries, it is certain that several of them were accompanied by Troubadours, whose chief employment, though they were also warriors; was of the same nature with the poets of the Asiatics. None of the crusading leaders had so many in his retinue as Richard the First of England. The enterprising genius and personal valour of that prince saved his poets the trouble of invention, and required the voice of truth

alone to command admiration. He was not only a warrior and a patron of poetry, but a poet also ; and would have been esteemed the most accomplished prince that ever wore the diadem of England, had he not sullied the lustre of his fine qualities by cruelty ; a vice to which men of a poetical character are, in general, less prone than any of the human race.

After a captivity of fourteen months in Germany, on Richard's return to England, he invited many Troubadours to his court whom he had known in Palestine. Poets belonging to the court of such a warlike prince as Richard, and who were themselves warriors, would sing in different strains from the love-sick Troubadours who had remained in Provence. Their favourite theme was arms, and the heroes of the holy war ; and their poetical romances would naturally be embellished with Oriental ornament. These performances were profusely circulated over England, and co-operated with the sermons of the monks, all over Europe, to keep alive the crusading spirit. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the extent of that enthusiasm than that two such wise and politic princes as Lewis the Ninth of France, and Edward the First of England, were infected with it. The first died at Tunis of the fatigues he had undergone in one of those ridiculous expeditions ; and, after a reign of benevolence, he obtained the title of Saint for that

that part of his life which least merited it. The second, unshaken by the misfortunes of his predecessor Richard, or the fate of his friend Lewis, persisted in a resolution he had formed while he was only Prince of England; and soon after the victory of Evelham, when the kingdom was still in an unsettled state, and his father far advanced in years, he actually set out for Palestine. Emulous of the reputation which Richard had formerly acquired in that country, he revived the military fame of England, and by his heroic exploits struck the Saracens with such terror, that they hired an assassin to murder him. Without accomplishing his purpose, the wretch perished in the attempt.

Criminal as this intended assassination must ever be deemed, as it was directed against an enemy, and the invader of their country, it does not seem so deeply wicked as the conduct of four Christian princes towards one of the most distinguished heroes of the Cross. Henry emperor of Germany, Philip king of France, and his holiness the Pope, all abetted the perfidy of Leopold duke of Austria in detaining in prison Richard of England.

This plainly proves, that all the religious zeal that blazed forth in the days of the crusades had little effect in correcting the interested policy which seems to have been the prevailing principle of princes in every age.

An adventure which happened to Edward the First of England, on his return from Palestine, equally proves that the institution of chivalry, however generous and noble its injunctions were, was unable to subdue the barbarous spirit of that age, even in the most polished country of Christendom. As Edward returned through Burgundy, he was invited by the prince of that country to a tournament then preparing. Having accepted his invitation, Edward and his retinue displayed great superiority in the jousts and martial exercises on that occasion, which stung the French knights with such rage and jealousy, that they made an attack on the English knights, with the perfidious intention of destroying them. They were baffled, however, and repulsed with considerable bloodshed.

It appears equally extraordinary, that one who was neither a Christian nor a knight-errant, should have possessed more of the benevolent spirit of Christianity, and the heroic generosity enforced by the laws of chivalry, than any of the Christian knights who fought for the recovery of Jerusalem; yet history informs us, that the infidel emperor Saladin manifested a conduct equal in valour, and more distinguished for generosity, justice, and humanity, than any hero of the crusades.

Doctor Smollett was so much displeased at the fancy of certain authors of his days, in tracing the customs
and

and manners of modern times from the feudal system, that he declares he expected to *see the use of trunk hose and buttered ale ascribed to that institution* *.

But without carrying that idea to a ridiculous length, it seems clear that the feudal institutions, by raising the principal officers of the Gothic armies into petty sovereigns, who soon assumed the right of supporting their claims by force, and redressing their own wrongs, produced those quarrels, fights, robberies, rapes, violations of all kinds, which gave rise to the associations for the protection of the weak and unarmed in general, and for that of woman in particular, which laid the first foundation of chivalry.

The immediate benefit reaped by society, in times when law was so inefficacious, rendered that institution popular. This popularity was greatly augmented, when the praises of those who adopted it were resounded in songs, and spread in written narratives all over the country; and the spirit of chivalry arose to enthusiasm when a new field of adventure was opened to the knights by the crusades, a new source of ideas to the romancers, and new flights of imagination attempted by the poets.

Religious sentiments are natural to man; a love of the wonderful seems also natural; and love of the fair sex is the most natural of all. The early romances

* Humphry Clinker, vol. iii.

possessed

possessed all those various powers of interesting the human feelings and passions. They were filled with the exploits of Christian knights, who asserted the truth of the catholic faith in the regions of infidelity, defeated whole armies of Pagans, saved virgins from violation, and relieved captives from enchanted castles, in spite of the giants, dragons, and monsters that guarded them. The best of these, however, were written in the French language. Even the English romance writers preferred it to their own, because it was the most universal, and would procure them the greatest number of readers of rank and distinction. The use of the French language, in law proceedings, was not abolished in England until the reign of Edward the Third, whose wars with France gave the English an antipathy to that nation, which seems never to have been felt with equal inveteracy by the French. A philosophical and candid historian endeavours to account for this. He observes, "that France lies in
" the middle of Europe; has been successively en-
" gaged in hostilities with all its neighbours; the
" popular prejudices have been diverted into many
" channels; and with a people of softer manners,
" they never rose to a great height against any parti-
" cular nation." Whereas England was, for a long series of years, engaged in hostilities with no nation but the French and Scotch; and their prejudices, according to Hume's idea, must of course have been
chiefly

chiefly directed against those two nations. But before the source of this prejudice sprung up, it is natural to think that the nobility, at least of England, had a partiality for the French. Mr. Thomas Warton observes, that the court of England, for more than two hundred years after the conquest, was totally French *.

Nothing but the long and bloody wars which afterwards arose between England and France could have converted that partiality into hatred.

As a proof of the estimation in which French romances were held at the English court, it is recorded, that in the revenue-roll of the 21st year of the reign of Henry III. there is an entry of silver clasps and studs for his majesty's great book of romances. Most of those originally written in French were soon translated into English, and eagerly read by all the natives of England who did not understand French, and who could read English.

As the institution of chivalry furnished materials for romance, the romance writers repaid the obligation by giving celebrity to that institution, and augmenting the spirit of knight-errantry all over Europe.

It would have been fortunate if those writings had roused and kept alive the martial spirit only when its exertions were necessary : but they contributed, in

* History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 86.

this island particularly, to promote civil feuds, and to excite frequent combats between the chieftains of the borders of Scotland and England, even when the two nations were at peace.

The continual wars in which Edward the Third of England was engaged, and the enthusiastic admiration of chivalry which he manifested during the whole course of his reign, was probably, in some measure, owing to his having studied the clasped book in his great-grandfather's library.

The influence of the old romances, in promoting the spirit of chivalry, seems to have been strongly felt, about the same period, in Scotland.

When the victorious Bruce had recovered the independence of his country, secured peace with England by the marriage of his son David with the sister of Edward III., and, by his genius and authority, maintained union among his own unruly barons, many of them found this interval of tranquillity insupportable. They wandered, like knights-errant, over Europe, in search of war and adventures. Hunting, which was the chief occupation and amusement of men of rank in those days, seemed as insipid to them, after having been habituated to the alarms and agitations of war, as a small stake is to men accustomed to deep gaming. The Douglasses and the Piercies, therefore, to render their hunting parties more interesting, enlivened them sometimes with a battle.

That

That Douglas, who had accompanied Bruce in all his dangers, endeavoured to crown his former exploits by one of the most daring attempts that can be imagined. Having led a Scottish army into England, he was intercepted by Edward, at Stanhope-park. The Scottish army being inferior in numbers, were obliged to take a strong position, with the river Were between them and the English. While Edward was making preparations to attack them, Douglas, having gotten the word, entered the English camp in the night with two hundred men, and assuming the deportment of an officer going the rounds, he called out, "St. George! is there no watch here?" Thus deceiving the centinels, he passed on to the king's tent, and had well nigh carried off the monarch in the midst of his army. This was prevented by Edward's attendants awaking, giving the alarm, making a noble resistance, and by his chaplain and chamberlain sacrificing their lives for his safety. Douglas, disappointed of his object, made a hasty retreat to his army, which soon after repassed the Were, and arrived, without being overtaken by the English, in their own country.

Peace was concluded between England and Scotland the year following. As a marriage took place, about the same time, between David, the son of Bruce, and Johanna, the sister of Edward, hopes were entertained that this peace would be more durable

erable than it proved. Though greatly for the interest of both nations, the peace was censured. In that age, those who were most averse from pacific measures were often the very men who would have incurred all the toils and dangers of war. At present it is different. The promoters of war are in general men who are exempted from its dangers, and indemnified, by their offices, for its expences.

The year after his son's marriage the king of Scotland died. All the wisdom of this great prince did not keep his mind free from the enthusiasm of the age in which he lived. He had resolved upon an expedition into Palestine. He hoped to complete his military glory, and to expiate all his offences, by serving against the Saracens: but feeling that his plan would be prevented by approaching death, he requested his friend and companion in arms, Douglas, to carry his heart to Jerusalem, and deposit it in the sepulchre of our Lord.

When this warrior, with a numerous retinue*, was on his way to Palestine, in consequence of this last request

* Froissart says, tom. i. c. 21. Douglas had in his train a knight bearing a banner, (probably Sir William St. Clair of Roslin,) and seven other knights, and twenty esquires, all comely young men of good family, besides many attendants of inferior rank. He kept open table, with trumpets and timbals, as if he had been king of Scotland, and was served in gold and silver plate. All persons of condition, who visited him on ship-board, were well entertained. Froissart adds, *Et sachez que*

request of his sovereign, he learnt that Alphonfus, king of Castile, was then waging war against the Moors in Grenada. As the Moors were enemies to the Christian faith, this was considered as a holy war. It appeared, therefore, to Douglas and his attendants, that to visit Spain, and assist Alphonfus against the infidels, accorded perfectly with the object of their journey to Jerusalem. They went to Spain accordingly, and were honourably entertained by the king of Castile. In a battle fought between the Spaniards and Moors, on the frontiers of Andalusia, Douglas, taking the casket which contained the heart of Bruce, threw it before him, saying, "Pass thou onward, as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He was, however, overwhelmed by numbers, and fell. The few of his attendants who survived their leader found his body, which, together with the casket, they conveyed to Scotland. The remains of the warrior were interred in the church of Douglas. The heart of the king was deposited at Melros.

The writers of those times had surely little occasion to tax their invention for the entertainment of their readers, when genuine narratives of the lives of

tous ceux qui le vouloyent aller veoir, estoient bien servis de deux manières de vins et de deux manières d'espiceries.

Sir David Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, vol.ii. p. 134.

their

their cotemporaries might have been embellished with such adventures as this.

The real incidents that were daily occurring, joined to the influence of romance writing, roused the military spirit to such a height, that at length it caught the female sex, and shone conspicuous in Jane of Flanders, countess of Mountfort; in the duchess of Brittany, wife of Charles of Blois; in Philippa queen of England; all of whom flourished in the time of Edward III., as did the famous Maid of Orleans, at no very distant period after his death. The intrepid conduct and magnanimity of those heroines of history equals what is recorded of the heroines of fable, and obliges us to acknowledge that the Marphisa of Ariosto, and the Clorinda of Tasso, are characters within the limits of nature.

A great historian, when treating of the reign of Edward III. observes, that if any thing could justify the obsequious devotion, then professed to the fair sex, it would be the appearance of such extraordinary women as shone forth about that period.

After Edward the Third had built the castle of Windsor, he formed a fraternity of twenty-four knights, for whom he erected a round table, in a round chamber appropriated entirely to their use. It is impossible to avoid believing that Edward caught this idea from the old romance of King Arthur.

The

The Order of the Garter, founded by Edward at Windsor, during the ceremonies of a festival which lasted fifteen days, is also an indication of the romantic turn of this monarch's mind. The story of the countess of Salisbury's garter, as the origin of this institution, is exploded by some, because it is not supported by any ancient testimony; yet nothing can be more in the spirit of that knight-errantry which Edward affected, than to give a high importance to the most trivial incident connected with a woman he loved, while at the same time he shewed a delicacy respecting her reputation. Besides, how can a motto and badge, apparently so unmeaning as those of the garter, be otherwise accounted for?

Although this monarch, as well as his gallant son the prince of Wales, were fond of splendor, and all the pomp of war, their ambition did not stop there. They were the foremost in the field of danger as well as in the solemnities of a festival.

The ideas of magnificence brought from the East, intermingled with those of chivalry by the writers of romance, joined to the increasing wealth of England during the reign of Edward III., introduced a fantastic species of splendor and knight-errantry unknown before in that country. We are told that "the tournaments were constantly crowded with ladies of the first distinction, who attended them

“ on horseback, armed with daggers, and dressed in
 “ a succinct soldier-like habit or uniform, prepared
 “ for the purpose. In a tournament exhibited in
 “ London, sixty ladies on palfries appeared, each
 “ leading a knight with a gold chain *.”

The greatest venerators of antiquity, those who are most inclined, in other instances, to prefer the customs of our ancestors, will acknowledge that the present mode, which exacts that ladies shall wear no daggers but those in their eyes, and lead their lovers by no golden chains but those of their dowry, is an improvement of the ancient fashion.

It must also be confessed, that the *practices* of the knights, even during the reign of chivalry, was inconsistent, in many memorable instances, with the strict good faith they professed.

In the reign of Richard the Second of England, when the duke of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV.) accused the duke of Norfolk, in parliament, of having slandered the king; the accusation, supposing it well-founded, was made by a breach of private confidence, to the ruin of a person who had trusted him. And the duke of Norfolk had formerly betrayed an equal insensibility to honour; for although he had joined the duke of Gloucester in many acts of violence against the king, he afterwards impeached his affoci-

* Vide Warton's History of English Poetry.

ates for the very crimes he had concurred with them in committing.

The ill-fated Richard had much reason to repent having prevented the combat between these two men, after the lists had been appointed at Coventry. His interposition, however, forms a presumption in favour of the disposition of this unhappy prince, especially as the combat, on which the life as well as the honour of the combatants depended, would have been more agreeable to the courtiers than the bloodless tournaments to which they had been accustomed. But the strongest proof, that sentiments of honour and regard to justice, when opposed to any real or supposed interest, had as little, or less influence, if possible, on the minds of princes in those days than now, is the deplorable fate of the Maid of Orleans, whose sex, heroic exploits, and situation as a prisoner of war, gave her the strongest claims to generous treatment. Yet all those titles did not preserve her from an unjust sentence and cruel death, for which, if prompted by superstition, the judges deserve contempt, and if by revenge, universal detestation.

The festivals, tournaments, and processions, so much in fashion in those days, however cumbersome to the actors, were in all probability less fatiguing to the spectators than the dramatic entertainments called Miracles, or Holy Plays, which succeeded them. The subjects of the latter were taken

from the Bible, or the legends of the saints : the exhibition consisted of the miracles and resurrection of Christ, the sufferings of the martyrs, the massacre of the innocents, the descent of the Holy Ghost, or the creation of the world. How they contrived to represent the last, it is difficult to conceive ; but we are assured, of what seems as difficult to believe, that in one play Adam and Eve were exhibited on the stage in a state of innocence, quite naked, and *not ashamed* ; and, what seems equally incredible, that this spectacle was beheld by a numerous assembly of both sexes with *great composure* *. While they are in this condition, the old Serpent comes on the stage lamenting his fall, and, having conversed a little with Adam and Eve, *exit hissing*. If such an exhibition were attempted at present in England, the audience would certainly join with the serpent : but after what lately passed at a public walk at Paris, there is no knowing how it would be received in France †.

Religious plays continued to be acted in churches and chapels till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when they went out of fashion, and were succeeded by masques, and represented in more suitable theatres.

* Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 243.

† It was mentioned in all the Parisian journals, that a lady had walked in the Elysian fields, when crowded with company, dressed in a gauze robe only, through which all her beauties were pretty distinctly seen.

In those masques, people of the first rank were sometimes the actors.

That the plots of the earliest plays were not taken from profane history, or the romances of chivalry, was owing, it is probable, to the circumstance of their being exhibited in churches, where no entertainment drawn from such sources would have been admitted. The masques, which were acted at court or at the castles of the nobility, were generally founded on historical incidents or fabulous stories.

But, previous to the introduction of those masques, an improvement had taken place in the taste of the public, which was in a great measure effected by the writings of Chaucer, the most distinguished literary character that England had hitherto produced. Chaucer enjoyed many advantages over any former English writer: to a literary education, he joined a knowledge of the world, improved by travelling, and a turn for observation. He possessed a lively imagination and great power of description. He made his countrymen acquainted with the Italian wits, whose writings he embellished while he translated; a favour which Dryden and Pope have since returned with interest, by the admirable manner in which they have paraphrased and rendered some of the works of Chaucer into modern English.

The poem of Palemon and Arcite affords very striking proofs, not only of Chaucer's talent for delineating

neating the beauties of nature, but also of his pathetic powers; at the same time it exhibits that strange jumble of manners, of opinions, and of extravagant incidents, which are to be found in all the romances of the age in which the story of Palemon and Arcite was invented.

The poetical talents and taste of Chaucer were no doubt improved by the works of the Italian and French men of genius. Danté flourished a little before his time; but Chaucer, when on the continent, had the advantage of being personally acquainted with both Petrarch and Boccacio. The latter is said to have admired the works of the former excessively, and to have called him his master; he may have admired him, but he certainly did not attempt to imitate him. Nothing can be more distant from the metaphysical and Platonic sonnets of Petrarch than the tales of Boccacio. Chaucer has not always kept the just medium between the two, but has sometimes deviated into the favourite path of Boccacio. Whether a greater purity of morals exists in the present age than in the days of Chaucer, some people doubt; but that the same licentiousness which was allowed in the press and on the stage then, would meet with public marks of disapprobation now, cannot be disputed.

The *Décameron* of Boccacio is a work that approaches more to the modern romance or novel than

any that had before appeared. Chaucer's imitation of that work, in his *Canterbury Tales*, gave him an opportunity of displaying that knowledge of life and manners, that talent for ridicule, and that power of sketching directly from nature, in which perhaps his greatest strength lay. Yet in these, neither Boccaccio nor he were imitated by succeeding writers. The fables of the Arabians and Gothic chivalry were still more agreeable to the taste of the public, and certainly made a deeper impression on the imagination of the prose writers, as well as the poets. This appeared by the eagerness with which *Amadis de Gaul*, and other romances of inferior note, were read all over Europe, by the works of Ariosto and Tasso, who embellished the Gothic and Arabian extravagancies with all the magic of poetry; and the same is evident from the works of Spencer and Milton, the last of whom, though he wrote in a much later age, evidently shewed that he had a predilection for *forests and enchantments drear*, and preferred *the story of Cambuscan bold* to Chaucer's works of humour, and his power of delineating characters from real life.

That there is somewhat peculiarly captivating to a poetical mind in those fables, is confirmed by Dr. Johnson, who, in his *Life of Collins*, informs us, that "he (Collins) had employed his mind chiefly
 " upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy; and,
 " by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was

“ eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.”

It will be observed, that frequent mention is made of the poets: in an inquiry into the origin and progress of romance this cannot be avoided. The romance writer borrowed so frequently from the poet, and the poet from the romance writer, that it is difficult to decide which was the original creditor: and many wrote metrical romances, and combined both characters.

One cause of Boccacio's and Chaucer's not being immediately imitated in describing domestic life, and the real manners of the age in which they lived, might be the great uniformity and simplicity of the manners which existed in those days; that infinite number of affectations, that vast variety of shades of ridicule, those despicable vanities, and childish caprices, the offspring of spreading wealth and increasing luxury, which have afforded such abundant game to the comic writers of the present century, were not known formerly; but the chief reason certainly was, the decided partiality which the public retained for the

the Gothic and Arabian entertainments on which they had so long feasted, and which still warmed the imaginations of some sublime poets who adorned Italy and England a considerable time after the death of Chaucer, and who still thought the manners of romance, though in a great measure exploded in the age in which they themselves lived, more favourable to the purposes of poetry than even the fictions of classical antiquity.

Most of the prose romances, which appeared in England from the days of Chaucer to those of James the First, were translations from the Spanish or French.

The Pentagruel of Rabelais can hardly be classed among romances, it is of a nature so peculiar and extravagant that it must stand by itself. In many parts it is unintelligible; but the author's chief intention seems to have been satire, particularly against the monks. The work has been much esteemed by some men of genius; it is unquestionably written with gaiety and wit, which however are not sufficient to compensate for its obscenity and grossness.

Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia was among the first English performances of that class, and by far the best published in that period. It is a kind of pastoral romance, intermingled with adventures of chivalry. His defence of poetry, and some of his other writings, are still more esteemed: but the reputation of this gallant nobleman

nobleman has a more lasting and honourable foundation, in his heroic and amiable character, than in his writings.

Parthanissa, a romance, by the Earl of Orrery, in three volumes in folio, was published in the year 1664. Mr. Walpole informs us, that the earl's biographer acknowledges that the performance was not much read; this will not seem very extraordinary; but the biographer's manner of accounting for it is what few people could have imagined; it was entirely owing, he says, to the work never having been completed.

In France, Calprenede, and afterwards Madam Scudery, introduced a new species of romance, in which the heroes of true history are the achievers of fictitious adventures. In these performances, although the adventures are in themselves somewhat more probable than those of the ancient knights-errant, all credibility is precluded from the mind of a well-informed reader by his knowledge of history; and in that of a reader uninstructed, truth is so entangled with fiction that it may be very difficult afterwards to separate them.

Calprenede's principal works were Cassandra, Cleopatra, and Pharamond, each a romance of ten or twelve octavo volumes! He was gentleman of the bedchamber to Lewis XIII. His works, it is said, were eagerly read by the courtiers, and proved a great relaxation to them during their attendance at court.

Those

Those who have attempted the oppressive task of reading a few pages of his romances must have a strong impression of the insipidity and wearisomeness of that kind of life to which such reading could afford relief.

The writings of Madam Scudery were thought more entertaining, and were admired by many distinguished persons in the beginning of the reign of Lewis XIV. although Boileau calls them *une boutique de verbiage*.

She wrote a romance intitled Clelia, in ten volumes octavo, the Great Cyrus, and several other romances of the same size, besides a number of other literary compositions, of such length as must naturally raise surprise at the comparative shortness of her life, for she died at the age of ninety-four.

Madam Scudery was remarkably ugly. The following lines written by her, and addressed to a painter who had drawn her portrait, give a stronger proof of her wit and good-humour than is to be found in her works:

Nanteuil, en faisant mon image,
A de son art divin signalé le pouvoir ;
Je hais mes traits dans mon miroir,
Je les aime dans son ouvrage.

The profession of chivalry was more universally exercised, and continued longer, in Spain, than in any other country of Europe. This was probably owing to the long wars between the Spaniards and the Moors,

Moors, and to the siege of Grenada, before whose walls the youth of both nations often fought in detached combats. After knight-errantry was proscribed by law, or considered as ridiculous, in various other nations, and the actual exercise of it existed no longer in Spain itself, still that country overflowed with books of chivalry, which were passionately read, filling the heads of numbers with the absurd ideas of enchantments, magicians, invincible knights, and peerless virgins; perverting the taste of the readers, giving them false notions of historical facts, rendering them unfit for their necessary occupations, and disgusting them with domestic life.

In this state the immortal Cervantes, by the magic of his wit, banished all other magicians. By the exquisite exhibition of one madman, of his own creation, he cured his countrymen of one species of epidemic madness; for the renowned Don Quixote drove knights-errant, giants, dwarfs, dragons, and their historians, entirely out of Spain.

But while Cervantes placed the absurdities of the old romance in the most striking point of view, he gave, in the same work, the most convincing proof that the passions could be affected, the understanding instructed, mirth excited, and all the purposes of writing attained, by representations of real domestic life, without offending the modesty of nature.

There was no such thing in Europe as knight-errantry in the days of Cervantes; his aim, therefore,

fore, in writing *Don Quixote*, could not be what some have supposed, to abolish a profession that no longer existed, but to turn into ridicule the prevailing taste of his countrymen for writings filled with marvellous and unnatural adventures that never had existed but in books of chivalry. In the execution of this he gives a view of the real state of manners in Spain, intermixed with scenes of exquisite humour, and many admirable observations of a moral tendency.

The testimony of so judicious a critic as the late Dr. Johnson, as recorded in Mrs. Piozzi's very entertaining *Anecdotes*, must be agreeable to every admirer of Cervantes. "After Homer's *Iliad*, Mr. Johnson confessed that the work of Cervantes was "the greatest in the world; speaking of it as a book "of entertainment."

That ingenious lady adds, "When we consider, "that every other author's admirers are confined to "his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes "among *them*, while *Don Quixote* is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally tasted "by the court and the cottage, equally applauded "in France and England as in Spain, quoted by "every servant, the amusement of every age, from "infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see on "every shelf in every shop where books are sold: "who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the
"superiority

“superiority of Cervantes to all other modern writers?”

Whether this high praise is allowed, in all its latitude, to the author of *Don Quixote* or not, as he leads the reader through all the scenes of domestic life, and gives a true picture of life and manners in Spain, at the time he wrote, he became the model of that species of romance which has been since adopted by Le Sage, Marivaux, Rousseau, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and so many others.

It will seem strange that no Spanish writer appears in this list. Cervantes, it is true, had overthrown one species of absurdity which perverted the understanding of his countrymen: but another remained; the terrifying demon of superstition, whose baleful influence is of itself sufficient to depress the heart, derange the mind, check and shrivel all the blossoms of imagination, and proves more hostile to genius than despotism itself; because civil tyranny only makes men afraid of *acting* or speaking with freedom, but superstition renders them fearful of even *thinking*.

Le Sage proves himself to have been intimately acquainted with human nature. The character of Gil Blas he certainly never intended as a model of imitation. His object seems to have been to exhibit men as they are, not as they ought to be; for this purpose he chooses a youth of no extraordinary talents, and without steady

steady principles, open to be duped by knavery, and perverted by example. He sends him, like a spaniel, through the open fields, the coverts, the giddy heights, and latent tracts of life, to raise the game at which he wishes to shoot; and few moral huntsmen ever afforded more entertaining sport.

Le Sage has chosen Spain as the scene of the adventures he describes in his various works. He was probably induced to this from a desire to preclude the personal applications of his characters. He had lived many years in Spain, and was acquainted with the manners of that country: but while he leads us through Spain, and keeps us continually in the company of people with Spanish names, it is not difficult to perceive that our conductor is a Frenchman.

A more direct and minute copy of French manners is given in the *Payfan Pavenu* and in the *Marianne of Marivaux*. If he be thought to dwell with too much refinement on the secret motives of conduct, and all the movements of the passions, it must at the same time be admitted, that he repays the reader's attention by the wit and pleasantry of his narrative, and by the fidelity with which he copied from nature.

The *Eloisa of Rousseau*, in point of eloquence, surpasses any romance, perhaps any book, in the French language. No writer ever presented the ob-
jects

jects he described more distinctly before the eyes of the reader. With what a glowing pen does he trace the emotion of the passions! To give examples would be to quote great part of the book. I shall mention one, the behaviour of Julia on a most interesting occasion, and the eloquent simplicity of the single sentence she pronounced, implying all that could have been conveyed in a long and impressive harangue. It is in that letter to Lord Edward, where St. Preux describes what passed when he accompanied Julia, then the wife of Wolmar, across the lake to Meillerie, and to the very spot where he had formerly passed whole days, with his eyes fixed on her habitation, and from whence, surrounded with snow and ice, he had written that ardent letter that prevailed on her to recall him, at every risk. Having pointed out her name engraven on the rocks, and reminded her of a thousand tender circumstances regarding their loves, he concludes a most impassioned address in these words: "*O toi pour qui j'étois né! Faut il me retrouver avec toi dans les mêmes lieux, et regretter le tems que j'y passois à gemir de ton absence?*"

He was about to continue, when Julia, seeing him move towards the precipice, was frightened, seized him by the hand, which she squeezed, while she looked at him with tenderness, endeavouring to suppress a sigh, and then turning her face from him, and drawing him by the arm, she said with emotion,

"*Allons-*

“ *Allons-nous-en, mon ami, l'air de ce lieu n'est pas bon pour moi.* ”

When they had descended from the mountain, and were seated in the boat, the account of what passed in his mind—“ *la voir, la toucher, lui parler, l'aimer, l'adorer, et, presque en la possédant encore, la sentir, perdue à jamais pour moi* ”—all this prepares us for the dreadful temptation that his despair suggested of throwing himself with her into the lake, and expiring in her arms.

Another striking proof of Rousseau's superior talents appears in St. Preux's dream, towards the end of the work—Julia attending her mother on her death-bed—the disappearance of the mother, and Julia occupying her place—the veil that covered her face, and which all St. Preux's efforts could not remove—the impression this dream made on his mind—his being carried back by Lord Edward, on purpose that he might see her once more, and remove the impression made by the dream—his going away again without seeing her—the death of Julia—Clara's recollection of the dream, which produces its accomplishment: the whole of this is so like the wildness of a dream, yet so true to nature, and so admirably described, that it displays at once the inventive genius, the accurate observation, and the powerful eloquence of this author.

Rousseau had frankly and foolishly perhaps told Voltaire, that although he admired his genius, he did not love him as a man. Voltaire, of course, hated Rousseau, and endeavoured to turn the *Eloisa* and its author into ridicule. What has not Voltaire endeavoured to turn into ridicule? The same person who laughed at the prophecies in the Bible, by a pretended prophecy, sneers at the eloquent performance of Rousseau. "It is," says he, "full of poison, which will act upon the heart as well as the understanding of the young female reader. The author offers also an antidote for his poison, which can act on the understanding only. Besides, the antidote is in the preface, and young women never read prefaces. In excuse for writing a book which inspires vice, the author declares, that in the age in which he lived it was impossible to be virtuous."

But in this prophecy, as in other parts of Voltaire's works, there is infinitely more wit than truth; and the accusation of writing what may inspire impiety, and irreverent ideas of Providence, comes with no great propriety from the author of *Candide*. Has the *Eloisa* of Rousseau a tendency to inspire vice? Is it likely that any young woman will be allured from virtue by the example of one who was the victim of unceasing remorse, because she had deviated from its paths in one instance; who afterwards, in the midst

of

of opportunity and temptation, adheres with fidelity to the marriage vow, and whose present comforts and hopes of future happiness are derived from that reflection?

From the representation of one particular character in this work, an inference might be made which certainly did not occur to the author. Wolmar is described, not only as the most benevolent of mankind, but as a person of the coolest judgment and the clearest understanding. Every body has failings, and commits mistakes, except Wolmar; and Wolmar is an atheist.

That the inference which might be drawn from this circumstance escaped Rousseau, is evident from the general tenor of all his works, which evince the firmest conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being.

Richardson introduced a new species of romance, wherein the persons concerned are supposed to be the relaters of what passes; and the sentiments are expressed as they arise on the first impression, and while the relater is still ignorant of the events that are to follow.

This method certainly has the advantage of affording the author the opportunity of varying his style, by adapting it to the characters of the different persons he introduces; an advantage of which Richardson avails himself very successfully; which was by no

means the case with Rousseau ; for although his *Eloisa* is written in letters, in imitation of *Clarissa*, he has failed in adapting the style of the letters to the characters of the supposed writers, in the same happy manner that is executed by Richardson. Through the whole of the new *Eloisa*, whether *Julia*, *St. Preux*, *Clara*, or any other name be attached to the letter, you always perceive that *Jean Jacques* is the real writer.

This manner of giving the whole story by letters is liable to the inconveniencies of producing repetitions, and of drawing out the story to a tiresome length ; which inconveniencies Richardson has not always had the address to avoid. His favourite character of *Grandison* is much too formal to be a favourite with the women in general ; and there is somewhat of prudery in his heroines that prevents them from being favourites with the men ; but he describes the operation of the passions with a truth and minuteness that evinces a great knowledge of human nature. The madness of *Clementina* is delineated with the pencil of a great master. Nothing can be more affecting than the distresses of *Clarissa*. He was conscious that his strength lay in the pathetic, and by this perhaps he was led to prolong scenes of sorrow till the spirits of the reader are fatigued, and the luxury of sympathy is overpowered.

The

The striking and animated character of Lovelace is supported to the last, with wonderful spirit. It is easy for an author to declare, that his hero is possessed of an infinite deal of wit and pleasantry, invention and eloquence: To make him display those qualities through a great variety of scenes, is very difficult, yet it has been executed by this author in the most successful manner. Richardson himself was undoubtedly convinced, that all those accomplishments, with the addition of youth, beauty, and the most undaunted intrepidity, would not prevent the profligacy, perfidy, and shocking cruelty of Lovelace from rendering him odious to every reader. In this, perhaps, he was mistaken. The brilliant colours in which Lovelace is painted are too apt to fascinate the imagination, and may have secured him a corner in the hearts even of some young women of character, in spite of his crimes. As for the young men, if none of them had ever attempted to imitate the profligacy of Lovelace but those who possessed his accomplishments, the exhibition of his portrait would do little harm: but there is reason to fear, that some with the first only, and but a slender portion of the second, have sometimes attempted to pass for complete Lovelaces.

The late Henry Fielding, in the romance of Joseph Andrews, written in imitation of the style and manner of Cervantes, displayed much of the spirit and

humour of his model ; and he afterwards gave the world a still stronger proof of his knowledge of human nature, and the powers of his invention, by the publication of Tom Jones ; a work wherein, after the imagination of the reader has been gratified by the exhibition of a variety of interesting scenes and characters, and his heart warmly engaged in the fortunes of the hero, his mind is agitated and alarmed by a series of incidents which seem to cross and obstruct the schemes and blast the hopes of him for whom he is now deeply interested, and whom he sees involved in unmerited disgrace, and threatened with ruin. At this point, when the whole horizon is covered with darkness, and hardly one faint ray of light darts from any quarter, the clouds gradually begin to disperse, obscurity disappears, the intricacies become plain, the impediments that oppose the desired catastrophe are removed by means quite natural, though unforeseen, and the story flows clearly and delightfully to a conclusion ; “ like a river,” to adopt the eloquent illustration of an ingenious writer of the present age, “ which in its progress foams among fragments of rocks, and for a while seems pent up by insurmountable oppositions, then angrily dashes for a while, then plunges under ground into caverns, and runs a subterraneous course, till at length it breaks out again, meanders round the country,

“ and

"and with a clear placid stream flows gently to
"the ocean*."

Dr. Smollett, in the Continuation of his History of England, observes, that towards the end of the reign of George II. and about the beginning of that of his present majesty, "genius in writing spontaneously arose; and though neglected by the great, flourished under the culture of a public which had pretensions to taste, and piqued itself on encouraging literary merit." He proceeds to enumerate the most distinguished writers in the various branches of literature at that period, and gives his suffrage to the great talents of one who pursued the same line with himself, in the following words: "The genius of Cervantes was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety."

The success of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, in this species of writing, produced, what great success generally does produce, a prodigious number of imitators: but by far the greater part of them, like Hamlet's players, imitated abominably; and instead of representing the manners of the age, exhibited men and women, neither having the manners of Christ-

* Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding, Esq. by A. Murphy, Esq.

ians nor Pagans, and who seemed to have been made by the least expert of Nature's journeymen.

There were, for a considerable time, so many novels written of this description, and with so few exceptions, that the very words Romance or Novel conveyed the idea of a frivolous or pernicious book. Even this, however, did not diminish the number, though it made many people at pains to declare, that for their part they never read novels; a declaration sometimes made by persons of both sexes, who never read any thing else. This is being by much too cautious. They might, with equal prudence, declare, that they never would read any book, because many books are silly or pernicious. The truth is, that the best romances always have been, and always will be, read with delight by men of genius; and with the more delight, the more taste and genius the reader happens to have. Nothing can be so interesting to men as man. The modern romances are or ought to be a representation of life and manners in the country where the scene is placed. Had works of this nature existed in the flourishing ages of the Greek and Roman republics, and had some of the best of them been preserved, how infinitely would they be relished at present! as they would give a much more minute and satisfactory picture of private and domestic life than is found in history, which dwells chiefly on war and
affairs

affairs of state. This species of writing may also be made most subservient to the purposes of instruction; but even those which afford amusement only, provided they contain nothing immoral, are not without utility, and deserve by no means to be spoken of with that contempt which they sometimes are, by their most intimate acquaintance. These gentlemen ought to recollect in what manner they usually employ that portion of their time which they do not pass in reading what they so much affect to despise: they ought to recollect how many languid intervals there are in their journey through life; how often they fill them up in a more pernicious way; and if a novel or romance should now and then help them to jog along with more innocence and less yawning, they ought to be a little more grateful.

It may be said, that such people had much better study books of science, or read moral essays or sermons. Unquestionably they had: but unfortunately they will not; for although some authors have shewn that it is possible to write sermons so that they shall be as much or more read than the best romance, yet this talent is extremely rare; and it is often lamented that sermons and moral essays, containing much good instruction, are less universally perused than many novels, more inelegantly written. What does this prove, but that there is something so peculiarly attractive

tractive in this species of writing, that performances, which would have been neglected in any other form, find readers in this?

Some very respectable authors have even insinuated, that romances are more entertaining than history itself, and that they thereby breed a dislike to that useful study. I fear this is not a likely argument to prevail on mankind to quit romances for history; and therefore, even if I were of that opinion, which is not the case, I should not publish it.

But it is universally known, that books of pure science and instruction, which require much thought, are not studied spontaneously by any but those who have already a considerable degree of steadiness of mind and desire of knowledge. Persons of dissipated minds, incapable of attention, who stand most in need of instruction, are the least willing to receive it; they throw such books down the moment they perceive their drift. But a romance in the highest degree entertaining, may be written with as moral an intention, and contain as many excellent rules for the conduct of life, as any book with a more solemn and scientific title. This, however, not being suspected by the persons above alluded to, they continue to read in the confidence of meeting with amusement only, and fearless of any plot or plan for their instruction or improvement; they find folly ridiculed in a pleasant manner,

manner, vice placed in a degrading light, and a variety of instructive lessons so interwoven with an interesting story, that they cannot satisfy their curiosity until they have received impressions of a useful or virtuous nature, and thus acquire something infinitely more valuable than what they were in pursuit of.

Having traced the progress of romance-writing from its dawn to the time of Smollett, it is necessary, to the fulfilment of the task we have undertaken, to give some account of the Life and Writings of the Doctor himself.

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DOCTOR HANDEL.

THE
L I F E
OF
T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

THE ancestors of Dr. Smollett were of considerable note in the county of Dumbarton. By the records of that borough it appears that one of them, of the name Tobias Smollett, was, early in the fifteenth century, married to a daughter of Sir Patrick Houston of Houston, a family of great distinction.

Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, the Doctor's grandfather, had the character of being a man of great sagacity; he was originally bred to the law, and distinguished for his knowledge in it; he represented the borough of Dumbarton in the Scottish Parliament, and was chosen one of the commissioners for framing the Union. He married Jane the daughter of Sir Aulay Macaulay baronet, of Ardincaple, a respectable family in that part of Scotland: by this lady Sir James had four sons and two daughters. All his
sons,

sons, according to a fashion which prevailed in Scotland at that time, were sent to study at the University at Leyden; this was considered as necessary to complete a liberal education.

His eldest son, Tobias, went early into the army, and died a young man, after having obtained the rank of captain; the second son, James, was bred to the Scottish bar, and succeeded his father in the office of commissary of Edinburgh; the third son, George, was also bred to the law, practised for some time at the bar, and succeeded his brother James as commissary of Edinburgh. The fourth son, Archibald, was bred to no profession. Soon after his return from Leyden, he married Barbara Cunningham, daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. As this young lady was of an amiable character and respectable family, Sir James Smollett had no other reason to be displeased with the alliance, except that it had been entered into without previously consulting him, and that the young lady had little or no portion. He gave his son, however, a life-rent of the house and farm of Dalquhurn on the banks of the Leven, and near the family mansion of Bonhill, which, with an annuity, made the income of the young couple about three hundred a-year. They had two sons and a daughter. A short time after the birth of the youngest of these children,

Arch-

Archibald Smollett died, and left his family entirely dependent on the bounty of their grandfather. The eldest of the sons, whose name was James, went at an early period of his life into the army. After he had attained the rank of captain, the regiment to which he belonged was ordered abroad; the transport in which he was, with part of the troops, was lost off the coast of America. I have often heard him spoken of as a young man of distinguished spirit, and of an excellent character; the Doctor never mentioned him but in the most affectionate terms.

The daughter married Mr. Telfer, a man of considerable fortune in Clydesdale: she was a woman of admirable good sense, and highly esteemed. Dr. Smollett always lived on the most friendly and affectionate terms with his sister, who outlived both her brothers, her husband, and her cousin-german, the late commissary Smollett, by whose death she succeeded to the family estate of Bonhill, for which it was necessary for her to resume her maiden name of Smollett*.

Dr.

* The softness and clearness of the Leven water, and in some measure perhaps the rare beauty of the spot, have occasioned very extensive bleacheries and considerable fabrics for the printing of linens and cotton to be established near Dalquhurn, the house in which Dr. Smollett was born. Those works having been since brought to a great degree of perfection by the enterprising industry of the Messrs. Sterling of Glasgow, it became necessary to build a village for the accommodation of the great numbers of people

Dr. Smollett was born in the year 1721, and baptized Tobias George, as appears from the records of the parish of Cardross, to which that part of the vale lying between Loch Lomond and the town of Dumbarton belongs. Perhaps there is not a spot on this favoured island that unites a greater number of natural beauties than this delightful valley, in which Smollett spent the years of his childhood; and through which, *devolving from the parent lake*, the waters of Leven flow:

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
His youthful limbs were wont to lave;

as the Doctor himself says in his charming ode to that river.

If a landscape admirably variegated, and comprehending objects the most beautiful, and objects the most sublime, have a tendency to enliven the fancy and awaken poetical ideas in the mind, no place can be better calculated for the purpose than that in which nature first appeared to the eyes of Smollett. Independent of the mild and engaging beauties of the valley itself, which were continually before him, the

people employed. Dr. Smollett's sister furnished a part of the farm on which he was born for that purpose: the village was, on her death, built under the patronage of Mr. Smollett her eldest son, who married Miss Renton, niece to the late Earl of Eglington, and daughter to a gentleman of family in the Merse. The village, in compliment to this lady, is called Renton.

surround-

surrounding scenery was of a most striking magnificence; the gigantic height of Ben-Lomond overlooking the numerous islands of that extensive lake, to which the mountain gives a name: on a different side the vast rock of Dumbarton, which, detached from every other hill or mountain, stands like a naked and solitary savage on the sands where the Leven intermingles with the Clyde. From the summit of this rock there is a view comprehending the whole course of the Leven, and a great part of that of the Clyde. Nothing can be more beautifully picturesque than the latter, as in his winding way to the ocean, he rewards the industry of many rising villages and populous towns, particularly the flourishing city of Glasgow, whose inhabitants possess the rarely united advantages of being enriched by their commerce, and enlightened by their university†.

From

† The course of the river Clyde is more minutely marked in the following lines, part of a poetical epistle written about twelve or thirteen years ago, when I last beheld the scenery in them described.

High Chatelherault †, whose graceful brow commands
A lengthen'd sweep of variegated lands,
From Tinto, down whose vast majestic side
Flows the first streamlet of commercial Clyde,
To haughty Lomond of stupendous make,
Proud of his islands and his beauteous lake.

* * * * *

Capri-

† The towers and pavillions of Chatelherault stand on high ground, about a mile distant from and in front of Hamilton-house.

From the summit of the rock of Dumbarton may be also seen the Firth of Clyde, the towns of Port-Glasgow, and Greenock, on the opposite shore, the duke of Argyle's pleasant seat at Roseneath, and the numerous villas on each side of this noble river, the whole prospect comprehending seven counties.

It is highly probable that the romantic scenery which presented itself on all sides to the eyes of Smol-

Capricious Clyde, how various in his course,
 At Cora *, rushing with a frantic force,
 He hurries headlong o'er the lofty rock,
 The wounded waters shrieking from the shock :
 Then swiftly gliding by impending groves,
 Rich with Pomona's gifts †—at length he roves
 By princely Hamilton's high-cultur'd plains,
 To greet the Lady of those fair domains ‡,
 Whose judging eye each native charm has grac'd,
 With all the polish'd elegance of taste.
 Mild as her aspect, as her soul serene,
 Pure as her life, which never knew a stain,
 Thro' these smooth fields, unruff'd, calm, and slow,
 Clyde's limpid streams, dispensing blessings, flow,
 (Blessings by ev'ry grateful tongue confest,)
 With Heaven's bright image shining in his breast.

* Cora Lynn. The Clyde at this place falls in distinct precipices from a height of fifty yards; but in land-floods the projection is so violent that the swelled river throws itself in a connected sheet over the whole at once, and the water is so broken by the fall upon a rocky bottom, that it rises in fume, like the smoke of a furnace, almost as high as the place from whence it falls.

† The numerous orchards on the banks of the Clyde.

‡ The Duchess of Hamilton was then residing at Hamilton-house.

lett,

lett, tended to cherish that taste for poetry of which he gave early proofs by descriptive verses.

The same objects which are beheld with indifference by the vulgar spectator, strike a poet with admiration and delight; for the Muse's

—— piercing eye explores
The radiant range of beauty's stores;
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills;
The silver slope of falling rills:

And all the tints that rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow*.

Although the subsequent circumstances of Dr. Smollett's life probably prevented him from pursuing those studies so far as his natural inclination led, yet at this early period of his life the Muse might have addressed him in the enthusiastic language of Burns.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.
Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,

* Maſon's Poems, vol. iii. Ode for Muſic.

And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love*.

If the sight of sublime objects and a romantic country have a tendency to raise the soul and awaken fancy †, something of the same effect is produced by the sight of the birth-place of great and distinguished men, or of those places which have been the scenes of great actions.

Cicero says, “*movemur nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adfunt vestigia :*” and afterwards, “*naturâne nobis hoc, datum an erore quodam; ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoria dignos viros acceperimus multum esse*

* See his Vision, Duan Second.

† This was so much the opinion of the author of the Seasons, that when he heard of an epic poem having been written by a person who had lived all his life in the city of London, he thought it impossible. “The man,” said Thomson, “never saw a mountain.” This may be carrying the notion too far, yet every body will admit that Windsor Forest is better calculated to generate poetical ideas than Threadneedle-street. The valley of Leven has been called the Tempe of Scotland. Some natives of that country have even asserted that it has the advantage of the famous vale of Thessaly in all respects, except climate. A resemblance has been remarked also by a traveller of the *same nation*, between the forked summit of the rock of Dumbarton and Mount Parnassus. Some will think such comparisons something a-kin to the resemblance which Fluellan found between Monmouth and Macedonia, because each had a river, and there were salmons in both.

“*versatos,*

“versatos, magis moveamur, quamfi quando eorum
 “ipforum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod
 “legamus *.”

The place in which Smollett spent the earliest part of his life possessed the advantage of being striking from its scenery, and interesting from the great actions of men whose memory the surrounding objects recalled; it was therefore doubly calculated for exciting in a susceptible mind that degree of enthusiasm without which no man ever excelled in any line of life whatever.

Near to the river of Leven, in ancient times, stood a castle where the heroic King Robert Bruce sometimes resided, and where he is said to have died. Though no man ever stood less in need of the embellishments of fable to secure to himself universal admiration, the fond credulity of his countrymen has given currency to many marvellous anecdotes, of some of which this castle was the scene.

When the armies of Edward the First of England had over-run the greatest part of Scotland, and held the inhabitants in temporary subjection, the renowned Wallace often found an asylum between the two grand peaks of this rock. The wonderful exploits of that heroic patriot, by which he revived the dying spirits of his countrymen, and enabled them to expel

* M. Tul. Cicer. lib. v. De Finibus.

the invaders of their country, are known to every peasant in Scotland, and repeated by every school-boy with equal admiration and warmer interest than that with which they applaud the great actions of the Greek and Roman heroes. The sight of that famous fortress, therefore, naturally excited romantic ideas. By the fond admiration of the neighbouring inhabitants it is believed to be impregnable, and thought to have baffled all the attempts ever made to reduce it, except two; in the first of which no dishonour rests on any of their countrymen, and in the second, one of them was covered with glory. The first happened in the year 756, when the garrison was obliged by famine to capitulate; the second in the year 1571, when an officer of the name of Craufurd made the daring proposal to the earl of Lennox, then regent of Scotland, of attempting it by escalade, which he executed successfully, displaying, in the performance of this brilliant exploit, a very rare instance of humanity, and a degree of intrepidity that has seldom been equalled, and never was surpassed*.

On throwing the eye across the loch, the residence of the illustrious family of Graham is seen, which naturally recalls to the memory the immense exertions and wonderful military exploits of the gallant marquis of Montrose, worthy of a far more extensive

* Buchanan: *Rerum Scotic. Histor.* lib. xx.

theatre than that on which he was fated to act. On the character of this great man Hume makes the following observation: "Something of the vast and unbounded characterised his actions and deportment; and it was merely by an heroic effort of duty that he brought his mind, impatient of superiority, and even of equality, to pay such unlimited submission to the will of his sovereign *."

What some may consider as a still stronger testimony of the striking qualities of Montrose, is the mention made of him by cardinal de Retz. This acute judge of mankind being a Frenchman, and in opposition to the court, will not be suspected of partiality to a Briton and a royalist; it ought likewise to be remembered, that the cardinal had lived in intimacy with the great Condé, mareschal Turenne, and the most illustrious characters of that age: yet in his *Memoires* he says, "Le comte de Montrose Ecoissois, et chef de la maison de Graham, le seul homme du monde qui m'ait jamais rapellé l'idée de certains heros que l'on ne voit plus que dans les vies de Plutarque, avoit soutenu le parti du roid'Angleterre dans son pays avec un grandeur d'ame qui n'en avoit point de pareille en ce siècle †."

It will be thought that the scenery of the country in which Smollett caught his first ideas, as it chiefly

* Hume's History of Great Britain, vol. vii.

† *Memoires du Cardinal de Retz*, tom. ii.

recalled the memory of warriors and warlike exploits, would naturally prompt a youthful and ardent mind to the profession of arms rather than

Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi,
—et mutas agitare inglorius artes.

It must be remembered, however, that after the mind has received strong impressions, and a particular bias from the beauty and grandeur of certain objects of nature, much still depends on the particular situations of those who are thus impressed in determining their professions and pursuits. Smollett's elder brother had chosen that of a soldier, for which the younger expressed a strong inclination, but which their grandfather discouraged, thinking he should be able to promote their advancement in separate lines of life more effectually than in the same.

The first sprouts of Smollett's poetical genius appeared while he was at the grammar-school of Dumbarton, as I was informed by an old school-fellow of his; they were verses to the memory of Wallace, of whom he became an early admirer, from the popular stories current in that part of the country, and also from the perusal of Blind Harry's translation of the Latin poems of Robert Blair, chaplain to Sir William Wallace, intitled, *Gesta Willelmi Wallas*, and *De Liberata Tyrannide Scotia*. Here, too, he became acquainted with the works of Buchannan, whose infant eyes first opened on the same sublime scenery that first struck

struck those of Smollett, and whose History of Scotland became an incitement to his studying and a means of his attaining a knowledge of the Latin language.

He was particularly affected with that historian's account of the death of James the First of Scotland, and the circumstances attending it.

This accomplished prince was murdered at the instigation of some of his nobles in a convent near Perth, in the presence of the queen, after a young lady of the name of Douglas, animated by the heroic spirit of her family, had fixed her arm as a bar to prevent the assassins from entering the chamber in which the king and queen were. Having mentioned that one of the king's servants had just left the room, Buchannan proceeds in these words: "*Hunc dum ficarii conficiunt, adolescentula nobilis, e gente Duglassia, cum, objecta valva, pessulum fraude ministri oblaturum non inveniret, brachium in foramen loco pessuli inseruit: sed eo celeriter confracto, intromissi ficarii in regem irruunt. Eum regina, suo corpore objecto, cum protegere conaretur, ac prostrato se superfudisset, duobus vulneribus acceptis, vix abstrahi potuit. Tum ipsum, ab omnibus relictum, viginti octo plagis confossum, aliquot recta in cor directis, trucidant.*"

These affecting circumstances made so deep an impression on Smollett's imagination, that he afterwards

wards founded his tragedy of the Regicide, written at the age of eighteen, on the assassination of this prince.

From Dumbarton, Smollett was removed to Glasgow, on account of the superior opportunities which the latter affords for improvement. In Glasgow he formed an intimacy with some young students of physic and surgery. In that country the education for both is nearly the same: all who are intended for the profession of surgery, also study medicine; without this how could they be fitted for the duty of surgeons to the army and navy, where they are called to act as physicians ten times for once that they have occasion to operate as surgeons? Smollett's intimacy with those students, more than any great taste for the study, determined him to become one of their number; and by the advice of his relations he was engaged as an apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, at that time a surgeon of extensive practice, the same person who, a few years after, having received a diploma from the University, practised with great reputation entirely as a physician. During his apprenticeship, Smollett attended the anatomical and medical lectures in the University. They did not, however, engross his attention so far as to prevent his making considerable progress also in what afterwards became his favourite study, namely, the characters of mankind, which now appeared to him on a larger theatre, and
in

in greater variety, than he had hitherto had any opportunity of viewing them.

At Glasgow, he began to direct the edge of boyish satire against such green and scanty shoots of affectation and ridicule as the soil produced, and of which he afterwards found a ripe and plentiful crop in the capital. The shafts of his wit were not even then confined to the youthful circles of coquetry and foppery, but were sometimes aimed at more formal and serious assemblies. The chief objects that occupied the minds of the citizens were commerce and religion; the chief means of acquiring importance among them were, wealth and piety: the reality of the one was the earnest pursuit of all; but, in young Smollett's opinion, the reputation of the other satisfied some; and those whom he considered as hypocrites were exposed to his satire. At so early a period of life men are liable to very great mistakes on this subject; for although it is not uncommon for those who have no real religion to assume an appearance of sanctity, it must also be acknowledged that those who openly condemn all religion are apt to accuse people of real piety of being hypocrites. But no person who is destitute of piety will assume the appearance of religion except in countries where the reality is held in high estimation; and, wherever that is the case, it is greatly to be presumed that there will be much real religion.

Although

Although the early productions of Smollett's muse afforded much entertainment to his young companions, they gave offence to the more serious part of the citizens. I have been told that some of these performances were full of humour. None of them, however, have been preserved. One boyish adventure of his, which was long since related to me by one of his earliest comrades, I shall risk mentioning.

On a winter evening, when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow-ball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of *Crab* in *Roderick Random*. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for his negligence in quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying, that while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow had hit him with a snow-ball, and that he had been in pursuit of the delinquent.

"A mighty probable story, truly," said the master, in an ironical tone. "I wonder how long I should stand here," added he, "before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snow-ball at me."

While

While he was holding his head erect with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball.

Smollett, who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop-door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and a-propos.

This, with other adventures of the same kind in which Smollett was engaged during his early youth is so much in the style of some of the boyish pranks of Roderick Random, that it tended to confirm the opinion which prevailed soon after the publication of that work, namely, that it contained the real history of the author's life.

Roderick Random unquestionably is sometimes placed in situations similar to those in which Smollett had been; but it is equally certain that other circumstances in Random's story are so different from those which belonged to the Doctor himself, that he believed the application would never have been made.

The father of Random, for example, is met by his son in the Spanish West Indies. The father of Smollett died before the latter left Scotland. Random is the only child of his parents. Smollett had a brother and sister. The mother of Random has a brother who is a lieutenant in the navy, one of the

most distinguished characters in the work. Smollett had no uncle in the navy. Many other circumstances convinced Smollett that his own character, and those of his relations, would not be confounded with the persons described in Roderick Random.

It must be acknowledged, however, that he was not sufficiently careful to prevent such applications: of this he became sensible himself, and in no instance regretted it more than in the application which was absurdly made of the ideal character of Potion, in the Romance, to Mr. Gordon the surgeon, a man esteemed by all who knew him for good sense, integrity, and benevolence. Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to the character of this worthy man than that of Potion. Yet, as Smollett had been apprentice to the one and Random to the other, the character of Potion, in spite of the most incompatible circumstances, was believed by the ignorant, and asserted by the malicious, to have been intended for Mr. Gordon.

After the death of Sir James Smollett, the children of his youngest son were in a very unfortunate situation; for although he had maintained them in a decent manner until that period, and would in all probability have continued to support and push them forward in the world, had he lived, it was found at his death that he had made little or no provision for them.

them. The Doctor's elder brother was with his regiment; his sister continued to live with her mother and another of her relations; and his own apprenticeship being finished, he determined to leave Scotland, and try his fortune in London.

He set out accordingly with a small sum of money and a very large assortment of letters of recommendation: whether his relations intended to compensate for the scantiness of the one by their profusion in the other, is uncertain; but he has been often heard to declare, that their liberality in the last article was prodigious.

The only situation, however, which all those recommendations could procure him was that of surgeon's mate to a ship of the line. In this office he acted at the unfortunate expedition to Carthage, in the year 1741. Of this he wrote an account. From the acuteness of observation and depth of reflection that appeared in this performance, many were of opinion, that it would have been fortunate if, instead of assisting a surgeon, he had had some share in conducting the expedition, and that some of those who conducted the expedition had been employed in the cockpit. A sketch of this was published in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, and afterwards a more circumstantial account in a compendium of *Voyages* in seven volumes 12mo.

Smollett

Smollett was soon disgusted with his situation ; and although he had a certainty of being promoted, he quitted the service in the West Indies, and resided some time in the island of Jamaica, where he first became acquainted with a lady of the name of Lafcelles, whom he afterwards married.

Dr. Smollett returned to London in the year 1746, after the rebellion was entirely quashed by the battle of Culloden. Many accounts were circulated in the capital, at that time, concerning excessive severities exercised in the Highlands on the wretched families of those who had been engaged in, or were suspected to favour, that insurrection. Those accounts, it is probable, were exaggerated ; yet being believed by Smollett, they awaked all those affectionate feelings which he ever retained for his native country, and gave rise to that pathetic Ode which begins with

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

The ode being much admired, was circulated in the capital, with the name of the author. This gave uneasiness to some people who wished well to Smollett. They thought it might raise him powerful enemies, cautioned him against giving any more copies of the Ode, and begged that he would deny, or at least never acknowledge, that he was the author.

Through

Through the whole course of Smollett's life he was little influenced by prudential considerations, and never intimidated from avowing his sentiments by the fear of making powerful enemies. The caution of his advisers, instead of prevailing with him to suppress the verses, or conceal his being the author, made him avow them more openly than ever. He even added an additional stanza, in which he braves the malice of those whom he considered as the enemies of his country.

The first copies of the Ode terminated with the sixth stanza. After the remonstrances to suppress it, he added the seventh:

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.

As if he had said, "so far from suppressing it, I'll sing it over again."

Towards the end of the year 1746 he published a satire intitled *Advice*, in which he not only attacks, with all the severity of Juvenal, some of the most odious vices of the times, but also names, or points out in a manner not to be mistaken, several individuals,

duals, distinguished by their rank, offices, or riches, who were suspected of them. This poem, though possessed of considerable poetical merit, was far more calculated to injure him, from the resentment it kindled in the breasts of individuals, than to be useful to him by the display of his talents.

He was applied to by Mr. Rich, at that time patentee of Covent-Garden, to write an opera, which he executed accordingly. It was intitled *Alceste*: but a dispute taking place between the author and the manager, the opera was never acted nor published. This quarrel obtained for Rich the distinction of being mentioned in another satire, a second part of the former, which Smollett published about the beginning of the year 1747. Rich was not of a temper to be much disturbed by this species of vengeance. Every dramatic production of Dr. Smollett was now precluded from the Covent-Garden theatre. He soon after had a misunderstanding with Mr. Garrick, and was pushed, by the violence of his temper, to insert into the romance of *Roderick Random* some uncandid and unjust observations and criticisms on that great actor's conduct. Although Mr. Garrick was as sensible as Rich was callous to attacks of this kind, Dr. Smollett himself was probably the greatest sufferer by this intemperance, as he had now reason to believe that every dramatic piece

of his would be as effectually excluded from Drury-Lane as from the other royal theatre.

Nothing can more clearly display the impetuosity of Smollett's temper, and how far it overcame every consideration of interest, than his breaking, in this violent manner, with the managers of both theatres, at a time when his friends were using their influence to get his performances acted, when he himself was yet unknown to the town, and when his pecuniary resources were very slender.

As if he had not been satisfied with having procured the enmity of both the theatrical managers, he seems to have been ambitious of drawing on himself the resentment of the state managers also. Besides making ironical mention of several persons of high rank, the following lines, in the poem of Advice and Reproof, were applied to the most powerful man at that time in the nation:

——— Is there no room for praise,
When such bright names in constellation blaze?
When *sage* Newcastle, *abstinently* great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state?

To fill up the measure of his temerity, he braved the resentment of a class of men, which it has been found as dangerous to offend as the former. In the same poem are these lines,

Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons,
 While dulness skreens the failings of the church,
 Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch *.

What is singular, Smollett seems, in the midst of his spleen, to have been aware of the consequence of indulging it. The Friend who holds the dialogue with the Poet, in the poem in question, makes the following observation :

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
 Thine be the joyless dignity to starve †.

In the year 1748 he published the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, a work replete with humour, which delighted the public at the time, and is still a favourite with many. The character of Strap is accurately delineated from nature. His remonstrance, addressed to Random, in the sixteenth chapter, is at once pathetic and humorous, and distinguishes him, not only as a native of North Britain, but also of that particular part of Scotland from whence he came.

Although the hint of the character of Morgan was probably taken from the *Fluellen* and *Sir Hugh Evans* of *Shakespeare*, yet it is admirably varied, and highly entertaining. The scenes on board the man of war, particularly that with *Mackshane* and *Oakum*, in the

* Vide *Advice and Reproof*.

† *Ibid*.

thirtieth chapter, are written with great spirit. When Morgan is accused of having called the captain a beast and bear, and is brought before him to make a submission, nothing can be more characteristic, and at the same time more truly comic, than the apology the Welshman utters. "I spoke," says he, "by metaphor, and parable, and comparisons, and types. As we signify meekness by a lamb, lechery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox, so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tiger; therefore I made use of these similes to express my sentiments, look you; and what I said before Got, I will not unsay before man or peast neither."

In the character of Jack Rattlin, though short, there are some admirable touches highly characteristic of an English sailor; and that of Tom Bowling is considered as a master-piece exquisitely true to nature; which Smollett himself never equalled in any of his subsequent romances, and which was never surpassed in any work of the kind.

By Roderick Random, Smollett acquired much more reputation than money. He was advised, therefore, in the following year, 1749, to publish the tragedy of the Regicide by subscription; that method of publication being then more reputable than it has been thought since.

There never was a stronger proof that the most accurate observer of human nature, and most acute investigator of character, sometimes neglects to make use himself of the remarks he has made on the characters and conduct of others.

No man ever painted, in more lively colours, the complete indifference with which mankind bear the misfortunes, and view the mortifications of their neighbours; yet in the Preface to this tragedy he gives a circumstantial detail of all his difficulties and disappointments in attempting to get it upon the stage, although he had already done the same in the story of Melopoyne, in *Roderick Random*; and although many, who read the rest of the book with pleasure, would gladly have skipped that story, Dr. Smollett dwells with as much minuteness on the obstacles which the representation of this piece encountered, as if the tragedy itself could, like the hero or heroine, have created an interest by a recapitulation of their disasters. The persevering bitterness with which he complains of the insolence of theatrical managers and pretended patrons, would have demonstrated, had it not been clear before, that Melopoyne's tragedy and Dr. Smollett's were the same. Some of his severest reflections were directed against Mr. Garrick; yet it might have been foreseen, by one of half Smollett's penetration, that they would have little effect against a man, who had the passions of the town

at his command, and who agitated them, in the most delightful manner, two or three times every week.

As for the tragedy itself, it will be thought a very great effort of genius, considering the early age of the author when he finished it, and, unquestionably, it is superior in merit to several which have since appeared with success on the stage.

In the summer 1750, Dr. Smollett went to Paris. The author of this Essay, who had been introduced to him in England, renewed his acquaintance, and accompanied him in some excursions to St. Cloud, Versailles, and other places in the environs of Paris. The painter, whom Smollett afterwards typified under the name of Pallet, was in the capital of France at that time. This man used to declaim, with rapture, on the subject of *virtu*, and, as Smollett declared, often used the following expression, "*Paris is very rich in the arts. London is a Goth, and Westminster a Vandal, compared to Paris.*" This preference, with the pert manners of the man, disgusted Smollett, and he exhibited Pallet in the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle. What would be more difficult to justify is, his having glanced at the character of the late Dr. Akenfide, in his description of the physician in the same performance. I have been told that Smollett's pique at him arose from some reflections Akenfide had thrown out against Scotland, after his return from Edinburgh, where he had studied. However

inexpiable such an offence may appear in the eyes of a young Caledonian, the world in general will think it highly blameable to have given any grounds for the application of so ridiculous a character as the physician in *Peregrine*, to a man of so much genius and real worth as Dr. Akenfide. This caricatura, however, is contrasted, in the most laughable manner, with the portraits of Pallet and Jolter ; and in the entertainment, after the manner of the ancients, given by the physician to a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, Smollett displays equal erudition and humour.

It must be acknowledged, that Dr. Smollett had imbibed some of the common English prejudices against the French, of which he never got entirely free. He never attained the power of speaking their language with facility, which prevented him from mixing in their society, and deciding, from his own observation, on their national character.

At Paris, Dr. Smollett formed an acquaintance with some Scottish gentlemen, exiled from their country in consequence of having been engaged in the rebellion 1745. Those were the persons alluded to in the second volume of *Peregrine*, whom Pickle meets at Boulogne, on their return from their diurnal pilgrimage to the sea-side, to indulge their eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they were never more to approach.

Mr.

Mr. Hunter of Burnside was the individual among them who is mentioned as having wept bitterly over the misfortune of having involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress; and, in the impatience of his grief, having cursed his own fate with frantic imprecations. I myself heard Mr. Hunter express himself in this manner to Dr. Smollett, and at the same time relate the affecting visit which he and his companions daily made to the sea-side, when they resided at Boulogne.

In Peregrine Pickle, several instances are given of the arbitrary nature of the French government, and of the intolerable insolence of the higher classes of society towards the inferior. The story of the king's ecuyer, who stabbed a barber for having accidentally cut his face in shaving, I remember, was much talked of at that time in Paris. Whether the barber actually died of his wound I do not recollect.

The character of Peregrine's mother has been thought, by some, an extravagant production of Smollett's imagination, for which there was no prototype in nature: but it is infinitely more probable, that by adhering closely to the conduct of some very capricious individual woman of his acquaintance, he has been, in the drawing of her portrait, led astray from general nature. This, indeed, he himself insinuates, in the last paragraph of Chapter the twelfth.

Peregrine's

Peregrine's first meeting with Emilia, his falling in love, and the behaviour of the young lady and her mother on that occasion, are well described. The verses he addresses to his mistress are in themselves pleasing, and such as a youth of warm imagination might naturally be supposed to have composed. The manner in which these verses, with the letter in which they were inclosed, were destroyed, the expedient which Pipes fell on to repair their loss, the misunderstanding this produced between the lovers, and their reconciliation, are all admirably invented, and related in the happiest vein of humour.

The character of Gamaliel Pickle, and the different tempers with which he and Commodore Trunnion bore the tyranny of their respective wives—the one, with the submission of an ox, the other, with the growling of a bear—are delineated with the hand of a master. The adventure of the gypsy girl, introduced by Pickle into fashionable assemblies as his relation, and received by them as a high-bred accomplished lady, and the character of the misanthrope, who pretended to be deaf, are happy inventions: but in the ardour of his satirical and humorous chase, Dr. Smollett sometimes leaves delicacy too far behind.

The peculiar character of British seamen, their language, inclinations, and manners, struck the fancy of Smollett so forcibly, during the short period in which he was on board a ship of war, that he has
been

been able to describe them with a degree of spirit and pleasantry that has never been equalled. The characters of Pipes, Hatchway, and Trunnion are all different from each other, yet all consonant with the nature of that peculiar species of mortals, English seamen; all of the same blunt, thoughtless honesty, with the same attachment to their own profession and habits, the same savage contempt for those of others, yet each a most entertaining original. The character of Trunnion, though pushed beyond the modesty of nature in some particulars, is, on the whole, admirably supported. His death, like that of Falstaff in Henry the Fifth, is as entertaining as any part of his life: but Shakespeare has, with more propriety, put the account of Falstaff's death in the mouth of the hostess; whereas Smollett makes Trunnion speak too much, and apply the metaphoric sea-language with too great minuteness and accuracy for one in his condition.

His sea characters were so entertaining to the public, and he was universally thought to have succeeded so wonderfully in drawing them that he himself became fond of the work; yet he never was so exquisitely successful as in his first attempt in Tom Bowling.

It has been said that Smollett was not successful in drawing female characters; yet the principal female in his romances is always of the strictest purity of mind and manners. The character of Emilia, in
Peregrine

Peregrine Pickle, the gayest perhaps of them all, is at the same time watchful and spirited. She does not, indeed, lecture on virtue like a professor of moral philosophy, nor is she decked in all the flowery ornaments with which the heroines of romance are sometimes adorned. She always appears in the simple dress so becoming and so peculiarly natural to young English ladies of virtue and good sense. Although we would not advise any to permit themselves to be drawn into the same situation that she was, after having been decoyed to a masquerade, and from thence to a tavern, by her lover; yet if ever they should be beguiled into a similar situation, they will no where find more proper sentiments to adopt, nor a better example to follow, than those of Emilia on that occasion. As soon as she perceived the perfidious intentions of her lover, she addressed him in the following words, “ while her eyes,” we are told, “ gleamed with all “ the dignity of the most awful resentment.”

“ Sir, I scorn to upbraid you with a repetition of “ your former vows and protestations, nor will I “ recapitulate the little arts you have practised to “ ensnare my heart; because, though by dint of the “ most perfidious dissimulation you have found “ means to deceive my opinion, your utmost efforts “ have never been able to lull the vigilance of my “ conduct, or to engage my affections beyond the “ power of discarding you, without a tear, when- “ ever

“ ever my honour should demand such a sacrifice.
“ Sir, you are unworthy of my concern or regret ;
“ and the sigh that now struggles from my breast is
“ the result of sorrow for my own want of discern-
“ ment. As for your present attempt upon my
“ chastity, I despise your power as I detest your in-
“ tention. Though, under the mask of the most de-
“ licate respect, you have decoyed me from the im-
“ mediate protection of my friends, and contrived
“ other impious stratagems to ruin my peace and re-
“ putation, I confide too much in my own inno-
“ cence, and the authority of the law, to admit one
“ thought of fear, much less to sink under the
“ horror of this shocking situation, into which I have
“ been seduced. Sir, your behaviour on this occasion
“ is in all respects low and contemptible ; for ruffian
“ as you are, you durst not harbour one thought of
“ executing your execrable scheme, while you knew
“ my brother was near enough to prevent or revenge
“ the insult ; so that you must not only be a
“ treacherous villain, but also a most despicable
“ coward.”

Having expressed herself in this manner, with a most majestic severity of aspect, she opened the door, and walking down stairs with surprising resolution, committed herself to the care of a watchman, who accommodated her with a hackney chair, in which she was safely conveyed to her uncle's house.

In

In the Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom, Dr. Smollett observed the same historical arrangement that he had adopted in his former romances. It certainly never had been in his contemplation to give a model for imitation in the characters of either Random or Pickle. His object evidently was, in imitation of Le Sage, to lead a young man through a variety of scenes, and put him into situations which afforded opportunities of exhibiting human nature in interesting points of view, of agitating the passions, of amusing the imagination, and of instructing the understanding of the reader.

In the execution of this, the advantage of having a principal personage to engage the attention and unite the incidents is obvious. This person, whether of a virtuous or vicious character, is usually called the hero of the piece. Many have thought that to render him natural and interesting, he ought always to be of a mixed character; accordingly most of the heroes of romances and comedies are agreeable libertines; but to intermingle many amiable qualities with profligate manners in those ideal characters, may have done harm. The allurements of the first are apt to have a tendency to weaken the reader's abhorrence of the second. If the hero of a romance, therefore, is described devoid of principle, and perfidious, the more detestable he is made in all other respects, the better will the work serve the purposes of morality.

But

But to follow a character of this kind through the intricacies of fraud, it has been said, implies a partiality for vice; and that without a wicked disposition no author can invent and exhibit a superlatively wicked character.

Independent of any inclination he may be supposed to have to justify Dr. Smollett, it would not be thought surprising that the author of *Zeluco* should be eager to refute such an inference, if he imagined it could be made by any but the most superficial observers of human nature; by those who, while they urge it, must admit that Shakespeare was the wickedest of mankind; and (not to mention a thousand other instances) that the author of the *Night Thoughts* must have been one of the most revengeful men that ever the world produced; for who ever delineated characters more wicked than Richard and Macbeth, or who ever conceived one more revengeful than Zanga?

Absurd as the observation above-mentioned must have appeared to Dr. Smollett, he probably had heard something to that tendency which induced him to make a kind of apology in his preface to *Ferdinand Fathom*, for having chosen his principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud.

After the reader has perused Fathom's self-accusation, on a retrospective view of his conduct, we shall leave him to decide, whether the representation of

such a character seems best calculated to smoothe the passage to vice, or to answer the moral ends which the author professes.----“To what purpose,” said Fathom to himself, “have I deserted the paths of integrity and truth, and exhausted a fruitful imagination, in contriving schemes to betray my fellow-creatures; if instead of acquiring a splendid fortune, which was my aim, I have suffered such a series of mortifications, and at last brought myself to the brink of inevitable destruction? By a virtuous exertion of those talents I inherit from nature and education, I might, long before this time, have rendered myself independent, and perhaps conspicuous in life: I might have grown up like a young oak, which being firmly rooted in its kindred soil, gradually raises up its lofty head, expands its leafy arms, projects a noble shade, and towers the glory of the plain: I should have paid the debt of gratitude to my benefactors, and made their hearts sing with joy for the happy effects of their benevolence: I should have been a bulwark to my friends, a shelter to my neighbours in distress: I should have run the race of honour, seen my fame diffused like a sweet-smelling odour, and felt the ineffable pleasure of doing good: whereas I am, after a vicissitude of disappointments, dangers, and fatigues, reduced to misery and shame, aggravated by a conscience loaded with treachery and guilt.

“I have

“ I have abused the confidence and generosity of
 “ my patron ; I have defrauded his family under the
 “ mask of sincerity and attachment ; I have taken
 “ the most cruel and base advantage of virtue in dis-
 “ tress ; I have seduced unsuspecting innocence to
 “ ruin and despair ; I have violated the most sacred
 “ trust reposed in me by my friend and benefactor ;
 “ I have betrayed his love, torn his noble heart
 “ asunder by means of the most perfidious slander
 “ and false insinuations : and, finally, brought to an
 “ untimely grave the fairest pattern of human beauty
 “ and perfection. Shall the author of these crimes
 “ pass with impunity ? Shall he hope to prosper in
 “ the midst of such enormous guilt ? It were an im-
 “ putation upon Providence to suppose it. Ah, no !
 “ I begin to feel myself overtaken by the eternal jus-
 “ tice of Heaven ! I totter on the edge of wretched-
 “ ness and woe, without one friendly hand to save
 “ me from the terrible abyss.”

To relieve the mind from the continued horror
 which a series of vicious actions would create, this
 work is varied by scenes of humour, by animated
 and picturesque descriptions, and by incidents of
 melting tenderness. Of the first, however, the Doc-
 tor has been more sparing in *Ferdinand Fathom* than
 in either of his preceding novels ; but his description
 of a land storm when benighted in a forest, and the
 transactions at a cottage frequented by a band of mur-

derers, are exquisitely calculated for exciting that species of horror which is so interesting to many readers: but in what he denominates a midnight pilgrimage at Monimia's tomb, it must be acknowledged that the pathetic effect which was intended is greatly diminished by the romantic improbability of the incidents.

Dr. Smollett published a translation of *Don Quixote* in 1755. He has been accused of not having had a sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language when he undertook that task. To perform it perfectly, it would be requisite that the translator had lived some years in Spain; that he had obtained not only a knowledge of the language of the court and polite society, but an acquaintance also with the vulgar idioms, the proverbs in use among the populace, and the various customs of the country to which allusions are made. It would likewise be requisite that the translator of Cervantes should be a man of genius, of a great native fund of humour, of a complete knowledge of his own language, and the power of adopting the solemn, the familiar, the ironical, and the burlesque phraseology as they suited the occasion. It will probably be long before all those requisites are united in one man, and that he shall be inclined to translate *Don Quixote*. Dr. Smollett possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities last mentioned; and although he never was in Spain, he certainly had a very considerable knowledge of the language; that he had been at pains to inform himself

himself of many of the obsolete customs of the country appears by the notes to his translation.

Motteux and Jervis had both translated this work before Smollett; the second accused the first of having taken his version from the French. I have heard competent judges declare that there are no grounds for this accusation; but whatever he made his translation from, Motteux's is by much the most entertaining of the two. In adhering to the literal sense of the author, Jervis often allows the humour to escape. Dr. Smollett's translation is in general thought to be more faithful to the original than Motteux's, and is unquestionably more entertaining than that of Jervis. The literal translation of a book of science generally contains what is most essential in the original. This frequently is not the case with the translations of poetry, or works of wit and humour, but what goes far to prove Cervantes has been happily translated is, that *Don Quixote* is highly relished and admired all over Europe, and in England particularly, even by those who can understand that work only through the medium of translation.

Dr. Smollett was the more impatient to finish his translation of *Don Quixote*, because he had for some time felt a longing to visit his native country, and to see his mother, who at this time lived with her daughter Mrs. Telfer. Those who had opportunities of knowing him intimately, have assured me, that he not

only maintained unshaken steadiness towards the friends of his choice, but that he was also endowed with some share of that affectionate prejudice in favour of his relations and countrymen, of which the natives of Scotland are accused by their philosophic neighbours.

With the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, on his arrival, he was introduced to his mother as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while the old lady's eyes were rivetted with a kind of wild and eager stare on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!"

She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere look, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; but your old roguish smile, added she, betrayed you at once*.

Dr. Smollett, before his return to England, visited various parts of Scotland, and particularly the city of Glasgow, where I had the pleasure of passing two very agreeable days with him and some of his old companions.

* The particulars of this interview I had from Lieut. Colonel Smollett, Member of Parliament for the shire of Dumbarton, and son to Mr. Smollett of Bonhill.

Soon after his arrival at London, Dr. Smollett was prevailed on to undertake the conducting of the Critical Review. However adequate his taste and judgment in literary works may have been for such an undertaking, it certainly was not suitable to a man of his temper and acute sensibility, as it exposed him to continual attacks from authors, whose performances were censured, or, in their opinion, not sufficiently praised in the Review.

Some years previous to his being concerned in that work, he had given a proof of the impetuosity of his character by the rash manner in which he chastised a certain person who had behaved to him with ingratitude and rudeness. A few strokes with a cane across the shoulders were exaggerated by this man and his counsel into an intended assassination, and a prosecution in the King's Bench was commenced accordingly; but in spite of all the misrepresentation of malice, the good sense of an English jury distinguished between an unpremeditated assault, and the sudden impulse of a gentleman in repelling unprovoked rudeness. Dr. Smollett was honourably acquitted*.

The

* The Honourable Alexander Hume-Campbell was the prosecutor's counsel on this occasion, and is said to have given great offence to Dr. Smollett by his manner of conducting the cause. In the Memoirs prefixed to the Miscellaneous Works of Dr. Smollett, by Dr. Anderson, the following letter to Mr. Hume Campbell is inserted: it is given as a rough draught communicated by Dr. Smollett to his friend Mr. Mackercher, the

The Critical Review had not been long continued before a considerable number of writers were greatly incensed

fame who distinguished himself by the support he gave to Mr. Annesley in his claim to the title and estate of Anglesea. This rough draught was accompanied with a note from Smollett, signifying his intention to send the letter to Mr. Hume Campbell, provided Mackercher thought it contained nothing actionable. What advice he gave, whether it was ever sent, or whether Mr. Campbell retracted what he said to Dr. Smollett's prejudice, does not appear; but the letter was as follows:

" I have waited several days in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment, touching those harsh, unjustifiable, (and let me add,) unmannerly expressions which you annexed to my name in the Court of King's Bench, when you opened the cause depending between me and Peter Gordon; and as I do not find that you have discovered the least inclination to retract what you said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentleman, injured as I am, has a right to claim.

" The business of a counsellor is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and asperse the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed this unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion. First of all, in order to inspire the court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand that you did not know this Dr. Smollett; and indeed his character appeared in such a light from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him. I should be glad to learn of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant, or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him? Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you

" was

incensed on account of the style in which their performances were mentioned; and although it frequently

“ was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour and malice of an
 “ abandoned fellow, who had fee’d you to speak in his cause. Did
 “ I ever seek your acquaintance, or court your protection? I had
 “ been informed, indeed, that you was a lawyer of some reputation; and, when the suit commenced, would have retained you
 “ for that reason, had not I been anticipated by the plaintiff; but
 “ far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject; you
 “ might therefore have spared your insidious declaration, until I
 “ had put it in your power to mortify me with a repulse, which,
 “ upon my honour, would never have been the case, were you a
 “ much greater man than you really are. Yet this was not the
 “ only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me. You
 “ was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all
 “ humanity and remorse; as a barbarous ruffian, who, in a cowardly manner had, with two associates as barbarous as myself,
 “ called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted
 “ him in the dark with intent to murder. Such an horrid imputation, publicly affixed upon a person whose innocence you
 “ could hardly miss to know, is an outrage for which, I believe,
 “ I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding
 “ your artful manner of qualifying the expression by saying, provided the facts can be proved. This low subterfuge may, for
 “ aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can
 “ never acquit you before that court which every man of honour
 “ holds in his own breast. I say, you must have known my innocence, from the weakness of the evidence which you produced,
 “ and with which you either was or ought to have been previously acquainted; as well as with my general character, and
 “ that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned.
 “ I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in your
 “ heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my
 “ charge. Surely I do not over-rate my own importance in affirming, that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the

“ notice

quently happened that Dr. Smollett had not written the article which gave offence; yet as he took no pains

to

“ notice of Mr. Hume Campbell, and I will be hold enough to
“ challenge him and the whole world to prove one instance in
“ which my integrity was called, or at least left in question.
“ Have not I, therefore, reason to suppose that, in spite of your
“ internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose
“ ingratitude, villany, and rancour are, I firmly believe, without
“ example in this kingdom; that you magnified a slight correc-
“ tion bestowed by his benefactor, in consequence of the most in-
“ solent provocation, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of
“ assassination; and endeavoured, with all the virulence of defa-
“ mation, to destroy the character, and even the life, of an in-
“ jured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth,
“ education, and profession? In favour of whom, and in conse-
“ quence of what, was all this zeal manifested, all this slander ex-
“ hausted, and all this scurrility discharged? Your client, whom
“ you dignified with the title of Esquire, and endeavoured to raise
“ to the same footing with me in point of station and character,
“ you know to be an abject miscreant, whom my compassion and
“ humanity had lifted from the most deplorable scenes of distress;
“ whom I had saved from imprisonment and ruin; whom I had
“ clothed and fed for a series of years; whom I had occasionally
“ assisted with my purse, credit, and influence.—You knew, or
“ ought to have known, that, after having received a thousand
“ marks of my benevolence, and prevailed upon me to indorse
“ notes for the support of his credit, he withdrew himself into
“ the verge of the court, and took up his habitation in a paltry
“ ale-house, where he not only set me and the rest of his credit-
“ ors at defiance, but provoked me, by scurrilous and infamous
“ letters and messages, to chastise him in such a manner as gave
“ him an handle for this prosecution, in which you signalised
“ yourself as his champion, for a very honourable consideration.
“ —There is something so palpably ungrateful, perfidious, and
“ even diabolical in the conduct of the prosecutor, that, even in
“ these degenerate days, I wonder how he could find an at-
“ torney

to conceal his having the chief direction of the Review, all the vengeance of the incensed authors was directed

“ torney to appear in his behalf. After having thus founded
“ the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured
“ every circumstance of the plaintiff’s evidence to my detri-
“ ment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ri-
“ dicule of the court, by asking a question of my first witness,
“ which had no more relation to the cause than if you had de-
“ fired to know the name of his grandmother. What title had
“ you to ask of a tradesman, if he knew me to be an author?
“ What affinity had this question with the circumstances of the
“ assault? Was not this foreign to the purpose? Was it not im-
“ pertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of counte-
“ nance, and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expence?
“ There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in
“ those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself re-
“ markable.—Though I do not pretend to possess that superla-
“ tive degree of effrontery by which some people make a figure at
“ the bar, I have assurance enough to bear the mention of my
“ own works without blushing, especially when I despise the
“ taste, and scorn the principles, of him who would turn them to
“ my disgrace.—You succeeded, however, in one particular; I
“ mean, in raising the indignation of my witness, of which you
“ took all imaginable advantage, puzzling, perplexing, and brow-
“ beating him with such artifice, eagerness, and insult, as over-
“ whelmed him with confusion, and had well nigh deprived me of
“ the benefit of his evidence.—Luckily for me, the next gentle-
“ man who was called confirmed what the other had sworn, and
“ proved to the satisfaction of the judge and jury, and even to
“ your own conviction, that this terrible deliberate assassination
“ was no more than a simple blow given to a rascal after repeated
“ provocation, and that of the most flagrant kind; that no ad-
“ vantage was taken in point of weapons; and that two drabs,
“ whom they had picked up for the purpose, had affirmed upon
“ oath a downright falsehood, with a view to blast my reputation.
“ You yourself was so conscious of this palpable detection, that
“ you

directed against him in particular. The acrimony of these retaliations was sometimes greater than his patience,

“ you endeavoured to excuse them by a forced explanation, which, you may depend upon it, shall not screen them from a prosecution for perjury.—I will not say that this was like patronizing a couple of gypsies who had forsworn themselves, consequently forfeited all title to the countenance, or indeed forbearance, of the court; but this I will say, that your tenderness for them was of a piece with your whole behaviour to me, which I think was equally insolent and unjust; for, granting that you had really supposed me guilty of an intended assassination, before the trial began, you saw me in the course of evidence acquitted of that suspicion, and heard the judge insist upon my innocence in his charge to the jury, who brought in their verdict accordingly.

“ Then, Sir, you ought in common justice to have owned yourself mistaken, or to have taken some other opportunity of expressing your concern for what had been said to my disadvantage; though even such an acknowledgment would not have been a sufficient reparation; because, before my witnesses were called, many persons left the court with impressions to my prejudice, conceived from the calumnies which they heard you espouse and encourage. On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolical impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarily interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret, by that strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words Ferdinand Count Fathom. Then I discovered the source of your good-will towards me, which is no other than the history of a law-suit inserted in that performance, where the author takes occasion to observe, that the counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession, exerting themselves with equal industry, eloquence, and erudition in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the evidence, puzzle the judge,

“ and

tience, which was not his most shining virtue, could bear, and he was occasionally thrown into disputes, from

“ and mislead the jury. Did any part of this character come home
“ to your own conscience? or did you resent it as a sarcasm
“ levelled at the whole bench, without distinction? I take it for
“ granted, this must have been the origin of your enmity to me;
“ because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by
“ which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I scarce
“ knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute, or
“ indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy
“ compliment to your own integrity, by fathering a character
“ which was not applicable to any honest man, and give the world
“ a handle to believe, that our courts of justice stand greatly in
“ need of reformation. Indeed, the petulance, licence, and
“ buffoonery of some lawyers, in the exercise of their function,
“ is a reproach upon decency, and a scandal to the nation; and it
“ is surprising that the judge, who represents his majesty’s per-
“ son, should suffer such insults upon the dignity of the place.
“ But whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the counsel,
“ no freedom of that sort, it seems, must be allowed to the evi-
“ dence, who, by the bye, are of much more consequence to the
“ cause. You will take upon you to divert the audience at the
“ expence of a witness, by impertinent allusions to some parts of
“ his private character and affairs: but if he pretends to retort
“ the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him as an im-
“ pudent fellow, who fails in his respect to the court. It was in
“ this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first
“ provoked into a passion by injurious insinuations; then you took
“ an advantage of the confusion which you had entailed upon
“ him; and lastly, you insulted him as a person who had shuffled
“ in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to
“ the character of a tradesman, had not he been luckily known to
“ the whole jury, and many other persons in court, as a man of
“ unquestioned probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a
“ title as you to the protection of the court; and ought to have
“ more,

from which more vexation than credit was to be derived. Of this nature was that with Dr. Grainger, who suspected Smollett to be the writer of an article in the Critical Review, in which he thought his translation of Tibullus had been criticised with malignity. Whether he was right or wrong in that supposition, it must be acknowledged that in the Review the translation is not treated with that degree of respect which is due to the merit of the work itself, or the character of its author. Dr. Grainger published, soon after, a very angry letter, addressed to Tobias Smollett, in which, after endeavouring to refute the criticisms on his translation, he indulges himself in some personal reflections on the critic, and plays a good deal on the unlucky name of *Tobias*, and its diminutive *Toby*.

“ more, because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth ; whereas the aim of a lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similes ? or, have you so miserably mistaken your own talents as to set up for the character of a man of humour ? For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more pregnant subject of ridicule than your own appearance and behaviour : but, as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands ; otherwise I will in four days put this letter in the press, and you shall hear in another manner—Not from a ruffian and an assassin, but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself.”

When

When this letter came to be noticed in the Critical Review, the author of the article observes, that “ Dr. Grainger had found in Dr. Smollett’s Christian name a wonderful fund of ridicule ; but that this species of wit, however entertaining, was not new, for that others had played on the cognomen with as much dexterity as he had on the pronomen ; that Smollett had been facetiously converted into *Small-head* and *Small-wit* ; that the same happy thought had struck the dunces of a former age, who had not only punned successfully on the name of Alexander Pope, but had even written a poem against him, intitled *Sawney*. Think not, reader, (it is added,) that we presume to compare Dr. Smollett, as a writer, with Mr. Pope ; we are sensible of the infinite disparity ; but in one respect their fate is similar ; they have both been abused, belied, and accused of ignorance, malice, and want of genius, by the confessed dunces of the age, at a time when their works were read and approved at least as much as any other English cotemporary author.”

Without presuming to decide who was most to blame in this controversy, any insinuation that Dr. Grainger could be classed among the dunces of the age, must be thought uncandid. Independent of his other works, his *Ode to Solitude* sufficiently proves that he was a man of genius and a poet.

Where

Where could Solitude be sought with so great a probability of being found, as in the places enumerated in the noble exordium to that ode? How striking is the image presented in the ninth and tenth lines!

O Solitude! romantic maid,
Whether by nodding tow'rs you tread;
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb;
Or climb the Andes' clifted side;
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadnor's marble wastes survey.

Horace mentions poets as an irritable set of men; and others have asserted that they are more jealous of their own fame, more envious of that of their brethren, and more easily provoked than any of the other classes of mankind. If the fact were proved, it might be said, that as fame is frequently the sole reward poets expect from their labours,

For rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind,

it is natural that they should be more jealous of it than men who look for other rewards besides, and often are more solicitous about them than for fame itself. But I am not convinced that poets are on other subjects more easily provoked, or more vindictive than others when provoked.

That

That species of vengeance indeed, which it is natural for them to take when they are enraged, is better known and makes a greater noise than those in which some others are apt to indulge themselves. The malice which is circulated in whispers is better concealed than the hatred or indignation which is published in satires and epigrams.

Previous to his undertaking the Critical Review, Dr. Smollett having given up all thoughts of practice as a physician, had retired to Chelsea, a situation at a sufficient distance from London to prevent his literary occupations from being disturbed by too many visitors, and sufficiently near to preserve his hopes of seeing his friends as often as his leisure would permit.

One of his most welcome visitors was the late Dr. Armstrong, author of that elegant poem the Art of Preserving Health, with whom Smollett lived in friendship from their first acquaintance till his last breath. The celebrated Mr. Wilkes was at that time in the habits of intimacy with Armstrong, and frequently accompanied him to Chelsea, where they passed many convivial hours with Smollett. So far from shewing any of that acrimony which he afterwards affected to display against the Scotch, Mr. Wilkes had hitherto rather manifested a partiality for their acquaintance. His love for men and talents was natural to him; the dislike he afterwards expressed

pressed against North Britons was artificial, and assumed from political motives.

While the intimacy between Smollett and Mr. Wilkes existed, Dr. Johnson applied to the former on a subject which is explained in the following letter published in Mr. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson :

“ Dear SIR, *Chelsea, March 16, 1759.*
“ I am again your petitioner in behalf of that great
“ cham of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black
“ servant, whose name is Francis Barber, has been
“ pressed on board the Stag frigate, Captain Angel,
“ and our lexicographer is in great distress. He says
“ the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and
“ particularly subject to a malady in his throat,
“ which renders him very unfit for his majesty's service.
“ You know what matter of animosity the
“ said Johnson has against you ; and I dare say you
“ desire no other opportunity of resenting it than
“ that of laying him under an obligation. He was
“ humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion,
“ though he and I were never cater-cousins ;
“ and I gave him to understand that I would make
“ application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who perhaps,
“ by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot,
“ might be able to procure the discharge of his
“ lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more
“ on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration ;

deration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of
declaring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem

and attachment,
“Dear Sir,

“Your affectionate, obliged humble servant,

“T. SMOLLETT.”

This letter produced the desired effect. Francis Barber was by the influence of Mr. Wilkes set at liberty, and returned to the service of Dr. Johnson, whose regard and protection he had the honour of enjoying many years, and was very liberally provided for in the Doctor's last will.

In a certain miscellany, in which this letter was published, the title Cham was printed Chum, which led Mr. Boswell, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, to animadvert on *Dr. Smollett's ignorance of the English language*. That Dr. Smollett should not understand the English language, and that the discovery should be made by Mr. Boswell, surprised many; but the mystery was explained on that gentleman's being better informed; he candidly acknowledged the mistake he had been led into, and the injustice he done to Dr. Smollett, adding, *let this propitiate the manes of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman*.

A very short time after the date of the foregoing letter, Dr. Smollett addressed Mr. Wilkes on a subject in which he himself was personally interested, but where the interference of Mr. Wilkes was not so successful.

A secret expedition had been planned the preceding year with a view to draw part of the French forces from Germany, and make a diversion in favour of the king of Prussia, then sorely pressed, and of the duke of Cumberland, driven from all his posts in Hanover. It was expected, that by landing a body of troops near Rochfort, that town would be forced, and all its docks, magazines, arsenals, and shipping destroyed.

The expedition failed. Admiral Knowles, finding that the failure was by many imputed to him, published a pamphlet in his own justification. This pamphlet, and the character of the admiral, were so severely attacked in an article of the Critical Review, that he commenced a prosecution against the printer. Dr. Smollett, being now assured by his lawyers that the criticism was as unguarded as severe, wished to compromise the dispute in an amicable manner, for which purpose he applied to Mr. Wilkes in the following letter, which has already appeared in various publications:

*" Ecce iterum Crispinus.—*Your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you that Admiral Knowles has taken exception

"at a paragraph in the Critical Review of last May,
 "and commenced a prosecution against the printer.
 "Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we
 "shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expence,
 "and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed.
 "Some gentlemen who are my friends have under-
 "taken to find out and talk with those who are sup-
 "posed to have influence with the said admiral; may
 "I beg the same favour of you and your friends?
 "The trial will come on in the beginning of May;
 "and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend
 "to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if
 "that foolish admiral has any regard to his own
 "character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke
 "farther the resentment of," &c. &c.

The admiral rejected all proposals of accommoda-
 tion: the prosecution went on. When the cause
 came to be heard in the court of King's Bench, it
 was stated by the admiral's counsel, that it was not
 with a view to punish a wretched printer that his client
 had raised the suit, but to discover who had written
 the offensive article; that when he should come to
 the knowledge of the author, if he proved to be a
 gentleman, another kind of satisfaction would be de-
 manded of him.

Dr. Smollett no sooner heard this than he declared
 himself the writer of the article in question, and gave

the admiral to understand that he was ready to give him the satisfaction to which his counsel alluded. This declaration, however, had no other effect than that of becoming the foundation of a new prosecution against the Doctor himself, in consequence of which he was fined in 100 l., and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison.

From the account given of this expedition to Rochfort, in the continuation of his Complete History of England, which Dr. Smollett published some years after, and from the manner in which he mentions Admiral Knowles in other parts of that work, it is evident that the Doctor had not forgotten this prosecution*.

The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves appeared about this period. This work seems to have been conceived and executed with precipitation. Some detached parts of it, however, are delightfully written. But even had Dr. Smollett bestowed more time and reflection upon it, still it must have appeared to great disadvantage after the Don Quixote of Cervantes. Of

* To his account of the Siege of Louisbourg he subjoins the following note:

"It may not be amiss to observe, that a cavalier, which Admiral K—— had built at an enormous expence to the nation, while Louisbourg remained in the hands of the English in the last war, was in the course of this siege entirely demolished by two or three shot from one of the British batteries; so admirably had this piece of fortification been contrived and executed under the eye of that profound engineer."

this

this the author seems to have been aware, and therefore anticipates the strongest objection that can be made to the plan of the work; in the second chapter of the work, one of the persons introduced addresses Sir Launcelot in these words:

“What! you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—
 “the scheme is rather too stale and extravagant.—
 “What was an humorous romance, and well-timed
 “satire in Spain, near two hundred years ago, will
 “make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid
 “and absurd when really acted, at this time of day,
 “in a country like England.”

To this the Knight, eying the censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn, lofty tone, “I am
 “neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor,
 “as I trust in heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy
 “so admirably displayed in the fictitious character
 “exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I quarrel
 “with none but the foes of virtue and decorum,
 “against whom I have declared perpetual war, and
 “them I will every where attack as the natural ene-
 “mies of mankind. I do propose,” continued the
 youth, “to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to
 “remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect
 “fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride,
 “discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stig-
 “matise ingratitude.”

By his putting the observation in the mouth of Ferret, a knavish, worthless fellow, and the reply in

that of the hero of the work, a youth of elevated mind, actuated by the noblest and most benevolent principles, Dr. Smollett perhaps meant to convey the idea that Ferret's argument was of little weight.

Arguments however should be appreciated according to their intrinsic weight, without receiving increase or diminution from the characters of those who urge them*.

While

* In Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 494, mention is made of an observation of his respecting the manner in which argument ought to be rated. As Mr. Boswell has not recorded this with his usual precision, and as I was present at Mr. Hoole's at the time mentioned by Mr. Boswell, I shall here insert what passed, of which I have a perfect recollection.

Mention having been made that counsel were to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons, one of the company at Mr. Hoole's asked Sir James Johnston if he intended to be present.

He answered, that he believed he should not, because he paid little regard to the arguments of counsel at the bar of the House of Commons,

"Wherefore do you pay little regard to their arguments, Sir?" said Dr. Johnson.

"Because," replied Sir James, "they argue for their fee." "What is it to you, Sir," rejoined Dr. Johnson, "what they argue for? you have nothing to do with their motive, but you ought to weigh their argument. Sir, you seem to confound argument with assertion, but there is an essential distinction between them. Assertion is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force with which it strikes depends on the strength of the arm that draws it. But argument is like an arrow from a cross bow, which has equal force whether shot by a boy or a giant."

The whole company was struck with the aptness and beauty of this illustration. And one of them said, "that is, indeed, one of the

While Dr. Smollett was in confinement in the King's Bench prison, he was visited very attentively by his friends and acquaintance, and among others by Mr. Garrick, with whom, to their mutual satisfaction, he had been previously reconciled.

Mr. Garrick had received at Drury-lane the *Reprisals*, an after-piece of two acts, written by Smollett; and not only allowed his benefit on the sixth night instead of the ninth, to which authors are entitled for pieces of that kind, but he also acted the part of Lufignan in the tragedy of *Zara*, which preceded the comedy.

Dr. Smollett was so much affected with this generous behaviour on the part of Mr. Garrick, that he wrote a letter to him, which after hinting at certain misrepresentations, concluded with these words:

"Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which on my part are forgotten and self-condemned. I must own you have acted in this affair of the farce, with that candour, openness, and cordiality which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the most sensible obligations; and I shall not rest sa-

the most just and admirable illustrations that I ever heard in my life."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the illustration is none of mine — you will find it in Bacon."

“tified until I have an opportunity to convince Mr.
“Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as
“any other of my passions.”

In his continuation of the History of England, when he comes to enumerate the men of genius who flourished in the reign of George the Second, he mentions Mr. Garrick in the following terms: “The
“exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most
“exquisite entertainment, by the talents and manage-
“ment of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his pre-
“decessors of this, and perhaps every other nation,
“in his genius for acting; in the sweetness and va-
“riety of his tones; the irresistible magic of his
“eye; the fire and variety of his action; the elegance
“of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.”

Mr. Garrick having notified in a letter to the Doctor his sense of this panegyric, Smollett in reply says,
“What I have said of Mr. Garrick in the History of
“England was, I protest, the language of my heart.
“I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely
“justice. I am sure the public will think I have
“done no more than justice. In giving a short sketch
“of the liberal arts, I could not, with propriety, for-
“bear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distin-
“guished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I
“thought it was a duty incumbent on me in par-
“ticular, to make a public atonement in a work
“of

“ of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

“ Among other inconveniencies arising from ill health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good-will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents ; but sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ T. SMOLLETT.”

The connection Dr. Smollett had with the Critical Review was a source of frequent disquiet, not so much on account of the illiberal abuse it drew upon him from detected dulness and mortified vanity, which he always despised, as from the suspicions it raised in the breasts of some men whose talents and character he respected.

This he hints in a letter that I received from him in the year 1758, in which is the following paragraph : “ I have for some time done very little in the Critical Review; the remarks upon Home’s tragedy I never saw until they were in print, and yet

“ I have

“ I have not read one line of the *Epigoniad*. I am
“ told the work has merit, and am truly sorry that it
“ should have been so roughly handled. Notwith-
“ standing the censures that have been so freely be-
“ stowed upon these and other productions of our
“ country, the authors of the *Critical Review* have
“ been insulted and abused as a *Scotch Tribunal*.”

Dr. Smollett complains of the same injustice in the following letter to Mr. Garrick, dated April 5, 1761:

“ I see Mr. Colman has taken offence at the article
“ in the *Critical Review*, which treats of the *Rosciad*:
“ and I understand that he suspected me to be the
“ author of that article. Had he asked me the ques-
“ tion, I should have freely told I was not the author
“ of the offensive article, and readily contributed to
“ any decent scheme which might have been pro-
“ posed for his satisfaction; but as he has appealed
“ to the public, I shall leave him and the real author
“ to settle the affair between themselves, and content
“ myself with declaring to you, and that upon my
“ honour, that I did not write one word of the ar-
“ ticle upon the *Rosciad*; and that I have no ill-will
“ nor envy to Mr. Colman, whom I always re-
“ spected as a man of genius, and whose genius I shall
“ always be ready and pleased to acknowledge, either
“ in private or public. I envy no man of merit, and I
“ can safely say I do not even repine at the success of
“ those

“ those who have no merit. I am old enough to have
“ seen and observed that we are all playthings of for-
“ tune, and that it depends upon something as insigni-
“ ficant and precarious as the tossing up of a half-
“ penny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours,
“ or continues to his dying day struggling with the dif-
“ ficulties and disgraces of life. I desire to live quietly
“ with all mankind, and, if possible, to be upon good
“ terms with all those who have distinguished them-
“ selves by their merit. I must own, that if I had
“ examined the article upon the *Rosciad* before it
“ was sent to the press, I should have put my negative
“ upon some expressions in it, though I cannot see in
“ it any reflection to the prejudice of Mr. Colman’s
“ moral character, but I have been so hurried since
“ my enlargement, that I had not time to write one
“ article in the *Critical Review*; except that on
“ Bower’s History, and perhaps I shall not write
“ another these six months. That hurry, and a bad
“ state of health, have prevented me from returning
“ the visit you favoured me with in the King’s
“ Bench. I beg you will except this letter in lieu of
“ it, and believe me, that no man respects Mr. Gar-
“ rick more than he is respected by his humble ser-
“ vant,” &c.

The complete History of England, in four volumes
quarto, was published in the year 1758. It has been
repeatedly

repeatedly declared, and as far as I know never contradicted, that this work was composed and finished for the press in fourteen months. It certainly is no sufficient apology for a literary work's being ill composed, that it was composed hastily, but the shortness of the time bestowed on this performance, joined to that share of merit which cannot be denied to it, will make this history be considered as one of the most striking proofs of facility in writing that ever was given. Though interspersed with few of those reflections which constitute what is called the philosophy of history, and which distinguish the histories of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume, the sprightly vein of Smollett's rapid narrative, and the lively colours in which many characters are painted, rendered it highly agreeable to the generality of readers. Few authors have written so well who have written so hastily; and none have left a stronger impression that many of their works are inferior to what it was in their power to have rendered them.

The early principles in which Smollett was educated, as well as the natural independent turn of his mind, rendered him a whig, but did not prevent him from expressing indignation against those whom he imagined were actuated by mean or selfish motives, although he found them associated in the cause of freedom; and afterwards when he came to treat of the

the sufferings of the last adherents to the unhappy house of Stuart, the sensibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a Jacobite.

One of his letters, addressed to me, and dated Chelsea, Jan. 2, 1758, begins with the following expressions :

“ I deferred answering your kind letter, until I
“ should have finished my history, which is now
“ completed. I was agreeably surpris'd to hear that
“ my work had met with any approbation at Glas-
“ gow, for it was not at all calculated for that me-
“ ridian. The last volume will, I doubt not, be se-
“ verely censured by the west-country whigs of
“ Scotland.

“ I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at
“ least as much as you can, before you begin to per-
“ use it, and consider well the facts before you pass
“ judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I protest
“ before God, I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to
“ truth without espousing any faction, though I own
“ I sat down to write with a warm side to those prin-
“ ciples in which I was educated ; but in the course
“ of my inquiries some of the whig ministers turned
“ out such a set of fordid knaves, that I could not
“ help stigmatizing them for their want of integrity
“ and sentiment.”

In another letter, dated Chelsea, Sept. 28, he expresses himself as follows :

“ I some

“ I some time ago was favoured with yours, which
“ I should have answered sooner had not I been ex-
“ tremely busied in correcting my history for a new
“ impression. That task is now finished; and the
“ book, I hope, rendered less unworthy of the pub-
“ lic acceptance. I am much obliged to you for the
“ generous warmth which you have so often inter-
“ posed in behalf of my reputation: of this and of
“ every other instance of friendship which I have ex-
“ perience at your hands, I shall ever retain a cor-
“ dial remembrance. I am not so much surpris’d at
“ my book’s meeting with censurers and enemies in
“ Glasgow, as that it should find any number of
“ friends and favourers.

“ I speak not of the few who think like philoso-
“ phers, abstracted from the notions of the vulgar.
“ The little petulant familiarities of our friend I
“ can forgive, in consideration of the good-will he
“ has always manifested towards me and my con-
“ cerns. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that
“ I have imbibed priestly notions: I consider the
“ church not as a religious, but as a political esta-
“ blishment, so minutely interwoven in our consti-
“ tution, that the one cannot be detached from the
“ other without the most imminent danger of de-
“ struction to both. The use which your friend
“ makes of the Critical Review is whimsical
“ enough;

“ enough †; but I shall be glad if he uses it at any rate.
 “ I have not had leisure to do much in that work for
 “ some time past, therefore I hope you will not ascribe
 “ the articles indiscriminately to me; for I am equally
 “ averse to the praise and the censure that belong to
 “ other men. Indeed I am sick of both, and wish to
 “ God my circumstances would allow me to consign
 “ my pen to oblivion. I really believe that mankind
 “ grow every day more malicious * * * * *
 “ * * * * *
 “ You will not be sorry to hear that the weekly
 “ sale of the history has increased to above ten thou-
 “ sand. A French gentleman of talents and eru-
 “ dition has undertaken to translate it into that lan-
 “ guage, and I have promised to supply him with the
 “ corrections. My best wishes,” &c. &c.

Without attempting to defend the consistency of
 some parts of Smollett's history with the principles
 he avows in others, I shall only observe that men
 who are not thought unsteady in their political prin-
 ciples, when they contemplate the headstrong ab-
 surdity of rulers, and see the arm of government
 lifted too high, and the public money squandered
 foolishly, are apt to wish the power of government

† I had written to Dr. Smollett that a friend of mine was so
 much enraged at some criticisms in that Review, that he conti-
 nued to take it for no other purpose than that he might read all
 the publications censured by it, and none of those which it
 praised.

reduced

reduced to a state of weakness, which might prove inconsistent with the safety of the country: and yet the same men, when terrified with examples of popular commotion, and the shocking effects of anarchy, are inclined to yield to government a greater degree of power than the constitution warrants, or is compatible with the freedom they love.

Perhaps the warmth of Dr. Smollett's temper disqualified him, in some degree, from patiently weighing the testimonies of transactions long past, and of which different accounts have been given; but had he been to write a history of events in which he himself had been an actor, like Cæsar, Davila, or Frederick, his regard for truth, his courage in asserting it, and his animated and picturesque power of describing, would have rendered such a work highly valuable and entertaining.

In a sketch of the liberal arts given in the Continuation of his Complete History, which was published in octavo several years after it, Dr. Smollett seems solicitous to repair the injustice done to other men of genius, by certain allusions in the adventures of Peregrine Pickle. “*Akenside* and *Armstrong* excelled
“ in didactic poetry. Candidates for literary fame
“ appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous style, superior sense, and extensive erudition of a *Corke*; by the delicate taste,
“ the polished muse, and tender feelings of a *Lyt-*
“ *leton*.”

“*leton.*” He proceeds to mention others with the happiest discrimination of their different merits, particularly the following three, with whom he had always been on a friendly footing particularly: “The learned and elegant Robertson, and, above all, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume, whom we rank among the first writers of the age, both as an historian and philosopher. Johnson, inferior to none in philosophy, philology, poetry; and classical learning, stands foremost as an essayist, justly admired for the dignity, strength, and variety of his style, as well as for the agreeable manner in which he investigates the human heart, tracing every interesting emotion, and opening all the sources of morality.”

At the beginning of the reign of his present Majesty, when every channel of calumny was opened, and every vehicle of abuse employed against the Earl of Bute, Dr. Smollett was prevailed upon to write in defence of the measures of his administration. It was not in the power of human ingenuity to obviate that particular objection which had the greatest weight against him, for it was notoriously known that he was a native of Scotland; Dr. Smollett however did what he could to palliate this in a weekly paper, intitled *The Briton*; soon after the publication of which, Mr. Wilkes happened to be in a company where it was asserted that Lord Bute had engaged Smollett to conduct that

paper; on which Mr. Wilkes said, "After having distributed among his adherents all the places under Government, his Lordship is determined, it would seem, to monopolize the wit also."

It was then proposed, that Mr. Wilkes should publish a paper in answer to the *Briton*, and call it the *Englishman*. He agreed to the proposal, but chose another name for the paper. This was the origin, as Mr. Wilkes himself related to me, of the famous *North Briton*.

Mr. Wilkes was sensible that nothing that could be urged against Lord Bute would have so much weight with the multitude, at that period, as his being a Scotchman; this accusation therefore was often repeated in the *North Briton*; and so much concomitant abuse was extended to the whole Scottish nation, as dissolved the connection which had previously subsisted between the author of that paper and Smollett, Armstrong, and other individuals from the northern side of the Tweed. That political game in which he indulged as sport, they considered as a mortal offence, and could not bear without the fiercest indignation. I will not say with Dr. Johnson, that a *Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth**; but I believe I may assert that a Scotchman must have a very sturdy friend-

* See his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 276.

ship for an individual, if it does not yield when he abuses Scotland.

It must be acknowledged that Dr. Smollett was not formed with that insensibility and coolness that is necessary for political altercation: *The Briton* was not so favourably received by the public as his former writings had been, and he had reason to regret that he ever became a party writer, by which he lost some of his old friends, and acquired but very cold-hearted new ones in their stead.

About this time he met with a misfortune that touched his heart more sensibly than any that he had before encountered; his only child, a daughter, whose amiable dispositions and early accomplishments soothed the cares, flattered the hopes, and fixed the affections of her father, was snatched from him by death.

This calamity, with his own ill health and the earnest request of his wife, determined him to leave England, and to spend some time in a foreign country and milder climate; a scheme which he accomplished: and soon after his return he published his *Travels* through France and Italy, in the form of Letters from different parts of those countries.

In the first letter he describes the state of his own mind, and mentions his motives for leaving his country, in the following words: "In gratifying
" your curiosity I shall find some amusement to be-

“guile the tedious hours, which without some such
“employment would be rendered insupportable by
“distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my
“situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by fac-
“tion, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelm-
“ed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it
“was not in the power of fortune to repair.—My
“wife earnestly begged I would convey her from a
“country where every object served to nourish her
“grief; I was in hopes that a succession of new scenes
“would engage her attention, and gradually call off
“her mind from a series of painful reflections; and
“I imagined the change of air, and a journey of
“near a thousand miles, would have a happy effect
“on my own constitution.”

When a man writes in low spirits, bad health, and ill-humour, there is little probability that he will put his readers in high spirits or good-humour. All the time Dr. Smollett passed abroad on this occasion, he seems to have been under the influence of bodily pain, and to have viewed objects through the medium of disappointment and indignation. The ridicule which he endeavours to throw on French manners, and the exaggeration with which he describes certain usages in France and Italy, would be more entertaining if he had paid due regard to the following remark which he himself makes in the fifth letter:

“There are certain mortifying views of human na-
“ture,

“ture, which undoubtedly ought to be concealed as much as possible, in order to prevent giving offence;” for he afterwards mentions some nasty customs of both the French and Italians with such energy of description as excite a nausea equal to what could have been raised by the real presence of the objects described.

Those who are disgusted with such descriptions are not the only people to whom Smollett gave offence by his remarks in this publication; he exposed himself also to the reprehension of the whole class of connoisseurs, the real as well as the far more numerous body of pretenders to that science. Nothing is more common than for people to involve themselves in difficulties by actions or words of the consequences of which they were not aware; it is peculiar to Smollett that he often foresaw all the inconveniences that would follow his declaring his sentiments on certain subjects, yet he makes the declaration notwithstanding. In Letter xxviii. “With respect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called de Medicis, (says he,) I believe I ought to be entirely silent, or at least conceal my real sentiments, which will otherwise appear equally absurd and presumptuous. It must be want of taste that prevents my feeling that enthusiastic admiration with which others are inspired at sight of this statue,” &c. And in Letter xxxi. he says, “I was much disappointed at sight of the

“ Pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it,
“ looks like a huge cockpit, open at top.”

Those declarations drew upon him accordingly much censure from the formidable class above mentioned; and, what he probably felt with more sensibility than all of them, the following severe animadversion from the lively pen of Sterne: “ The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured and distorted.—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it—‘ It is nothing but a huge cockpit,’ said he. ‘ I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus de Medicis,’ replied I;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature. I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedived, and worse used than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at—‘ I’ll tell it,’ said Smelfungus, ‘ to the world.’”

"world." You had better tell it, said I, to your
"physician*."

It would unquestionably have been fortunate for Smollett had he been able to bear disease as cheerily as Sterne, who never allowed it to *tinge the objects which came in his way either with sable or with sickly green* †, and who, as he himself describes it, danced with Death a merrier dance than any of those painted by Holben, or than any other person ever had with such a partner. When Death knocked at his door in London, Yorick flew to the banks of the Garonne, and although the frightful spectre was clattering at his heels, this fellow *of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy* ‡, preserved his good-humour and pleasantry the whole way, as completely as the gayest of the gay inhabitants of the country through which he passed.

Perhaps Sterne would have spared his satire in the instance above alluded to, if he had been impressed, as he ought, with the recollection, that Smollett had not only distemper to give a more sombre and less pleasant cast than usual to his letters, but that his mind was also depressed with sorrow on account of the loss of a beloved daughter.

But although he did not trip along as gaily as Sterne did when Death was at his heels, yet he feared

* Sentimental Journey.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. vii.

‡ Shakespeare.

him as little, and met him at last, no distant date, with as much composure as any man ever did.

In Smollett's Letters from France and Italy, however, there are many excellent and uncommon observations, and on their first publication they pleased in general, notwithstanding the cynical style in which they are written; and they pleased some on that very account. But after Sterne's sarcasm appeared, many who had admired and praised them before, now condemned them as devoid of taste, and some who had relished them chiefly on account of their high-coloured painting of certain customs among the French and Italians, now censured them as illiberal and full of national reflections.

It often happens that a single sentence from a man of wit, throws a ridicule on a respectable individual, or injures a book more effectually than a long serious treatise written expressly against them. It is for this reason, perhaps, that so many men of high rank, who wish to pass for great men, and yet dread being detected for that littleness of which they are conscious, avoid the society of men of discernment and wit, and choose for their most constant companions men of dulness, who, although destitute of wit, have sense enough to observe the golden rule of Prior's Merry Andrew,

—Eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.

The Adventures of an Atom is a work of a different nature from any of Dr. Smollett's other performances, being

being a political romance intended to describe, under Japanese names, the conduct and characters of the leaders of party towards the end of the reign of George II. and the beginning of that of George III.

In this performance Smollett combines the manner of Swift and Rabelais: while in many parts he equals their humour, he has not always avoided their indelicacy, and has sometimes followed the wild extravagance of the latter. Prejudice has certainly guided his pencil in drawing the portraits or rather caricatures interspersed through this work, some of which do the greatest injustice to the originals for whom they were intended; yet the performance, on the whole, affords new proofs of the humour, wit, learning, and powerful genius of the painter: and it may be asserted with truth, that no political allegory has been executed with equal wit and pleasantry since the days of Arbuthnot.

Dr. Smollett never enjoyed good health or spirits after the death of his daughter. His mother was still alive. She was a woman of a strong understanding, and very entertaining in conversation, being endowed with an uncommon share of humour, which she retained to the end of life. Smollett loved her with all the warmth of filial affection; at a period when he felt his strength declining and his spirits dejected, he was seized with an irresistible desire of seeing his mother and his other relations in Scotland, before he should be separated from them for ever.

He

He accordingly set out on this journey in the year 1766*, and having passed some time with his mother at Edinburgh, he proceeded with his sister Mrs. Telfer, and his nephew a young officer in the army, to Glasgow, from whence, after they had made a short stay, I accompanied them to the residence of his cousin, Mr. Smollett of Bonhill near Lochlomond.

I had never before seen Smollett but in the bloom of health, of a vigorous make, an elegant form, and agreeable countenance; and was much affected at the dismal alteration which had now taken place in his face and person: it brought to my remembrance his own description of Peregrine when visited in prison by his friend Gauntlet, who from a *florid, sprightly, gay, elevated youth, found him metamorphosed into a wan, dejected, meagre spectre, the hollow-eyed representative of distemper.*

During the time of his stay in Scotland he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains, and he was seized besides with an ulcer in his arm, which had been neglected on its first appearance, and afterwards resisted every attempt to heal it. These disorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his conversation being highly entertaining when he joined society.

From Scotland he went directly to Bath; and some months after I received from him a letter, the whole

* This second visit by Dr. Smollett to Scotland is mentioned in all the former accounts of his life, as having taken place in 1770.

of which I subjoin, because the account he gives of his case is curious in itself, and also because the first paragraph affords an instance of that benevolent and friendly interest he took in the unfortunate, which, indeed, he never refused to any who had the least claim upon him, and often extended to those who had none.

“ Dear MOORE,

“ I have been for some weeks resolved to write
“ you an account of my health, about which I know
“ your friendly sollicitude: but what hastens the execution of my purpose, is a letter I received last post
“ from Commissary Smollett, desiring me to recommend a poor relation of ours to your countenance
“ and protection. Her name is Mrs. —, sister to
“ —. This unfortunate gentlewoman married
“ —, who had a small estate in the Highlands,
“ which having squandered away, he made his retreat to Jamaica, leaving his wife destitute, with a
“ child upon her hands.—In this emergency she had
“ virtue enough to study midwifery under Dr. Young
“ at Edinburgh, who, I am told, has given ample
“ testimony of her capacity; and she is represented
“ to me as a person of unblemished character. She
“ has, it seems, resolved to settle at Glasgow, and
“ there exercise her profession. I need say no more,
“ knowing, as I do, that you will have a proper regard to the interest I take in her concerns; and
“ that

“ that if you find her properly qualified, you will
“ encourage her as much as your own views and con-
“ nections may permit. So much for Mrs. —.
“ Now for Dr. Smollett.—You must remember the
“ miserable way in which I was at parting from you
“ in August last; at my return to Bath, I caught a
“ cold, in consequence of which my rheumatic pains
“ retired, and the disorder in my breast recurred,
“ namely, an orthopnoea, with an ugly cough and
“ spitting, exclusive of a slow fever, from which I
“ had never been free. But these symptoms gave
“ me little disturbance, in comparison with the ulcer
“ on my fore arm, which continued to spread until
“ it occupied the whole space from about three inches
“ above the wrist to the ball of the thumb, so that
“ I was entirely deprived of the use of my right-hand,
“ and the inflammation and pain daily increased.
“ In the beginning of November, it was supposed
“ to be cancerous; at that period I could not sleep
“ without an opiate, my fever became continual, my
“ appetite failed, and the rheumatism again invaded
“ me from the neck to the heel. In a word, I de-
“ spaired of ever seeing the end of winter, and every
“ night when I went to bed, fervently wished that I
“ might be dead before morning. In this comfort-
“ able situation I consulted with Messrs. Middleton
“ and Sharp, the two most eminent surgeons in Eng-
“ land, who were then and are still at Bath. I had
“ my

“ my hand dressed before them, and proposed a
 “ course for the cure, which they approved. I
 “ forthwith began to dress the sore with double mer-
 “ curial ointment made without turpentine. I took
 “ a dose of Van Sweeten’s solution of corrosive sub-
 “ limate every morning, and drank a quart of strong
 “ decoction sarsæ every day. On the second day of this
 “ regimen the matter was much mended, and the
 “ pain considerably abated. In one week I was quite
 “ free of the fever and rheumatism, and my appetite
 “ returned in full perfection. In ten days I left off
 “ taking the sublimate, for by this time the ulcer
 “ was almost closed, and in another week skinned
 “ over. It continues still hard and scaly; but the
 “ cicatrix seems quite firm, and I can now use my
 “ hand almost as well as ever. I still drink the de-
 “ coction, and never stirred out of my house till yes-
 “ terday, when I ventured out in a chair and got a
 “ cursed cold, which I find will produce an ugly fit
 “ of the asthma; this, however, I will bear without
 “ repining. In a word, my cure is looked upon as
 “ something supernatural; and I must own that I
 “ now find myself better in health and spirits than I
 “ have been at any time these seven years. Had I
 “ been as well in summer, I should have exquisitely
 “ enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was
 “ productive of nothing to me but misery and disgust.
 “ Between friends, I am now convinced that my
 “ brain.

“ brain was in some measure affected; for I had a
 “ kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to Novem-
 “ ber without intermission. In consideration of these
 “ circumstances, I know you will forgive all my
 “ peevishness and discontent; and tell good Mrs.
 “ Moore, to whom I present my most cordial re-
 “ spects, that with regard to me she has as yet seen
 “ nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry. Pray
 “ remember me kindly to your brother-in-law Mr.
 “ Simson, Drs. Stevenson and Douglas, to honest
 “ Robin Urie, and all my Glasgow friends. Write
 “ to me with your first convenience, directing to Dr.
 “ Smollett, Gay-street, Bath, and believe me with
 “ the warmest affection and esteem,

“ Dear MOORE,

“ Your much obliged humble servant,
 “ Bath, Feb. 8, 1767. T. SMOLLETT.”

How long Dr. Smollett's health remained in this favourable state, it is not in my power now to ascertain, but it probably was during an interval of tolerable health that he wrote the Expedition of Humphry Clinker, which, in the opinion of many, is the most entertaining and agreeable of all his works.

The affectionate attention which had been shewn him by his relations, acquaintance, and countrymen in general, while he remained in Scotland, had made a pleasing impression on his mind, which was, however, intermingled with regret for the peevishness he imagined

imagined he had displayed, and exaggerated by his recollection far beyond what was observed by his friends.

The romances of Dr. Smollett are not so much distinguished for the invention of the story, as for strong masculine humour, just observations on life, and a great variety of original characters. In *Humphry Clinker* he hardly attempts any story; it is a mere vehicle for characters and remarks on life and manners. The characters of the different correspondents are supported throughout with the utmost propriety, and the peculiar style suitable to each writer is maintained with more precision than in any romance in the epistolary form with which I am acquainted.

The similitude among the characters of *Random*, *Pickle*, and *Bramble* has been repeatedly remarked. The two former display the same fondness for practical jokes which was observed in Smollett when a boy, the same spirit in exposing presumptuous ignorance, stigmatising hypocrisy, repelling pride, and applauding merit, that he displayed in his meridian; and in the letters of *Mathew Bramble*, the same peevishness appears that Smollett himself betrays in his *Travels*, with that sensibility, benevolence, and generosity of disposition which he possessed from the beginning to the end of his life.

If we except the character of *Lismahago*, some features of which, though highly comic, are extravagantly

travagantly stretched, Dr. Smollett has avoided the marvellous, and adhered more closely to nature and to familiar life in *Humphry Clinker* than in any of his other romances. It is justly observed by Dr. Anderson, in his *Life of Smollett*, that this performance has all the spirit of his former works, and is the production of a mind mellowed by experience, and softened, not soured, by misfortune: it is peculiarly entertaining to observe his address and attention to nature, in the different representations of the same places and people, and transactions by the different characters.

Many useful lessons are given for the conduct of life, particularly in the story of Mr. Baynard, who is brought to the brink of ruin by the vanity of his wife and the good-natured facility of his temper. The whole of Bramble's account of the Temple of Cold Reception is admirably taken from nature.

The letters of Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins are pleasingly characteristic, and capable of surprising the most solemn of mankind into laughter, if their features be not kept steady by stupidity as well as pride.

From the assemblies of high-life Dr. Smollett thought that humour was banished by ceremony, affectation, and cards; *that nature being castigated almost to still-life, mirth never appeared but in an inspid grin.* His extreme fondness for humour therefore led

him to seek it where it was to be found, namely, in the inferior societies of life, which, in despite of the acuteness with which he seized and described it, has exposed him to the censure of the fastidious.

The excellence of the few Poems left by Dr. Smollett, proves that he possessed the true genius of a Poet. His Tragedy, his two Satires, and the Tears of Scotland, have been already mentioned. The last is exquisitely pathetic.

The Ode to Leven Water is accurately as well as poetically descriptive, and at once simple and sentimental.

The Love Elegy, in imitation of Tibullus, is harmonious, solemn, and affecting. It would have been better without the last stanza, the thought in which has been often used.

In the Ode to Independence, Smollett seems to have collected all the energy and enthusiasm of his poetical powers, describing with judgment and fertility of fancy, the lineage, education, and achievements of Independence, and concluding with sentiments of gratitude for the influence of that power on his own mind, which had preserved him from servility, and enabled him to look with contempt on folly and presumption, though clothed in ermine and lodged in those sculptured halls

Where Tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,

Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow,

Where ever dimpling Falsehood pert and vain
Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth*.

To point out the beauties of this Ode would, of all attempts, be the most superfluous, for those who are not struck with them on a single perusal, must be so blind to the charms of poetry, that they would not perceive them if selected with all the precision of taste, and praised with all the force of eloquence.

However peevish Dr. Smollett may be supposed to have been when he wrote his travels, he must, in a great measure, have got the better of that disposition while employed in a work so replete with humour and mirth as *Humphry Clinker*. For although the letters of *Mathew Bramble* are whimsically fretful and misanthropic, yet writing such letters for a feigned character, shews a mind a good deal at ease; and if that feigned character be intended as a representation of the author's own, it is a proof of good humour. Dr. Smollett seems, when he wrote *Humphry Clinker*, to have been conscious of the discontent and fretfulness that appear in his letters from France and Italy, and to have had a just notion of every part of his own character. Neither *Le Sage*, nor *Fielding*, had they been intimately acquainted with him, could have drawn it more truly, nor with more humour, than it appears in the letters of *Mathew Bramble*.

* See Smollett's Ode to Independence.

The application that had been made of the character of Potion, in Roderick Random, to Dr. Gordon at Glasgow, had given Dr. Smollett great uneasiness: being solicitous to do justice to a man of so much worth, in the character of Bramble in Humphry Clinker he declares his real opinion of him in the following terms: "I was introduced to Dr. Gordon, " a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is father of " the linen manufactory in that place, and was the " great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, " and other works of public utility. Had he lived in " ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with " a statue at the public expence."

In the same letter which gives an account of Glasgow, mention is made of another distinguished citizen of that place, in these terms: "Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran, who may be styled " one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first " magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat " as a member when he was examined in the House " of Commons; upon which occasion Mr. P—— " observed that *he had never heard such a sensible " evidence given at that bar.*"

Mr. Cochran was a man well instructed in history, and of uncommon natural sagacity. He had governed the city of Glasgow with credit to himself and with advantage to the inhabitants for more than twenty years. It often requires as much judgment to retain power during a series of years in a populous district of

the kingdom, as to keep the situation of prime minister. The same party-spirit, the same jealousy, and the same desire of governing, are to be tamed or resisted; for the same eagerness in detecting or exaggerating the errors of administration, and of hurling the administrator from the seat of power, appear in both cases. There are, however, two important circumstances in which they differ. In the one, the actor exhibits on a wide and extensive theatre; is beheld at a distance, where his blunders, though greater, will appear less than his who performs nearer the eyes of the spectators. The second difference is, that the former is furnished with ample means of influencing the lookers on to wink at his failings, and to contemplate those parts of his performance which he acts well, through a magnifying glass. Accordingly it frequently happens that the same sentiments pronounced by a minister or secretary of state of moderate talents, are admired as the dictates of profound policy, which in the mouth of a city magistrate, of far superior judgment, would have been ridiculed as superficial.

Humphry Clinker was the last of Dr. Smollett's publications. His complaints having recurred with violence, he was pressed by his friends, Dr. Armstrong and Dr. Hunter, to try again the effect of a milder climate; but as his circumstances could ill support the expence of the journey, and of his remaining free from all care but what concerned his health, applica-
tion

tion was made to obtain for him the office of Consul at Naples, Leghorn, or Nice, that he might enjoy the influence of the Italian climate without that degree of mental exertion which might injure his constitution.

Those applications were fruitless. Dr. Smollett had never spanielled ministers: he could not endure the insolence of office, or stoop to cultivate the favour of any person merely on account of his power; and besides, he was a man of genius.

He set out for Italy, however, early in the year 1770; and, after residing a short time at Leghorn, he withdrew to a more tranquil and salutary situation in the neighbourhood of that town, as appears by the following letter, which I have prevailed on my very ingenious friend Mr. Caleb Whiteford to permit me to insert in this narrative.

“ My dear Sir,

“ You could not have made me a more agreeable
 “ present than the papers I received by the hands of
 “ our good friend Dr. Armstrong. Some of the
 “ pieces I had read with great pleasure in one of
 “ your evening papers; but my own satisfaction is
 “ much increased by knowing you are the author;
 “ for, without flattery, I really think these fourteen
 “ letters contain more sense, spirit, wit, and humour
 “ than all I have as yet seen written on the other side
 “ of the question; and I am fully persuaded, that if
 “ you had two or three coadjutors of equal talents to

“ play to one another’s hands, and keep up the ball
 “ of argument and ridicule, you would actually at
 “ the long-run either shame or laugh the people out
 “ of their absurd infatuation: Your ideas of charac-
 “ ters and things so exactly tally with mine, that I
 “ cannot help flattering myself so far as to imagine I
 “ should have expressed my sentiments in the same
 “ manner on the same subjects, had I been disposed
 “ to make them public; supposing still that my
 “ ability corresponded with my ambition.

“ I hope you will not discontinue your endeavours
 “ to represent faction and false patriotism in their true
 “ colours, though I believe the ministry little de-
 “ serves that any man of genius should draw his pen
 “ in their defence. They seem to inherit the absurd
 “ stoicism of Lord Bute, who set himself up as a pil-
 “ lory to be pelted by all the blackguards of England,
 “ upon the supposition that they would grow tired
 “ and leave off. I don’t find that your ministers
 “ take any pains even to vindicate their moral cha-
 “ racters from the foulest imputation: I would never
 “ desire a stronger proof of a bad heart than a total
 “ disregard of reputation. A late nobleman, who
 “ had been a member of several administrations,
 “ owned to me that one good writer was of more im-
 “ portance to the government than twenty placemen
 “ in the House of Commons.

“ I do not know when I shall have an opportunity
 “ of transmitting the papers to Mr. Udny, neither do

“ I know

“ I know in what part of Italy he resides. I should
 “ have sent them by Dr. Armstrong to Rome, had I
 “ read your letter before he set out: but as he stayed
 “ at Leghorn only to dine with me, I did not open
 “ your packet till he was gone. However, I shall
 “ not fail to comply with your directions as soon as
 “ possible. I am at present rusticated on the side of
 “ a mountain that overlooks the sea in the neighbour-
 “ hood of Leghorn, a most romantic and salutary
 “ situation, where I should be happy in receiving an-
 “ other such mark of your charity and good-will;
 “ and if there is any thing in Tuscany that you desire,
 “ I beg you will without ceremony put it in my power
 “ to oblige you. Pray, who is old *Sly-boots*? Is not
 “ *Junius* supposed to be *Burke*? What is become of
 “ Mrs. Macaulay? They say she has been obliged to
 “ retire: for what reason I know not. Do, pray,
 “ throw away half an hour in giving me the political
 “ anecdotes of the times, and direct à *Monfieur*
 “ *Monfieur Smollett, chez Monfieur Renner negotiant à*
 “ *Livourne*. In the meantime, wishing you every com-
 “ fort and consolation that this rascally age affords, I
 “ am, with great affection and esteem,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ T. SMOLLETT,

“ *Monte Novo, May 18, 1770.*”

Dr. Smollett certainly felt with indignant sensibility the neglect that he had experienced in a quarter from which it was least to be expected; but he had pleasure, however, in the reflection, that he never had designed to solicit the protection which ought to have come spontaneously. The time was now at hand when that reflection probably afforded him more satisfaction, and his want of riches less concern, than ever. No man feels remorse on his death-bed from the thought of dying poor. Many have felt it in a fearful degree from the thought of dying rich*.

In the month of October 1771, and in the 51st year of his age, Dr. Smollett died at Leghorn. A plain monument was erected to his memory by his wife, for which Dr. Armstrong, who had seen his friend's *neglected genius bloom*, furnished the following inscription:

Hic ossa conduntur
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
 Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
 Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
 Aspectu ingenuo,

* Dr. Smollett was not of that turn of mind which disposes men to accumulate money; he could never have made a fortune in any line of life; but, had he lived a few years longer, he must have inherited the estate of Bonhill, of about one thousand pounds a year, by the death of his cousin Mr. Smollett, whose heir of entail he was, and who would in all probability have bequeathed him the rest of his fortune of nearly the same value, both of which fell to the Doctor's sister, Mrs. Telfer.

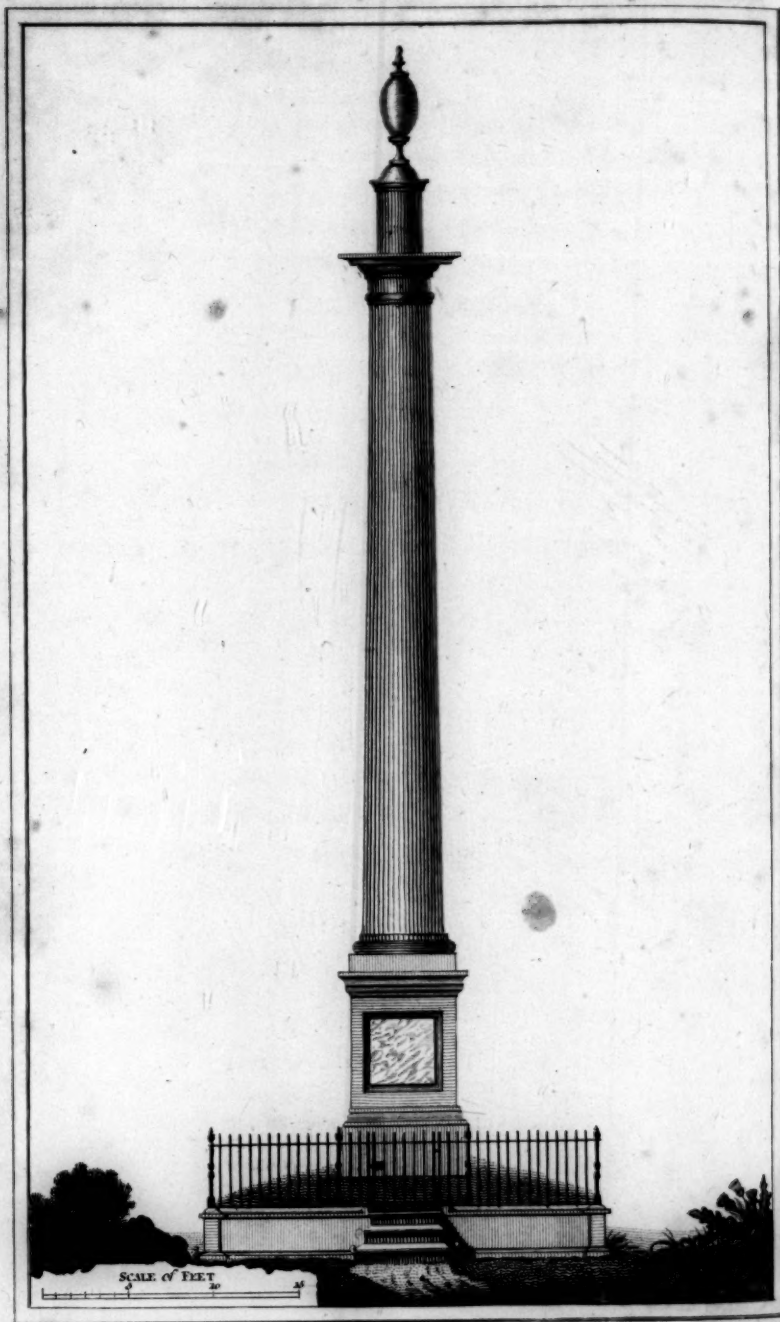
Corpore valido,
 Pectore animoso,
 Indole apprime benigna,
 Et fere supra facultates munifica,
 Insignis.
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
 Omnigenæ fore doctrinæ mire capaci,
 Varia fabularum dulcedine
 Vitam mores que hominum,
 Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
 Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo.
 Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mæcænatulis Britannicis
 Fovebantur.
 In memoriam
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
 Per multis amicis desiderati,
 Hocce marmor,
 Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux,
 L. M.
 Sacravit.

TRANSLATION.

Here
 Rest the remains
 of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
 A North Briton,
 Who, sprung
 From an ancient and respectable family,
 Shone forth an example
 Of the virtue of former times.

Of

Of an ingenuous countenance,
 And manly make.
 With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
 He was eminently distinguished
 For great benevolence of temper,
 And a generosity even above his fortune.
 His wit had every character
 Of fertile inventiveness,
 Of true pleasantry,
 Of flexibility to every subject,
 From his aptness and wonderful capacity
 For every kind of learning.
 The exercise of these talents
 Produced a variety of pleasing fictions,
 In which,
 With great exuberance of fancy
 And true humour,
 He laughed at and described
 The lives and manners of men,
 While
 (Shameful to relate!)
 This genius,
 This honour to his country,
 Met with nothing,
 In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
 But what was unfavourable to him,
 Except indeed
 Their abundance of supply to his pen
 Of matter of satire;
 Times!
 In which
 Hardly any literary merit,
 But such as was in the most false or futile taste,
 Received encouragement
 From the paltry mock Mæcenas of Britain!



D. T. Power del.

L. Vaugle Sculp.

Published December: 1st 1797. by Giddell & Davies, Strand.

In honour to the memory
 Of this most worthy and amiable
 Member of society,
 Sincerely regretted by many friends,
 This monument
 Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife
 Dutifully and deservedly
 Consecrated.

A pillar, of which an engraving is here adjoined, was, in the year 1774, erected to Doctor Smollett's memory on the banks of the Leven, by his cousin James Smollett, of Bonhill; with the following inscription, which Mr. Boswell informs us was revised and corrected by Dr. Johnson*.

Siste viator!
 Si lepores ingenique venam benignam,
 Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
 Unquam es miratus,
 Immorare paululum memoriæ
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.
 Viri virtutibus hisce
 Quas in homine et cive
 Et laudes et imiteris,
 Haud mediocriter ornati:
 Qui in literis variis versatus,
 Postquam felicitate sibi propria
 Sese posteris commendaverat,
 Morte acerba raptus
 Anno ætatis 51.

* Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 460.
 Eheu!

Eheu ! quam procul a patria !
 Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
 Jacet sepultus.
 Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
 Cui in decursu Lampada
 Se potius tradidisse decuit,
 Hanc Columnnam,
 Amoris, eheu ! inane monumentum,
 In ipsis Levinæ ripis,
 Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
 Primis infans vagitibus perfonuit,
 Ponendam curavit
 JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
 Abi et reminiscere,
 Hoc quidem honore,
 Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
 Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse ;
 Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
 Idem erit virtutis præmium * !

 TRANSLATION.

Stay, traveller !
 If elegance of taste and wit,
 If fertility of genius,
 And an unrivalled talent
 In delineating the characters of mankind,
 Have ever attracted thy admiration,
 Pause awhile
 On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

* Lord Kaimes wrote an inscription in English for this pillar,
 of which Lieut. Colonel Smollett shewed me a copy, but the
 Latin one was preferred.

One more than commonly endued with those virtues
Which in a man and a citizen
You would praise, or imitate.

Who,

Having secured the applause
Of posterity,

By a variety of literary abilities,
And a peculiar felicity of composition,

Was,

By a rapid and cruel distemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.

Far, alas! from his country,

He lies interred near Leghorn in Italy.

In testimony of his many and great virtues

This empty monument,

The only pledge, alas! of his affection,

Is erected

On the banks of the Leven,

The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,

By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,

His cousin;

Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.

Go, and remember

This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,

But for the encouragement of others:

Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

The various works of Smollett are finely enumerated in the following lines, said to be written by Mr. Professor Richardson, of the university of Glasgow, and addressed to an Edinburgh audience, in the year 1784.

—Who

— Who dar'd, with manly rage,
 To lash the vices of an impious age?
 Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
 Paint living Kings, and Ministers, as men?
 Who sung sad Scotia's hapless sons forlorn,
 Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn?
 Or who, on oaten reed, by Leven's side,
 Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide?
 Or who, say ye, for such, I'm sure, are here,
 Whose honest bosoms never yet knew fear:
 Sons of the North, who stem corruption's tide,
 Your country's honour, and your nation's pride,
Lords of the lion's heart, and eagle eye,
 Who heed no storm that howls along the sky;
 Say ye, whose lyre, to manly numbers strung,
 The glorious bliss of independence sung?
 Who felt that power, and still ador'd his shrine?
 It was your Smollett! —

The person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune.

He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality which is founded on ostentation,
 which

which entertains only those whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind, that hospitality which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain but plentiful table, the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection.

As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this however he imagined he had sometimes been exposed on his applications in favour of others; for himself he he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.

Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his
character

character were ill-suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice.

He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not, what is called, successful in life!



PLAYS AND POEMS,

WRITTEN BY

T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

VOL. I.

n

PLAYS AND POEMS

WRITTEN BY

T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

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PREFACE

THE
REGICIDE:

OR,

JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND;

A TRAGEDY.

VOL. I.

B

THE

REGICIDE:

OR,

JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND:

A TRAGEDY.

of critics of all degrees; and, in consequence of their
several opinions altered, and (I hope) amended,
times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call them-
selves my friends, been at any pains to detect the

character, and to point out what I had to
expect in the capacity of an author, when I first pro-

posed myself of the public, I should, in
all probability, have spared myself the incredible

labour and anxiety I have since undergone: but, as

WHATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the Pub-
lic, with a detail of the mortifications I have
suffered, in my attempts to bring the ensuing Per-
formance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent
upon me, to declare my reasons for presenting it in
this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation
shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the
candid reader will charge my impertinence upon
those who drove me to the necessity of making such
an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair representation
of the usage I have met with, will be as a beacon, to
caution other inexperienced authors against the in-
sincerity of Managers, to which they might otherwise
become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling dream
of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of dis-
appointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a
Tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help think-
ing myself entitled to some share of indulgence, for
the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted
during a period of ten years, in which this unfor-
tunate production hath been exposed to the censure

of critics of all degrees; and, in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone: but, as early as the year 1739, my Play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my Patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my Piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late Patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage.—

But

But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice ; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my Tragedy in plain terms.—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the Piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation ; affirming, that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only ; but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf.—Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long ; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other House.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it ; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight : but four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my Play ; and then it was retrieved by pure accident (I believe) from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious Peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned

it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste, waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new-model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in the most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the mean time, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which it was immediately altered, and offered by his Lordship to the new Manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid Personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on.—In the interim, my noble Patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious Manager next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a Player, the fate of which every body knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune that attended my unhappy issue, which in

the succeeding spring had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here, too, I reckoned without my host. The Master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable Person who approved and recommended my Play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane Lady of quality interposed so urgently in its behalf with my worthy friend the other Manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman, who interested himself in my concerns, to go and expostulate with the vaticide: and indeed this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand; and, in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my Play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surpris'd at the hardness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more

favourable when the Tragedy was first put into his hands, he answered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion.—For the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words——

“ Sir, I have received Mr. L——’s answer; who says, he thinks your Play has indubitable merit, but has prior promises to Mr. T——n, as an honest man, cannot be evaded.”—And concluding thus; “ As the Manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you’ll be advised by me, rest it with me.”

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was, a message to my Patroness, importing, (with many expressions of duty,) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my Play in rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing for my further satisfaction.—I would have taken him at his word without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her Ladyship.—The Play, however, was altered and presented to this upright Director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus

Thus have I in the most impartial manner (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those Playhouse Managers with whom I have had any concern, relating to my Tragedy: and whatever disputes have happened between the Actors and me, are suppressed, as frivolous animosities unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first presented my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured, was an accumulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct, a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity: for, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked,

overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either, at once, forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to sooth the pride, and humour the petulance of a meer Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an occasion to practise this vile condescension to advantage: for, after he has gained admission to a Patentee, (who is often more difficult of access than a Sovereign Prince,) and even made shift to remove all other objections, an insurmountable obstacle may be raised by the Manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expence on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disobliging his principal Actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts.—

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, “If I must entertain the town with variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the productions of my friends, or of those who have any friends worth obliging, to the works of obscure strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all likelihood, will never rise in judgment against me.”

That such have been the reflections of Patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connection with the stage, some people have

have commenced dramatic authors, who otherwise would have employed their faculties in exercises better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been said, any thing by way of application would be an insult on the understanding of the Public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible obligation for former favours, as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following Play.

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KING OF SCOTLAND.

ANGUS.

DUNBAR.

RAMSAY.

ATHOL.

STUART.

GRIME.

CATTAN.

QUEEN.

ELEONORA.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE, a Convent in PERTH.

And learns to count her glories, from the tears
Of brutal force alone.—

THE

REGICIDE:

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in PERTH.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office.—Now, when justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.—
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

ANGUS.

Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is Valour limited: she sits serene
In the delib'rate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,

And

And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.—

—What frenzy were it
To risk our fortune on th' unsure event
Of one occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeseen disaster, when the terms
We proffer may retard th' impending blow?
—Better to conquer by delay: the rage
Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope
Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,
And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.

DUNBAR.

Well ha'ft thou taught me, how the piercing eye
Of calm sagacity excels the dint
Of headstrong resolution.—Yet, my soul
Pants for a fair occasion to revenge
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves
Within my veins, the traitor shall not find
His perfidy forgot.—But what of this?
What are my private injuries, compar'd
To those he meditates against the state!
Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
His faithless heart: not ev'n the sacred bond
Of friendship unreserv'd!—For well thou know'st,
The king securely list'ned to his voice,
As to an oracle.

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed
 He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
 Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guilt
 With boundless confidence; and little thought
 That very confidence supply'd his foe
 With means to shake his throne!—While Athol led
 His royal kinsman thro' the dang'rous path
 Of sudden reformation, and observ'd
 What murmurs issu'd from the giddy crowd.
 Each popular commotion he improv'd
 By secret ministers; and disavow'd
 Those very measures he himself devised!
 Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,
 Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length
 His scheme mature, and all our loyal thanes
 At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
 The flame burst out.—Now from his native hills,
 With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
 Impetuous Stuart, like a sounding storm
 He rushes down with five revolting clans;
 Displays a spurious title to the crown,
 Arraigns the justice of this monarch's sway,
 And, by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
 To sweep him from the throne.

DUNBAR.

Aspiring villain!

A fit associate has he chose: a wretch
 Of foul more savage breathes not vital air,
 Than

Than Grime:—but Stuart, 'till of late, maintain'd
A fairer fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd hope expires
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
Remain'd unshaken, by th' enchanting lure
Which vain ambition spread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour, and external grace:—
For thou, sole rival of his fame, wa'st train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

DUNBAR.

O Thane!
Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold, damp night,
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile
Of her, who blest'd that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own
The tender throbbings of my captive heart!
The melting passion which has long inspir'd
My breast for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's sanction to support my claim?

ANGUS.

Were she more fair and gentle than she is,
And to my partial eye nought e'er appear'd
So

So gently fair, I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar smiles.

DUNBAR.

Then will I strive,
With unremitted ardour, to subdue
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breast!—But see! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of moment, by a fresh dispatch
Imparted to the king, requires in haste
The presence of my fire.

ANGUS.

Forbear a while
Thy parly with the foe; and here attend
Our consultation's issue.—

[Exit ANGUS.]

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it suits

A foldier's tongue, to plead the cause of love,
 In phrase adapted to the tender theme :
 But trust me, beauteous wonder ! when I swear
 Not the keen impulse, and impatient hope
 Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,
 With more awak'ned transport, fill'd my soul
 When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel
 At thy approach !—My tongue has oft reveal'd
 The dictates of my heart ; but thou, averse
 With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,
 And scorn'd my proffer'd vows !—

ELEONORA.

O youth, beware !

Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
 That faithless passion to the view presents,
 Ensnare thee into woe !—Thou little know'st
 What mischiefs lurk in each deceitful charm ;
 What griefs attend on love.—

DUNBAR.

Keen are the pangs
 Of hapless love, and passion unprov'd :

But

But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
 Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie,
 Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!
 And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!

ELEONORA.

Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind
 That o'er its present fate repining, courts
 The vain resource of Fancy's airy dreams.—
 War is thy province.—War be thy pursuit.—

DUNBAR.

O! thou would'st tell me, I am savage all—
 Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,
 To warm thy breast!—Yes, war has been my school—
 War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes
 Of peaceful commerce—Softened not the less
 To pious truth, humanity, and love.

ELEONORA.

Yes:—I were envious to refuse applause,
 When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—
 I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
 Distinguish'd by thy choice; and tho' my heart
 Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
 Th' esteem of Eleonora.

DUNBAR.

O! thy words
 Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul

C 2

With

But

With ecstasies of pride!—How then shall I,
 Elate with ev'ry vainer hope, that warms
 Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain
 With moderation?—Cruelly benign!
 Thou hast adorn'd the victim; but, alas!
 Thou likewise giv'st the blow!—

—Tho' Nature's hand
 With so much art has blended ev'ry grace
 In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
 With transport views thee, and conveys unseen
 The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,
 Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,
 That vindicates thy sway!

ELEONORA.

O gilded curse!
 More fair than rosy morn when first she smiles
 O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
 But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
 Than fyrens, tempests, and devouring flame!
 May I ne'er sicken, languish, and despair
 Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!
 And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—
 —If e'er my breast— [Kneeling.

DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine
 In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!
 But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace
 Perhaps in one rash moment.—

SCENE

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

HERALD.

—From the tower
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host
Is now descry'd: and from the southern gate
A cloud of dust is seen to roll, the gleam
Of burnish'd arms, oft thro' the dusky sphere
Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
With valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,
That hastens to our aid.—The first, suppos'd
The rebel train of Athol.—By command
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand
An audience of the foe.

DUNBAR.

I follow straight.

[Exit Herald.]

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
Inspires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,
My soul contemplates and adores in thee!
Yet will I not with vain complainings vex
Thy gentle nature.—My unblemish'd love
Shall plead in my behalf.

[Exit DUNBAR.]

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

Adieu, brave youth!
 Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?
 And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch
 That must inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
 I yielded up my fond, believing heart
 To him who basely left it, for the charms
 Of treacherous ambition!—hapless Stuart!
 How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel fate,
 Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin!

SCENE VI.

Enter STUART disguised like a Priest.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

The mighty schemes of empire soar too high
 For your distinction, daughter.—Simple woman
 Is weak in intellect as well as frame,
 And judges often from the partial voice
 That soothes her wishes most. [*Discovering himself.*]

ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic youth!
 What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps

To

To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of heav'n?

STUART.

No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud
The fervour of my love—My love misplac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
With anger and disdain.—

ELEONORA.

Have I not cause
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chac'd
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
A prince! who cherish'd thee with parent's zeal,
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?

STUART.

Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress
Th' energing dictates of my native right,
To efface the glowing images within,
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
The sceptre he usurps!

ELEONORA.

Infidious charge!

As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
In course direct——

STUART.

In idle argument

Let us not now consume the precious hour;
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore
Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder sun
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
Will shake before them—Ere the tempest roars,
I come to snatch from th' impending storm—

ELEONORA.

O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!
Shall I for pompous infamy forego
Th' internal peace that virtue calls her own?

STUART.

Or, say thy love, inconstant as the wave,
Another object claims.—False—perjur'd maid!
I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose

Thy

Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!

I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce
Thy passion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous, and humane;
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace to win
The coyest virgin's heart.—

STUART.

Perdition whirlm

The prostrate sycophant!—may heav'n exhaust
Its thunder on my head—may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitiff, 'till his blood
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious slave!
To steal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!
O lovely curst! restore me to myself!—

ELEONORA.

Rage on, fierce youth, more savage than the storm
That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid
Too credulously fond! who gave away
Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
The woes that from her indiscretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

ELEONORA.

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As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
In course direct——

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With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw
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Thy

Thy yielding foul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.—

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Thy passion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous, and humane;
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace to win
The coyest virgin's heart.—

STUART.

Perdition whelm

The prostrate sycophant!—may heav'n exhaust
Its thunder on my head—may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitiff, 'till his blood
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious slave!
To steal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!
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—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

STUART.

Ha! weep'st thou?—witness, all ye sacred pow'rs!
 Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath
 Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,
 Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?

ELEONORA.

Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recall
 Those flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
 To wreck my peace!—recall thy fervent vows
 Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!
 Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—
 Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!
 Ev'n while thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish
 Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast
 Unutterable fondness pants again!—
 —Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd
 By Tay's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd
 Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear scenes, adieu!—ye fragrant paths
 So courted once!—ye spreading boughs, that wave
 Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!
 Where the bewitching music of thy tongue
 First charm'd my captive soul!—when gentle love
 Inspir'd

Inspir'd the foother tale!—Love—sacred Love
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal round, shall we not hail
Another season equally serene?—
—To-day, in snow array'd, stern Winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and Spring adorns the year:
And shall not we, while Fate, like Winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?

ELEONORA.

—Would'st thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—

ANGUS within.

Guard ev'ry gate
That none may 'scape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?
Discover'd and beset!

STUART.

Let Angus come—
His short-liv'd pow'r I scorn—
[Throws away his disguise.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS with Guards, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark resolve
By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led
Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence.—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no answer—— [Exit ELEONORA.

—Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,
And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate
Defrauds my courage.—Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel
In secret lifted, wreaks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens at the head
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

ANGUS.

The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder.—Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy fullen brow,

And

And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.—

STUART.

That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation.—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora cancel'd or unknown—
Vows by thyself indulg'd, ere Envy yet
Or Folly had induc'd thee to embrace
The fortunes of our foe.—Thy foul reproach
My soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
Revenge will have its turn!

ANGUS.

Ha! must I bear
A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitless war of words with thee,
Vain-glorious stripling.—While thine aims were just,
I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
But now, begrim'd with treason as thou art,
By heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe
My approbation!—but the king himself
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELEONORA, who kneels.

——O! let me thus
Implore compassion at a parent's knees
Who ne'er refus'd—

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—

[STUART is led off.]

—Arise—

Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn.—Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece
That clothes our northern hills!—her youthful charms,
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee.—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heirs.— [Exit ANGUS.]

SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere

To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;
And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms
(Which heav'n avert!) to treason add success,
My father's death will join his sovereign's fall!
And, if the cause of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—
From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,
So pining anguish doom'd, and fell dismay!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. Scene continues.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

By heav'n it glads me, that my sword shall find
 An ample field to-day.—The king arousd,
 Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

ANGUS.

I mark'd his indignation, as it rose
 At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
 To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,
 And overboiling wrath.—But say, my friend,
 How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd
 By military skill?—Or come they on
 In undistinguish'd crowds?—

DUNBAR.

In concourse rude
 They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
 With sword and target.—On their first assault
 (Fearless indeed and headlong!) all their hopes
 Of conquest must depend.—If we, unbroke,
 Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,
 To wheel, to rally, and renew the charge,
 Confusion, havoc, and dismay will seize
 Th' astonish'd rout.—

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

What numbers bring they on?

DUNBAR.

Ten thousand, as I gues. —

ANGUS.

Ours scarce amount
To half the number: yet, with those, we mean
To hazard an encounter. — Thou, meanwhile,
Shalt visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls. — Here I attend
The king — and lo! he comes. — [*Exit* DUNBAR.

SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

— The commonweal
Has been consulted. — Tendernefs and zeal
Became the parent. — Those have nought avail'd; —
Now, let correction speak the king incens'd!

ANGUS.

Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath. — What reign shall 'scape
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?

KING.

KING.

Let heaven decide
Between me and my foes.—That I would spare
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconciliation—opposite perhaps
To my own dignity.—But I will rise
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds
That have bedim'd my state.

ANGUS.

The odds are great
Between the numbers: but our cause is just:
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breast among us entertains
A doubt of victory.

KING.

O valiant thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompence
My love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,

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Regardless

Regardless of the danger that furrounds
The fortunes of my prince !

KING.

I know thee well.—
Mean time, our care must be to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers.—In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad targe and expeditious sword :
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand
With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd ;
The spears extended form the second line,
And our light archers hover to and fro
To gall their flanks.—Whatever accident
In battle shall befall, thy vigilance
Will remedy.—Myself will here remain
To guard the town, and with a small reserve
(If need requires) thine exigence supply.

ANGUS.

With joy the glorious task I undertake ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow pass
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill ;

With

With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host
On the small plain that skirts the town.—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well.—

Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve
Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure
An easy conquest, and retard their flight.—
To Angus hie thee straight with this advice.—
My task perform'd, I wait the king's command
In this appointed place.— [Exit RAMSAY.

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I fought thee, youth.—

Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide
The public fate, let us to private woe
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
One moment snatch to hear me, and condole
The anguish of my soul?—

DUNBAR.

O Eleonora!

Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul
The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes

Thy spotless bosom?—happy! far above
 The pride of conquerors, were I to ease
 Thy sorrow's pangs!—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous heart alone
 Can brook the enterprize—

DUNBAR.

O! task my love;
 That I, more swift than gales that sweep the plain,
 May fly to thy relief!

ELEONORA.

Then summon up
 Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul
 To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon
 My misery demands, will crave them all!—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the menaces of death
 In shape however horrid, so my faith
 And love remain inviolate, my heart
 Beats with unusual ardor, and demands
 The test, impatient!—

ELEONORA.

Friendless and forlorn
 In fetters Stuart lies!—

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Ha!

ELEONORA.

From the snares

Of gloomy fate release him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel maid!—

Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite
Of adoration.—Could thy mind suggest
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute
A deed so fatal to its own repose!

ELEONORA.

I fought not—witness, ye celestial powers!
To aggravate thy pain,—My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload
Her burden to another.—Thou alone
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims
Th' engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

Yet, with reserve

Was that impawn'd: my loyalty and love

D 3

Were

Were sacred ev'n from that : nor can I loose
His chains without an injury to both !

ELEONORA.

Cold—unaspiring is the love that dwells
With tim'rous caution ; and the breast untouch'd
By glory's godlike fervour, that retains
The scruples of discretion.—Let the winds
That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy vows !—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' rash enthusiasm, wed
Eternal anguish ?—Shall I burst asunder
The bonds of awful justice, to preserve
The serpent that has poison'd all my peace ?—
No, Eleonora !—blasted be—

ELEONORA.

Take heed !

Nor by an oath precipitate involve
Thy fate beyond resource : for know, Dunbar,
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,
This morn, my solemn vow to heav'n appeal'd,
Hath sever'd us for ever.—

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still !

Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid storm !—
Let the young traitor perish, and his name
In dark oblivion rot.—

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas!

Supinely savage, from my ears exclude
 The cries of youthful woe?—of woe intail'd
 By me too!—If my heart denies him love,
 My pity, sure, may flow!—Has he not griefs
 That wake ev'n thy compassion?—Say, Dunbar,
 Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy youth
 (Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
 And pow'r magnificent!) stretch'd on the ground
 Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair!
 With not one friend his sorrows to divide,
 And cheer his lone distress?

DUNBAR.

Can I resist

So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue!
 When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,
 Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—
 No!—let me rather hail the social pang;
 And, ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,
 Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—
 —Away with each emotion that suggests
 A rival favour'd and a traitor freed!
 My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own
 Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,
 This hour he shall be free.— [Exit DUNBAR,

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

O wond'rous power
 Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!
 What recompence (thus bankrupt as I am!)
 Shall speak my grateful soul?—A poor return
 Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope
 Of fond desire! and my invidious fate
 Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,
 With avarice of grief, my private woe;
 When pale with fear, and harass'd with alarm,
 My royal mistress, still benign to me,
 The zealous tender of my duty claims. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Discovers STUART in Chains.

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong passion!—I have earn'd
 The wages of my folly!—Is it thus
 My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha! com'st thou to insult my chains?—'Twas well
My unpropitious dæmon gave me up
To your resentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.—
'Tis what Dunbar disdains.—Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.—

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! I am fall'n so low!
Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie
These slavish manacles, that I may scourge
This wretched arrogant!—

DUNBAR.

True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words:
And to the valiant, actions speak alone:—

I

Then

Then let my deeds approve me.—I am come
To give thee instant freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'st thou death?

I shall be free then.—An apt minister
Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.—

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belie
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st, my sword
Was ne'er accusom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely styl'd,
Usurper, ever fully'd with a stain
Of cruelty or guile.—My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city-confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol.—

STUART.

Fawning coward!
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the battle joins,
Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

STUART.

When the battle joins?—
—Away, diffempler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
My valour on the plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou,
That I should dread thy threats?—By heav'n's high throne!
I'll meet thee in a desert, to thy teeth
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword
Explore thy faithless heart!—Meanwhile, my steps
Shall guide thee to the field.

[STUART is unchained, and presented with a sword.]

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!
Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave
My free-born will.—Here, captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy
My friendship!—No! nor stifle my revenge!

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—
What I have proffer'd, other motives urg'd—
The gift is Eleonora's,—

STUART.

STUART.

Sacred powers!
 Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd
 My soul's full fury!—In the blood that warms
 Thine heart, perfidious, I will flake mine ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my conduct, insolent of heart!
 What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
 That thy foul tongue its licence thus avows?
 To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
 Wild tumult of my reason overwhelms!—
 Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath
 Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
 Thy pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed place
 Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,
 'Till the rust gnaw my carcase to the bone,
 If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
 Ev'n here, where thou art, lord!—Ha! dost thou shake?
 By heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
 Confess pale terror and amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—
 Away, lewd railer!—not thy slanderous throat,
 So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me

To

To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe
 In thy captivity.—But soon as war
 Shall close th' encount'ring hosts, I'll find thee out—
 Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,
 And tell thee what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!
 My fell revenge consumes me!—But no more—
 Thou shalt not 'scape me—Goaded by my wrongs,
 I'll hunt thee thro' the various scenes of death!—
 Thou shalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that hope.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Changes.

KING, QUEEN, attended.

KING.

Courageous Angus shall not be o'erpower'd—
 Myself will bring him aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my prince!

KING.

KING.

What means the gentle partner of my heart?
 Dismiss thy fears.—This day will dissipate
 The cause of thy dismay.—Ev'n now, I go
 To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
 Fresh laurels in thy lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in
 A train of harpy sorrows to my breast!—
 —Ah! why, in your own precious life, expose
 Your kingdom's safety and your consort's peace!
 —Let me restrain you from the field to-day.—
 There is no fame—no glory to be won
 From a revolter's brow.—

KING.

The public weal
 Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name
 When I reject the call!—

QUEEN.

Ill-omen'd call!
 That like the raven's croak, invades my quiet!
 O! would to heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd
 In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace!
 Remote from royalty, and all the cares
 That brood around the throne!—

KING.

KING.

No, let us scorn
 Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
 When public misery implores our aid.—
 What dignity of transport feels the prince,
 Who, from the fangs of fierce oppressive power,
 A people rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful host
 Of dangers 'circle him!

KING.

Disease confers
 The stamp of value upon health; and glory
 Is the fair child of peril.—Thou thyself
 My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind
 Its native calm regains, and reason sways
 Uncheck'd by fear.—Secure 'till my return
 Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge
 Foreboding my success.—

QUEEN.

Adieu—Adieu!
 Heav'n crown your valour with a wreath.
 [Exit QUEEN.]

KING,

KING, to an attendant.

Swift, hie thee to Dunbar, and bid him lead
The chosen citizens.——

Enter RAMSAY.

SCENE IX.

KING attended, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal chance!

The traitor Grime, with a selected band,
(While Angus, press'd on every side, sustains
Th' unequal fight,) a secret path pursu'd
Around the hills, and, pouring all at once,
Surpris'd the eastern gate!—the citizens,
With consternation smote, before his arms
In rout disorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the wheel
Of fate full circle rolls to crush me down!
Nor leaves one pause for conduct!—Yet I'll bear
My fortunes like a king—haste and collect
The scattered parties.—Let us not submit
Ere yet subdu'd—To arms!

[Drawing.

RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

Alas, my prince!
The convent is beset—Hark! while we speak
The gates are burst—Behold—

KING.

We must prevent
The pangs of ling'ring misery, and fall
With honour, as we liv'd.—

SCENE X.

KING attended, RAMSAY. GRIME with followers
bursting in.

KING.

What bold contempt
Of Majesty, thus rudely dares intrude
Into my private scenes?

GRIME.

The hour is fled
That saw thy wanton tyranny impose
The galling yoke—Yes, I am come to wrest
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I serve.

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KING.

KING.

Outrageous wretch!
Grown old in treachery! whose soul untam'd,
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain!
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

CRIME.

That I yet breathe
This ambient air, and tread this earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.—
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions rest
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsome dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;
Thou durst not shed my blood!—the purple stream
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud oppressor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverse to truth!—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,
Thy conscious malice knows.—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The justice of my reign.

CRIME.

GRIME.

Vain were th' attempt
With artifice of words, to sooth my rage,
More deaf to mercy than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge
Thy blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then;
Or sink beneath mine arm.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see
A deed so abject vilify my name—
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
Still streams within my veins; my courage soars
Superior to a ruffian's threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,
And hew them piece-meal.

[KING, RAMSAY, and Attendants drive off
GRIME and his followers; but are after-
wards overpowered and disarmed.]

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
Thy subjects, guards and thunder of thy throne,
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives.

[Exeunt KING, RAMSAY, &c. guarded.]

SCENE XI.

Enter a Soldier to GRIME.

SOLDIER.

A troop of horsemen have possess'd the gate
By which we gain'd the city.—

GRIME.

Blast them, hell!
We must retreat another way, and leave
Our aim unfinish'd!—Our victorious swords
At least shall guard the treasure they have won.
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain,
His whelps forlorn, an easy prey remain.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN.

QUEEN.

WHAT from the battlements hast thou descry'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing distinct, my queen—Involv'd in clouds
 Impervious to the view, the battle long
 Continu'd doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
 Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
 Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
 And clatt'ring armour; 'till at length the noise
 In distant murmurs dy'd.—O'er all the plain
 Now a dread stilness reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is lost!

Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke!—
 Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
 And feed productive woe?—Where shall the groans
 Of innocence deserted find redress!
 Shall I exclaim to heav'n?—Already heav'n
 Its pity and protection has withdrawn!
 Earth yield me refuge then!—give me to lie

Within thy cheerless bosom!—there, put off
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
The load of my distress!

ELEONORA

Alas! my queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring!
How shall I, from my own despair, collect
Assuasive balm?—Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my fire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief
Can scarce afford a tear!

QUEEN.

O luxury
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells
Too big for utterance, the silent streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail!
O my lost lord!—O save him—save him, powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle remedy to sooth
The soul's disorder, lull the jarring thoughts,
And with fair images amuse the mind?
—Come, smiling hope—divine illusion! come!

In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs
Of misery and pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed
Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam
Of wand'ring hope, how vain foe'er or false,
Our invocation flatters!—When—O when
Will death deliver me?—Shall I not rest
Within the peaceful tomb, where I may sleep
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks
Of stormy life!—No sounds disturb the grave
Of murder'd husbands!—Or the dismal scream
Of infants perishing.—Ha! whither leads
Imagination!—Must ye perish then,
Ye tender blossoms?—Must the lofty oak
That gave you life, and shelter'd you from harm,
Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony
Of fond distraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!--behold where comes
The warlike son of March!—What if he brings
The news of victory!

QUEEN.

My soul alarm'd
With eagerness and terror waits her doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, youth, how fares the king?

DUNBAR.

Fair princess, hail!

To you my duty and my speed were bent—
Your royal confort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!

Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal snares
Which had enclos'd him?

DUNBAR.

To their hills repell'd,

The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm.—
He bade me fly before him to the queen;
With the glad tidings cheer her drooping soul;
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine
Himself will soon adore.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Will he then come

And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek?—

Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my queen's distress.—

What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,

That it might fall more grievous.—By the faith

Of my allegiance, hither speeds the king,

By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome messenger!—How sweetly sounds

Thy prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the morn,

To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,

Brings balmy slumber, ease, and hope, and health!

O wond'rous destiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus on my queen

May fortune ever smile.—May bliss to bliss

Succeed, a tranquil scene!—Say, noble youth,

Returns my sire in safety from the field?—

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form.—

In war's variety, mine eyes have seen

Variety

Variety of valour and of skill :
 But such united excellence of both—
 Such art to baffle and amuse the foe ;—
 Such intrepidity to execute
 Repeated efforts,—never, save in him,
 My observation trac'd !—Our monarch's acts
 My feeble praise would fully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy words, like genial showers to the parch'd earth,
 Refresh my languid soul !—

QUEEN.

The trumpet swells !

My conqueror approaches !—Let me fly
 With ecstacy of love into his arms !—
 He comes !—the victor comes !

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

KING, embracing the Queen.

My better part !—

My soul's chief residence !—My love ! my queen !
 Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
 Ev'n too profusely !

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Celebrate this hour
Ye songs of angels! and ye sons of earth
Keep festival!—My monarch is return'd!
I fold him in these arms!—I hear his voice—
His love soft-chiding!—

KING.

O ye powers benign!
What words can speak the rapture of my soul!
Come to my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,
Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth
And twines around my heart!

QUEEN.

Mysterious fate!
My wishes are complete!—Yet, I must ask
A thousand things impertinently fond!
How did you 'scape?—What angel's hand, my king,
Preserv'd you from destruction?

KING.

Heav'n, indeed,
Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief
The son of March, who, with a chosen few,
Deliver'd me from Grime:—Thence to the field
We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword
Of Angus had well nigh atchiev'd before.

QUEEN

QUEEN TO DUNBAR.

How shall acknowledgment enough reward
Thy worth unparallel'd?

KING.

Now, by my throne!
Not my own issue shall engross me more
Than thou, heroic youth!—Th' insulting foe,
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.—
An audience have I promis'd.—Ere the hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
Refresh my weary'd limbs.—

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *Attendants.*]

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown, to-day,
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head.

DUNBAR.

What boots it that my fortune decks me thus
With unsubstantial plumes; when my heart groans
Beneath

Beneath the gay caparison, and love
With unrequited passion wounds my soul!

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
To me for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurse
The slow-consuming fire.—

DUNBAR.

Heav'ns!—what are all
The boasted charms, that with such wond'rous power
Attach thee to my rival?—Far from me
Be the vain arrogance of pride to vaunt
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart
Thy preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! Dunbar,

My judgment, weak and erring as it is,
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow
My love and my esteem:—But trust me, youth,
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach:
Immers'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
By thy superior merit and success:
Yet even this Stuart,—for I would not wrong
Thine expectation,—still retains a part
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love!
Would'st

Would'st thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of kings,
Disgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize
Of a divided heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witness heav'n,
I love not on such terms!—Am I then doom'd,
Unfeeling maid! for ever, to deplore
Thy unabating rigour?—The rude flint
Yields to th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,
Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains—
Unmov'd by my complaint!

ELEONORA.

My father comes!
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power
That screen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Rise, my child,
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!—
Such innocence endearing, gently stole
Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd

Love's

Love's tender languishment, when to my view
Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!

[Turning to DUNBAR.

Come to my arms, Dunbar!—To shield from death
A parent, is the venerable act!
Of the most pious duty.—Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my son!—The rebel chiefs
Secure in my safe-conduct, wait without
The promis'd audience.—To the king repair,
And signify their presence.— [Exit DUNBAR.]

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,
Behold the undaunted youth, who stept between
The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpower'd, unhors'd,
And by the foe surrounded, I had sunk
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
Had not that instant to my rescue sprung.—
Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm
Releas'd I know not—headlong rush'd against me,
My vigilant deliverer oppos'd
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
Soon prostrate fell.—

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?

O! speak, my father!—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this alarm!

Let me not find thy bosom entertain

A sentiment unworthy of thy name!—

The gen'rous victor gave him back his life;

And cry'd aloud, " This sacrifice I make

" For Eleonora's love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless youth!

His virtues conquer'd my esteem before:

But now, my grateful sentiment inflames

Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid power

I would not bridle thy reluctant thought;

Yet let me, with parental care, commend

The passion of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer garb

His title could not wear:—But when I think

What

What rocks in secret lie—what tempests rise
On Love's deceitful voyage; my timid soul
Recoils affrighted, and with horror shuns
Th' inviting calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my child, and weigh
The different claims.—Here glory, love, and truth
Implore thy smiles.—There, vice with brutal rage
Would force thee to his wishes.—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I must attend
My sov'reign in his interview with Athol. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Changes to another apartment.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to fortune ow'd, our arms have paid:
But let us now the changeling pow'r renounce.—
Unhappy those who hazard their designs
On her without reserve!—

GRIME.

Our plan pursu'd

A purpose more assur'd:—With conquest crown'd,
Our aim indeed a fairer wreath had worn:
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue
Our swords shall force success!

VOL. I.

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ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Th' approaching scene

Demands our utmost arts! not with tame sighs
 To bend before his throne, and supplicate
 His clemency, like slaves; nor to provoke,
 With pride of speech, his anger half appeas'd:
 But with submission mingle (as we speak)
 A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd
 For all events.—

CRIME.

Without the city-walls,
 The southern troops encamp'd, already fill
 The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—

ATHOL.

By heav'n! their flush'd intemperance will yield
 Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie,
 With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that lurk
 Behind th' adjacent hills, shall in the dark
 Approach the gate when our associate Cattan
 Commands the guard; then introduc'd by him,
 We take, with ease, possession of the town,
 And hither move unmark'd.—

CRIME.

Here, if we fail,
 May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath

My

My well-try'd dagger ; nor my hungry hate
Enjoy the sav'ry steam of hostile gore !

ATHOL.

How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy !
I see me seated in the regal chair,
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power !—
But this important enterprize demands
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
Will much avail : but his unpractis'd youth,
To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last resolve.—

GRIME.

—It shall be mine
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—
But soft !—who comes ?—Ten thousand curses load
Th' ambitious stripling ! [Enter DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

By the king's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.— [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Discovers the KING seated. ANGUS, attendants.

[Enter ATHOL, GRIME, introduced by DUNBAR.]

KING.

It is not well—it is not well—we meet
On terms like these!—I should have found in Athol
A trusty counsellor and steady friend:
And better would it suit thy rev'rend age,
Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,
To hush ill-judging clamour, and cement
Divided factions to my throne again,
Than thus embroil the state.—

My present aim

Is to repair, not widen more, the breach
That discord made between us: this, my liege,
Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke,
Will e'er effectuate:—No—let us rather,
On terms which equally become us both,
Our int'rests re-unite.

KING.

Hah!—re-unite!

By heav'n, thy proud demeanor more befits
A sov'reign than a subject!—Re-unite!—

How

A TRAGEDY.

How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord!
And with an helmet load that hoary head
To wage rebellious war?

ATHOL.

The sword of Athol
Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs
His country suffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'ft thou to my face
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus thy guilt
My clemency implores?

ATHOL.

Not yet so low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footstool:—In our camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.—

KING, rising hastily.

Swift, hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back!—
Away.—Now, by the mighty soul of Bruce!
Thou shalt be met.—And if thy savage clans
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into dust.—Why move ye not?
Conduct them to their camp.—

THE REGICIDE :

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ATHOL,

Forgive, my prince,

If, on my own integrity of heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,
But with your measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd :
Your sacred person, family, and throne
My purpose still rever'd.—

KING,

O wretched plea!
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy discontent.—Ye live not in a reign
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her state.—I charge thee, say
What lawless measures has my pow'r pursu'd?

ATHOL,

I come to mitigate your royal wrath
With sorrow and submission; not to sum
The motives which compell'd me to the field,—

KING.

I found your miserable state reduc'd
To ruin and despair:—Your cities drench'd
In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:
All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:—

No

No industry, save what with hands impure
Distress'd the commonwealth :—No laws in force
To screen the poor and check the guilty great ;
While Iqualid Famine join'd her sister fiend
Devouring Pestilence, to curse the scene !—
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole :
And lo ! my recompence !—But I relapse.—
What is your suit ?—

ATHOL.

We sue, my liege, for peace.—

KING.

Say, that my lenity shall grant your prayer,
How, for the future, shall I rest assur'd
Of your allegiance ?

ATHOL.

Stuart shall be left
The pledge of our behaviour.—

KING.

And your arms
Ere noon to-morrow shall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This too shall be perform'd.—

KING.

Then mark me, thane.—

Because the loins from whence my father sprung,
 On thee too life bestow'd, enjoy the gift.—
 I pardon what is past.—In peace consume
 The winter of thy days.—But, if ye light
 Th' extinguish'd brand again, and brave my throne
 With new commotions—by th' eternal power!
 No future guile, submission, or regard
 Shall check my indignation!—I will pour
 My vengeance in full volley; and the earth
 Shall dread to yield you succour or resource!
 Of this no more.—Thy kinsman shall remain
 With us, an hostage of thy promis'd faith.—
 So shall our mercy with our prudence join,
 United brighten, and securely shine.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

THIS solitude but more foment's despair!
 Recals—compares—and to th' incessant pangs
 Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!—
 O! what a miserable slave am I!—
 Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
 Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' abyss
 Of mutt'ring Horror, curs'd from thought to thought!
 —Hah, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!
 Her hissing snakes arouse—her torch inflames
 My madd'ning soul!—Yes,—if he thus permits
 My feet to range at will; my 'vengeful hand
 Will soon requite him.— [Enter GRIME.

SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?

Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,
 Observes a sudden cloud o'erhang thy brow.—
 Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,
 A mute aversion to his love secludes
 Thy lonely steps.—

STUART.

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
 The cause accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—
 And freed by whom!—there's poison in the thought!
 —Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?

GRIME.

Thou dwell'st on that too much.—Few live exempt
 From disappointment and disgrace, who run
 Ambition's rapid course.—Inur'd to pain,
 The hard'ned soul, at last, forgets to feel
 The scourge of Fate; and fearless rushes on
 To deeds advent'rous.—

STUART.

Who shall frame th' attempt
 That Stuart dreads t' atchieve?—Not pestilence,
 Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound
 My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,
 For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,
 Since not the voice of heav'n itself can lure
 My honour back again—what pow'r of hell
 Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?—

GRIME.

Ha! Did'st thou say, revenge!—Hail, fable pow'r,
 To me more dear than riches or renown!
 What gloomy joy, to drench the dagger deep
 In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!

STUART.

My

My fortune thwarted ; or essay'd by fraud
To poison my delights !—

STUART.

Ha ! thou hast rous'd
The scorpion-thought that stings me !—
—Mark me, Grime,—
Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus :
If conquest for the foe declar'd to-day,
Our arms again the vagrant might compel,
And chain her to our side.—But know, my love
Has been defrauded !—Eleonora's heart
That wretch invades.—That ravisher, who crop'd
My budding fame, and sunk me to reproach !
He whom my jealousy, in all its rage,
Hath singled for destruction !—

GRIME.

He shall die !—

STUART.

Yes, he shall die !—He shall be flea'd—impal'd !
And his torn bowels thrown to beasts of prey ;—
My savage hate shall on his tortures feed !
I will have vengeance !

GRIME.

Would'st thou have it full,
Include his patrons.—

STUART.

STUART.

Ha!—What—shall my arm
Unsheath the secret steel!

GRIME.

Yes.—Strike at once,
For liberty, ambition, and revenge.—
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;
And all his offspring swell the sanguine stream.
Let Angus perish too.—

STUART.

O wond'rous plan
Of unrestrain'd barbarity!—It suits
The horrors of my bosom!—All!—What all?
In slaughter'd heaps.—The progeny and fire!—
To sluice them in th' unguarded hour of rest!
Infernal sacrifice!—dire—ev'n too dire
For my despair!—To me what have they done
To merit such returns?—No, my revenge
Demands the blood of one, and he shall fall.—

GRIME.

It shall suffice—Dunbar shall bleed alone.—
But let us seize him on the verge of bliss;
When the fond maid's enkind'ling looks confess
The flames of bashful love: when eager joy
And modest fear by turns exalt the blush

STUART.

To a more fervid glow.—When Eleonora
Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd view,
And smiles him to her arms.—

STUART.

Hah!—Lightning foon
Thy tongue, blasphemer!—Sooner may this globe
Be hurl'd to the profound abyss of hell!—
But vain are words.—This is no place—remember,
He shall not triumph thus!—Thou hast bely'd him—
He means it not.—Nor will the fiend smile—
No, Grime,—she dares not smile him to her arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, she yields
Her plighted faith, this hour.—But see!—the maid
Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Haste, leave me, Grime!
My soul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
Love, jealousy, implacable despair,
In tempests wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou shalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic rage may rashly overturn
Our whole design!—

STUART.

STUART.

Let me not urge again

Thy swift departure!—hence—I come anon.—

[Exit GRIME.]

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
 Our mutual jealousies, and breath'd anew
 The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
 Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
 One adverse thought to constancy and me?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
 O'er Eleonora's conduct, that thou com'st
 With frowning aspect thus to judge my fame?—
 Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
 Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?
 And shall my love be to the breast confin'd
 Where treason in her darkest hue presides?—
 No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
 From my abhorrent thoughts!—

STUART.

Not all this pride
 Of mimic virtue—not all th' assembl'd host

Of

Of female wiles, how exquisite foe'er,
 Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
 Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw
 Thy tenderness o'erflow, and heard thy tongue
 Seduce me to thy faithless arms again?

ELEONORA.

Is this the testimony of thy love?
 This thy asserted honour! to revile
 Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
 My duty—to forget thee.—Dost thou ask
 What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
 There needed none.—The measure of thy guilt
 Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd
 Offences to excess: In battle fought
 Against thy king; and fought, with lifted arm,
 My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
 Know then, the honour of my name forbids
 Our fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said
 That Eleonora, lost to glory, took
 A traitor to her bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious witch!

Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come
 Th' avenging minister of broken faith!
 To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
 Or—mark me—punish, with thy guilty blood,
 Thy perjury and fraud!—

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

Wik thou attempt
 To gain by menaces what the soft sigh
 Of plaintive anguish would implore in vain?
 Here strike—and let thy ruthless poniard drink
 The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
 In Virtue's cause; and ev'ry foil enrich'd,
 From wintry Scania to the sacred vale
 Where Libanon exalts his lofty brow.—

STUART.

Egregious forc'ers!—give me back my peace—
 Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth
 Adorn'd in all its splendor, and elate
 With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!
 Ere yet thy spells had compos'd my brain,
 Unstrung my arm, and laid me low in dust
 Beneath a rival's feet!

ELEONORA.

Hear, all ye powers!
 He claims of me what his own conscious guilt
 Hath robb'd him of.—And do'st thou look for peace
 In my afflicted bosom?—There, indeed,
 Thine image dwells with solitude and care,
 Amid the devastation thou hast made!

[Weeps.]

STUART.

STUART.

O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drops
 Which fall but to ensnare!—Thy specious words
 Shall sooner lull the sounding furge, than check
 The fury that impels me!—Yet—by heav'n,
 Thou art divinely fair! and thy distress
 With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—
 Wert thou not false as hell, not paradise
 Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn
 My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;
 And from my sense exclude the soothing sound
 Of thy enchanting tongue!—Yet—yet renounce
 Thine infidelity—To thine embrace
 Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
 Speak peace to his distracted soul, and ease
 The tortures of his bosom!

ELEONORA.

Hapless youth!

My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,
 Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
 My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm;
 Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—
 O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!
 Here would I kneel, a suppliant to heav'n,
 In thy behalf, and offer to the grave
 The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear
 Our days of pleasure are for ever past!

STUART.

O thou hast joy and horror in thy gift!
 And sway'st my soul at will!—blest'd in thy love,
 The memory of sorrow and disgrace,
 That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake
 My raptur'd thought, and hell should plot in vain
 To sever us again!—O! let me clasp thee,
 Thou charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

Forbear, fond youth,
 Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd
 Eternal bars between us!

STUART.

Ha!—what bars?

ELEONORA.

A sacrifice demanded by my fire—
 A vow—

STUART.

Perdition!—Say what vow, rash maid!

ELEONORA.

A fatal vow! that blasts our mutual love.—

STUART.

STUART.

Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—
 A vow that to my rival gives thee up!—
 Shall he then trample on my soul at last!—
 Mock my revenge and laugh at my despair!
 Ha!—shall he rifle all thy sweets at will,
 And riot in the transports due to me?
 Th' accursed image whirls around my brain!—
 He pants with rapture!—Horror to my soul!
 He surfeits on delight!—

ELEONORA.

O gentle heav'n!
 Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend
 In dews of peace!—Why roll with fiery gleam
 Thy starting eye-balls?—Why on thy pale cheek
 Trembles fell rage?—and why sustains thy frame
 This universal shock?—Is it, alas!
 That I have sworn I never will be thine?—
 True, this I swore.—

STUART.

Hah!—never to be mine!
 Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage!—
 Be witness, heav'n, and earth, and hell! she means
 To glad the bosom of my foe!—Come, then,
 Infernal vengeance! aid me to perform
 A deed that fiends themselves will weep to see! [*Draws.*
 Thus, let me blast his full-bloom'd—

[*Enter DUNBAR, who interposes.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold

Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury 'scap'd from hell
 Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood
 Of such excelling goodness?—

STUART.

Infamy

Like mine deface the glories of thy name!
 What busy dæmon sent thee hither, now,
 My vengeance to defeat?—The hour is come—
 The hour is come at last that must decide
 For ever our pretensions!

DUNBAR.

Whatfoe'er

Thy hate could meditate against my life
 My nature might forgive: but this attempt
 Divests my soul of mercy.—

STUART.

Guide my point,

Ye pow'rs of darkness, to my rival's heart,
 Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*]

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

—Restrain—restrain
 Your mutual frenzy—Horror!—help—behold—
 Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge
 Your poniards here; and in its fatal source
 Your enmity assuage!— [STUART *falling*.

STUART.

It will not be—
 Thy fortune hath eclips'd me; and the shades
 Of death environ me.—Yet, what is death
 When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal
 Of glory, never—never to be broke!—
 O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour!
 My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd
 With thy approaching nuptials! and my soul
 Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [Dies.

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands
 In woeful attitude?—ah! wherefore lift
 Thy streaming eyes to heav'n, while the deep groan
 Dilates thy lab'ring breast?

ELEONORA.

This is too much—
 This is too much to bear!—thou hast destroy'd
 My last remains of peace!

DUNBAR.

And was thy peace
 Deposited in him?—In him who rais'd
 His impious hand to kill thee?—Is it well
 To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow
 That rescu'd thee from death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,
 No, heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—
 Yet thy protection has undone me quite!
 And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
 Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd
 Such terrible success.—How pale appear
 These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
 O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
 Lies that ambition which was late so proud!—
 Did he not call me with his latest breath!—
 He would have said—but cruel fate control'd
 His fault'ring tongue!—He would have said, "For thee,
 " For thee, false maid, I perish undeplor'd!"
 O! hadst thou known how obstinately true
 My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,
 My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd

To

To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul
 Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
 My persecuted truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine eyes
 From the sad object!—Turn thy melting thoughts
 From the disastrous theme, and look on me—
 On me who would with ecstasy resign
 This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
 With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall
 Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

ELEONORA.

Thy death such lamentation would not move,
 More envy'd than bemoan'd;—thy memory
 Would still be cherish'd; and thy name survive
 To latest ages, in immortal bloom—
 Ah, 'tis not so with him!—He leaves behind
 No dear remembrance of unfully'd fame!
 No monument of glory, to defy
 The storms of time!—Nought but reproach and shame!
 Nought but perpetual slander, brooding o'er
 His reputation lost!—O fearful scene
 Of dire existence, that must never close!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS entering, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, attendants.

ANGUS.

What found of female woe?—Ha! Stuart slain!

Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cause!—

[To ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Too well my father has divin'd the cause
Of their unhappy strife!—Wherefore, ye powers!
Am I to misery deliver'd up?
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick
On my poor head?

ANGUS to DUNBAR.

How durst your lawless rage
Profane this sacred place with private brawl?

DUNBAR.

By heav'n! no place, how much foe'er rever'd,
Shall screen th' assassin who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast!

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Ha!—were his aims so merciless?—Too just
 The vengeance that o'ertook him!—But th' event
 With this unstable juncture ill accords!—
 Remove the body.—Thou meanwhile retire,
 Thy presence may awake, or aggravate
 The rage of Athol. *[The body is removed.]*

DUNBAR,

Therefore I obey.—
 And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'st
 Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,
 When next we meet I hope to see thee bloom
 With vernal freshness, and again unfold
 Thy beauties to the sun! *[Exit DUNBAR.]*

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Let us, my child,
 Lament with steadiness those ills that flow
 From our mishap: yet therefore not ascribe
 To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,
 The guilt of accident.—Thou hast enough
 Denoted thy concern.—Let me not think
 Thy sorrow hath espous'd a traitor's cause.

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me the hard-won palm
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest
Internal anguish?—Will it yield me peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiscreet affliction shall not plead
Against thee, with me, now.—Remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour still
A guilty flame, to thy assistance call
That noble pride and dignity of scorn
Which warms, exalts, and purifies the soul—
But I will trust thee to thyself.—Withdraw,
For Athol comes, and on his visage low'rs
A storm of wrath. [Exit ELEONORA.]

SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are these the fair effects
Of our submission!—These the promis'd fruits
Of amity restor'd!—To violate
The laws of hospitality—To guide
The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,
And sacrifice your guests!

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

That Athol mourns

This unforeseen severity of fate,
I marvel not.—My own paternal sense
Is wak'd by sympathy; and I condole
His interesting loss.—But thus to tax
Our blameless faith with traitorous design,
Not with our pure integrity conforms,
Nor with thy duty, thane.

ATHOL.

Ha! who art thou,
That I should bear thy censure and reproof?—
Not protestation, nor th' affected air
Of sympathy and candour, shall amuse
My strong conception, nor elude the cry
Of justice and revenge!

ANGUS.

Had justice crav'd,
With rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
How had'st thou far'd?—Say, what hast plac'd thy deeds
Above my censure?—Let this day's event
Proclaim how far I merit thy disdain.—
That my humanity is misconceiv'd
Not much alarms my wonder: conscious fraud
Still harbours with suspicion.—Let me tell thee—
The fate of Stuart was supremely just.
Th' untimely stroke his savage heart prepar'd
Against

Against the guiltless breast of Eleonora,
Avenging heav'n retorted on himself.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy probity would end,
Disguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,
Should this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure
In thy protection, or th' unjust extent
Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread
The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
And blood shall answer blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the king!—

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
In loud revilings?—You that should promote,
By fair example, unity and peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not cause to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge
Of love fraternal, foon'd my bending age:

Him

Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
 From my parental arms, and left, alas!
 This sapless trunk to stretch its wither'd boughs
 To you for justice!—Justice then I crave.

KING.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
 How great foe'er th' offender, or the wrong'd
 Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile:
 Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king!
 Say freely, thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
 And were he dear as her who shares our throne,
 Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge
 The son of March with perfidy and murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean indifference to hear
 Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
 Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve
 Your royal confidence.—Dunbar has slain
 The kinsman of this thane; yet fell he not
 By murder, cowardice, or foul design.
 The sword of Stuart was already drawn
 To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
 By heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,
 Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
 His rival's fury on his hapless head.

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Must I refer me to the partial voice
 Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
 The tainted evidence, and rather claim
 The combat proof.—Enfeebled are my limbs
 With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung,
 Yet shall the justice of my cause recall
 My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,
 Swell ev'ry finew, strengthen ev'ry limb,
 And crown me with success.—Behold my gage,
 I wait for justice.

KING.

Justice shalt thou have—
 Nor shall an equitable claim depend
 On such precarious issue.—Who shall guard
 The weak from violence, if brutal force
 May vindicate oppression?—Truth alone
 Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,
 If thou art wrong'd, in my unbias'd sway
 Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar
 Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge.

[To ANGUS.

[Exeunt KING, ANGUS.

SCENE

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curse on the smooth dissembler!—Welcome, Grime.
 My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage
 Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd
 Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds
 I give the phantom.—May this carcase rot,
 A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heav'n,
 If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound
 The progress of my hate!

GRIME.

What means my prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy youth is slain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—
 He was a peevish stripling, prone to change. [*Aside.*
 —Vain is condolence.—Let our swords be swift
 To fate his hov'ring shade.—I have conferr'd
 With trusty Cattan, our design explain'd,
 And his full aid secur'd.—To-night he rules

The middle watch.—The clans already move
In silence o'er the plain.

SCENE X.

ATHOL.

Come then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lopp'd,
But they will sprout again: my vigorous trunk
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again project an awful shade.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! This was more than the ill-sorted train
 Of undetermin'd fancy!—This convey'd
 No loose imperfect images; but all
 Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand
 Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those signs—
 Your guardian angel dictates.—O, my prince!
 Let not your blind security disgrace
 The merit of your prudence.

KING.

No, my queen,

Let us avoid the opposite extremes
 Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.—
 Already hath our vigilance perform'd
 What caution justifies; and for thy dream,
 As such consider it;—the vain effect
 Of an imagination long disturb'd.—
 Life with substantial ills enough is curs'd:
 Why should we then, with frantic zeal, pursue
 Unreal care, and with th' illusive form,
 Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
 Our reason from her throne?

VOL. I.

H

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

In all your course
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
When my fond soul suffer'd the successive pangs
Of fond impatience and repressive fear;
When ev'ry reeking messenger from France
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,
And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale
That spoke your praise; say, did my weak despair
Recall you from the race?—Did not my heart
Espouse your fame, and patiently await
The end of your career?—O! by the joys
I felt at your return, when smiling love
Secure with rapture reign'd—O! by these tears,
Which seldom plead, indulge my boding soul!
Arouse your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard
The convent with a chosen band.—The foul
Of treason is abroad!

KING.

Ye ruling pow'rs!

Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,
When my degen'rate breast becomes the haunt
Of haggard Fear.—O! what a wretch is he,
Whose feverous life, devoted to the gloom
Of Superstition, feels th' incessant throb
Of ghastly panic!—In whose startled ear
The knell still deepens, and the raven croaks!

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Vain be my terrors—my presages vain—
 Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
 And my repose restore!—Not for myself—
 Not to prolong the season of my life
 Am I thus suppliant! Ah, no! for you—
 For you, whose being gladdens and protects
 A grateful people;—you, whose parent boughs
 Defend your tender offspring from the blasts
 That soon would tear them up!—for you, the source
 Of all our happiness and peace, I fear! [Kneels.

KING.

Arise, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd
 Of melting piety and tender love!
 Thou shalt be satisfy'd.—Is ev'ry guard
 By Angus visited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my liege,
 With Ramfay and his troop, he scours the plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his charge.—The lib'ral hand
 Of bounty will have nothing to bestow
 Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
 Who rules the nightly watch?

DUNBAR.

To Cattan's care
The city-guard is subject.

KING.

I have mark'd
Much valour in him.—Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him, with a chosen few, surround
The cloisters of the convent, and remain
'Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.

[Exit DUNBAR.]

Thus shall repose, with glad assurance, waft
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems inclin'd
To recompence us for the day's disgrace.—
Our band, conceal'd within the cloisters, wait
With eagerness and joy th' auspicious hour
To perpetrate the deed.—It now remains
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His share of this great enterprize assign.
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
Th' usurper and his progeny to death:

His

His power and principles will still supply
 Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts
 Can ne'er surmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our swords prevent

All further opposition, and at once
 Dismiss him to the shades.

GRIME.

Thine be the task—

I know with what just indignation burns
 Thy gen'rous hate against the partial thane,
 Who, to thine age and services, preferr'd
 A raw unpractis'd stripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—no more.

The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
 How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid blow,
 To his apartment thou shalt move alone;
 Nor will pretence be wanting: say, thou bring'st
 Intelligence important, that demands
 His instant ear:—Then shalt thou find thy foe
 Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my tongue
 Instruct thee further?

H 3

CATTAN.

CATTAN.

No, let my revenge
Suggest what follows—By the pow'rs of hell!
I will be drunk with vengeance!

GRIME.

To thy guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch till he returns
With Ramsay from the plain.—But fee! they come,
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. An Apartment.

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By heav'ns, it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town:

Thence

Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

SCENE V.

ANGUS.

MATTAS, CATTAN.

But that I consult

My king's tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted citizens with alarm,
An hundred trumpets should this instant raise
Their brazen throats together, and arouse
Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
And with thy uninfected troops attend
To ev'ry motion of th' incertain night.

[Exit RAMSAY.]

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now the loud tempest of the tollful day
Subsides into a calm—And yet my soul
Still labours thro' the storm!—By day or night,
In florid youth or mellow age, scarce fleets
One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy: for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble lord,
 Within the portal as I kept my watch,
 Swift gliding shadows, by the glimm'ring moon,
 I could perceive in forms of armed men,
 Possess the space that borders on the porch—
 I question'd thrice ; they yielded no reply :
 And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,
 Wait your command,

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the place—
 Foul treason is at work !—

CATTAN.

It were not good
 To venture forth unarm'd.—Courageous thane,
 Receive this dagger.—

[Attempts to stab ANGUS, who wrests the
 dagger from him, and kills him.]

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious slave!
What means this base attempt?—Thou shalt not 'scape.

CATTAN.

Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike
The poniard to thy heart!—How like a dog
I tamely fall despis'd!

ANGUS.

Fell ruffian! say,
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!—

CATTAN.

Just are thy terrors.—By th' infernal gulph
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the abyfs with joy, could the success
Of Athol feast my sense!

[*A noise of clashing swords and sbrieks.*

—Hah!—now the sword
Of slaughter smokes!—Th' exulting thane surveys
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime
With purple honour deck'd—

ANGUS.

Tremendous powers!

CATTAN.

CATTAN.

O'er the fall'n tyrant strides.—

[Dies.]

ANGUS.

Heav'n shield us all!

Amazing horror chills me!—Ha, Dunbar!

Then treason triumphs!—O my foul! my son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR wounded.

DUNBAR.

I fought thee, noble thane, while yet my limbs
 Obey their lord.—I fought thee, to unfold
 My zealous soul, ere yet she takes her flight.—
 Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king
 Transfix'd a lifeless corse! and saw this arm
 Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—

ANGUS.

Weep, Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is slain—
 Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,
 Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
 And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
 If yet thy strength permits, how this befel.

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
 By Athol, lurk'd behind the adjacent hills:
 These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
 Admitted to the city, join'd their power
 With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
 Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
 Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.
 To the sad scene ere I could force my way,
 Our monarch was no more! Around him lay
 An heap of traitors, whom his single arm
 Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,
 Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
 Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
 Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious victims!—O disastrous fate!
 Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
 To wanton thus in royal blood!

DUNBAR.

O thane!
 How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
 How will thy fond parental heart be rent
 With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates
 The fate of Eleonora!

ANGUS.

ANGUS.

Ha!—my fears
 Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,
 How fares my child!

DUNBAR.

The shades of endless night
 Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
 She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,
 And with her snowy arms supply'd a bolt
 To bar their entrance:—But the barb'rous crew
 Broke in impet'ous, crush'd her slender limb,
 When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
 Behold the forc'refs whose accursed charms
 Betray'd the youth; and whose invet'rate fire
 This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
 This for revenge!—then plung'd it in her breast!—

ANGUS.

Infernal homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own
 He vanquish'd me indeed!—What tho' I rush'd
 Thro' many a wound, and in th' affassin's heart
 Imbru'd my faithful steel.—But see where comes,
 By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

.SUONA

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA wounded and supported.

—ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind concern.—
Ah! who, with parent tenderness, will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains! [*Swoons.*]

ANGUS.

O misery! look up—thy father calls—
[*Embracing her.*]

ELEONORA.

What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father!—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—Yes, he survives
The havoc of this night!—O let me now
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t' avenge his murder'd prince,
To save his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory farther still!

ANGUS.

And is it thus
The melting parent clasps his darling child!
My

That I may taste them ere they fleet away!

[Embracing her.]

O exquisite distress!

ELEONORA.

For me, my father,

For me let not the bootless tear distil.—

Soon shall I be with those who rest secure

From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear

Thy cheering voice again!—a long farewell!

[Exit ANGUS.]

SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our short'ned race of life be run:—

Our day already hastens to its close;

And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch

The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,

The tossing wave from which I shall be free,

No rest will greet me on the silent shore

If Eleonora sends me hence unblest'd.

ELEO-

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd Passion, when we parted last,
 Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
 With horror was beheld: but Reason now,
 With genial mildness, beams upon my soul,
 And represents thee justly, as thou art—
 The tend'rest lover and the gent'lest friend.

DUNBAR.

O transport, to my breast unknown before!
 Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings
 Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart
 Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
 To my exhausted spirits!—But, alas!
 Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace
 Its precious channels!—on thy polish'd cheek
 The blowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes
 Death sheds a misty languor!

ELEONORA.

Let me lean
 Upon thy friendly arm—Yet, O retire!
 That guilty arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
 Against my peace?—But let me not revolve
 Those sorrows now.—Were heav'n again to raise
 That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! so low!
 And from the verge of death my life recall,
 What joy could visit my forlorn estate,
 Self-doom'd to hopeless woe?

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

Must I then wander,
A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,
And groan for ever under thy reproach?

ELEONORA.

Ah, no! thou faithful youth, shall I repay
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
May no repose embrace me in the tomb,
If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall
With sister-woe!—thy passion has not reap'd
The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale minister of Fate,
Forbear a while, and on my ravish'd ear
Let the last music of this dying swan
Steal in soft blandishment, divinely sweet!
Then strike th' unerring blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus our hopes,
Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the fun of joy
Matur'd them into fruit, repine not, youth.—

Life hath its various seasons, as the year;
 And after clust'ring Autumn—but I faint—
 Support me nearer—in rich Harvest's rear
 Bleak Winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
 The leaden hand of Death lie heavy on me.—
 Thine image swims before my straining eye.—
 —And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
 To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word!
 —Not one farewell!—Alas! that dismal groan
 Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers
 Protect my father, shew'r upon his—Oh! [Dier.

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
 In mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come—
 Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
 The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
 The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
 The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
 And held Attention captive!—Let me kiss
 This pale deserted temple of my joy!
 This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
 Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—
 Thro' all my veins he shivers like the North—
 O Eleonora! as my flowing blood
 Is mix'd with thine—so may our mingling souls
 To bliss supernal wing our happy—Oh! [Dier.

SCENE

SCENE the last.

ANGUS, RAMSAY, ATHOL, &c. Prisoners.

ANGUS.

Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm atchiev'd,
 Courageous Ramsay; and thy name shall live
 For ever in the annals of renown.—
 —But see where, silent as the noon of night,
 These lovers lie!—rest—rest, ill-fated pair!
 Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell
 Within the breast of Angus; and his love
 Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd!

ANGUS, to ATHOL.

O bloody author of this night's mishap!
 Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood
 Of majesty distain'd!—Contemplate here
 The havoc of thy crimes! and then bethink thee
 What vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With insolence of speech
 How dares thy tongue licentious thus insult
 Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal

Espous'd a sinking cause.—But thou may'st still
Deserve my future favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou stain

Of fair nobility!—thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who has crept
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views?

ATHOL.

Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful prince.—Yes, talking lord,
The day will soon appear, when I shall rise
In majesty and terror to assert
My country's freedom, and at last avenge
My own peculiar wrongs.—When thou, and all
Those grov'ling sycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,
Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing slaves!
Unchain your king, and teach your humble mouths
To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet.—

[To the guard.

ANGUS.

The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
Return, before thy carcase be cast forth
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beasts of prey.—
Or, high-exalted, putrefy in air
The monument of treason.—

ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Empty threat!

Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou shalt be crown'd—
 An iron crown, intensely hot, shall gird
 Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd
 Acclaims thee king of traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of fire!—

Ha! said'st thou, lord!—a glowing iron crown
 Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
 Myself awake to misery and shame!
 Ye sceptres, diadems, and rolling trains
 Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those dreams
 Of idle superstition, that ensnare
 Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!
 Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
 My elevated hopes! and may despair
 Descend in pestilence on all mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy curse just Heav'n retorts upon thyself!
 To separate dungeons lead the regicides.—

[Exit guard with the prisoners.]

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
 How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!

With gains on wish, desire surmounts desire;
 Hope fans the blaze, and Envy feeds the fire:
 From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul;
 Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage control;
 'Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
 And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!



THE
REPRISAL:
OR,
THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND;
A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS,

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,
IN 1757.

PERSONS represented.

HEARTLY, - -	{ a young gentleman of Dorsetshire, in love with HARRIET.
BRUSH, - - -	his servant.
CHAMPIGNON, -	commander of a French frigate.
OCLABBER, - -	{ an Irish lieutenant in the French ser- vice.
MACLAYMORE,	a Scotch ensign in the French service.
LYON, - - -	lieutenant of an English man of war.
HAULYARD, - -	a midshipman,
BLOCK, - - -	a sailor.
HARRIET, - - -	{ a young lady of Dorsetshire, betrothed to HEARTLY.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, &c.

SCENE, on board a French ship lying at anchor on the coast of
Normandy.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

AN ancient sage, when Death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;

And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
With vows and pray'rs he fairly brib'd the devil:
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here Justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dulness is—prepenfe.

He means to please—he owns no other view;
And now presents you with—a sea ragout.
A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours—
Replete with a variety of flavours:

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet,
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar
Without some acid juice of English tar.

To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still shall that godlike flame your bosoms fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the fire;
Her ancient splendor England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrivall'd empress of the main.

THE

REPRISAL:

OR,

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

HEARTLY, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

WELL, if this be taking diversion on the water,
God send me safe on English ground! and if
ever I come in sight of the sea again, may a wat'ry
grave be my portion,—First, to be terrified with the
thoughts of drowning—Secondly, to be tossed and
tumbled about like a foot-ball—Thirdly, to be
drenched with sea-water—Fourthly, to be stunk to
death with pitch and tar, and the savoury scent of
my fellow-sufferers—Fifthly, to be racked with per-
petual puking till my guts are turned inside out—
And, sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and
plundered by the French!

HEARTLY,

HEARTLY.

Enough—Enough—

BRUSH.

Enough!—aye, and to spare—I wish I could give part to those who envy my good fortune.—But how will the good lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon!

HEARTLY.

No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I have nothing to fear;—as there is no war declared, we shall soon be released; and in the mean time the French will treat us with their usual politeness.

BRUSH.

Pox on their politeness! ah, master! commend me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff—The rascalion that took my purse, bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong—but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out.—Another of those polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me—A third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles—Nay, that very individual

dividual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

HEARTLY.

I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and dispatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon, the commander, did not keep his hands clear of the pillage—An instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer.—Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

BRUSH. Faith! not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works—He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourself her brother—if he knew you were his rival you might pass your time very disagreeably.

HEARTLY.

There are two officers on board who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their foldiers to take any share of the prey, but consoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

You mean lieutenant Oclabber and ensign Maclaymore, a couple of damned renegadoes!—You lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

HEARTLY.

Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer—The other is an Highlander, excluded, I suppose, from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to overhear their conversation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and, when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivil question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

MACLAY-

MACLAYMORE.

Weel, weel, maister Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to fay atogither ye'er in the wrang—but ye ken ther's a time far a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

OCLABBER.

You may talk as you plaife, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are spaiking, whether I am asleep or awake, a gra. But, by my shoul, I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the English pleasure-boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war; much more the prifoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pirates and privateers.

MACLAYMORE.

To be fure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war; for ye ken in ancient times the victor teuk the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere*. But, then, ye man take notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonfy damfel too. I'm fure it made my heart wae, to see the faut brine come happin o'er her winsome cheeks.

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah O'Shannaghan, whom I left big with child in the county of Fermenaghan, gramma-chree!—Ochone, my dear Sheelah!—Look here, she made me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon—and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—och! my dear honey captain, cried she, I shall never do penance but I will be thinking of you. Ah! poor Sheelah, she once met with a terrible misfortune, gra: we were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough: and so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her she told me she was speechless; and by my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon her legs again: then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of Drimmendoo; but a friend of mine, of the order of Shaint Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Ellen-a-Roon.

MACLAYMORE.

Whether is't an elegy or an ode?

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all even?

MACLAYMORE.

Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the carmen elegiacum; or gif it be an ode, it may be monocolos, dicolos, tetraastrophos—or perhaps it's loose iambics.

OCLABBER.

Arra, upon my conscience I believe it is simple shambrucks, honey. But if you'll hold your tongue, you shall see with your own eyes.

SONG.

I.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone, my dear jewel,
Why was you so cruel
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

II.

Tho' teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
Tho' teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
In the dark she was groping,
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
 In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
 If you're dead do but own it;
 Then you'll hear me bemoan it;
 For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

IV.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
 Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
 O! the month of November,
 She'll have cause to remember,
 As a black-letter day all the days of her life.

V.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
 With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
 But, without a dismissal,
 I'd lose my commission,
 And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these
 seven long years?—An it pleased God to bring us
 within forty miles of each other, I would never de-
 sire to be nearer all the days of my life.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, fie! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your phi-
 losophy?—did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione*?
 —or Volufenus, my countrymen, *de Tranquillitate*
Animi? The warrant we have left a bonny lass too in
 the

the braes of Lochober—my yellow-hair'd deary that
wont to meet me amang the hether—Heigh, firs!
how she grat, and cried, “wae's my heart that we
“ should funder.”—Whisht, what's a' that rippet?

[*A noise of drums.*

OCLABBER.

Arran-mon-deaul! they are beating our granadier's
march, as if the enemy was in view: but I shall fetch
them off long enough before they begin to charge;
or, by Shaint Patrick! I'll beat their skulls to a pan-
cake.

MACLAYMORE.

[*To a bag-piper crossing the stage.*

Whare are ye ga'ane with the moofic, Donald?

PIPER.

Guid fait! an please your honour, the commander
has sent for her to play a spring to the fassenach dam-
fel: but her nain sell wad na pudge the length of her
tae without your honour's order—and she'll gar a'
the men march before her with the British flag and
the rest of the plunder.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at
diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-shew of her
ain misfortune—but howsomever, Donald, ye may

gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macree-man's composition; and if she has any taste for music, ye'll soon gar her forget her disaster.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, now since that's the caase, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compose her spirits, by my shoul! the drum shall beat till she's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—but we'll go and see the procession.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Procession.

[*First the bagpipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum followed by a crew of French sailors.*]

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de captive of your eye—by gar! my glorie turn to my disgrace!

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

CHAMPIGNON.

Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not understand vat you mean, madame—I ave de honour to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

HARRIET.

You have carried off an unarmed boat, contrary to the law of nations; and rifled the passengers in opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse.

CHAMPIGNON.

Common robber!—Madam, your serviteur très humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my 'art at your altar.

HARRIET.

If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice;—for my own part I have no taste for the *fumét*; so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle ! de ladies en France will felicitate demselves dat you renoncé de tendre of Monsieur de Champignon.—Madame la duchesse—mais taisons—alte la—et la belle marquise ! ah quelles ames !—vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes.—Diable m'emporte ! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de fame succès in love as in war.

HARRIET.

I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wife.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah ma charmante !—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid the transports of my flame.

HARRIET.

In a proper place, I believe I should find them very entertaining.

CHAMPIGNON.

How you ravish me, my princesse !—avouez donc, you 'ave de sentimens for my personne—parbleu ! it
is

is all your generosité—dere is noting extraordinary in my personne, diable m'emporte ! hai, hai.

[Cuts a caper.

HARRIET.

Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice ; for you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah, ah, madame ! I die under the charge of your politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope ma fantasie—your smile inspire me wid allegresse—allons ! vive l'amour !—la, la, la, la—

HARRIET.

What a delicate pipe ! I find, monsieur ! you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, your slave eternellement—personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chanfonettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, tree, four, ten year ago—I take possession fabre a la main ; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre !—dey refuse to submit and carry me to Plimout—dere I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Angloises—I teash dem to love—they

teash me to sing your jolies vaudevilles.—“A coblere
“dere vas, and he live in one stall.”—Hai, hai! how
you taste my talens, madame?

HARRIET.

Oh! you sing enchantingly, and so natural, one
would imagine you had been a cobbler all the days of
your life.—Ha, ha, ha!

CHAMPIGNON.

Hai, hai, hai!—if you not flatter me, madame, I
be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat
you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my prin-
cesse, vat sort of lover you shoofe—I vil transform
myself for your plaifir.

HARRIET.

I will not say what sort of lover I like; but I'll sing
what sort of lover I despise.

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar, she love me eperduement. (*Aside.*)

SONG.

I.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit

perfections of an angel; but she could as she advance
— You do me good office—II.—

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as an hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu, madame, you sing a merveille—by gar,
de figure be ver singulier.

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, CHAMPIGNON, HEARTLY.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monf. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most
umble serviteur—mademoiselle your sister ave des
perfections

perfections of an ange; but she be cold as de albâtre. You do me good office—I become of your alliance—you command my service.

HEARTLY.

I hope my sifter will set proper value upon your address: and you may depend upon my best endeavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it deserves.

CHAMPIGNON.

As it deserve!—mardy! dat is all I desire—den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires.*] Comment! que m'importe—madame, I must leave you for one moment to de gard of Monsieur your broder; but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

HEARTLY, HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

My dear Harriet, have you good-nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes?

HARRIET.

I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon:—ha, ha, ha!

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear your misfortune with such good-humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

HARRIET.

I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon-shot came whistling over our heads; and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner—but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that, upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him.—O' my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice.—I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery myself.

HEARTLY.

Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you.—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

HARRIET.

I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter. I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at a variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

SCENE VI.

HEARTLY, HARRIET, BRUSH.

HEARTLY to BRUSH.

Well, sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot: have you caught any intelligence?

BRUSH.

Sir, I have done your business—Captain Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of four wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

HARRIET.

Pray, Mr. Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud, stalking Highlander?

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

I won his heart with some transient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid, as an improvement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most foldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

HEARTLY.

These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

BRUSH.

He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, "By my faul! mon," says he, "ye're na fule; I see ye ken foo weel how to mak proper distinctions—" you and I man be better acquainted."—I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family: and sighing, cried, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*.

HEARTLY.

That scrap of Latin was a home thrust—You see, firrah, the benefit of a charity school.

BRUSH.

Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my Accidence, that ever my learning would turn to such account—Captain Maclaymore was surprised to hear me speak Latin: yet he found fault with my pronunciation.—He shook me by the hand, though I was a little shy of that compliment, and said he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle: but I put him in mind of the singat cat, for I was better than I was bonny—then he carried me to his cabin, where we might discourse more freely; told me the captain was “a light-headed guse,” and expressed his concern at your captivity, which he said was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

HARRIET.

There I hope you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

BRUSH.

I extolled his understanding; interested his gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him that my master's great-grandmother's aunt was a Scotchwoman of the name of Mackintosh, and that Mr. Heartly piqued himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

HEARTLY.

than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope
hoist the sails, and make the best of our way to Old
HEARTLY.

I'm obliged to your invention for the honour of
that alliance—I hope the discovery had a proper ef-
fect upon my cousin Maclaymore?

But you don't consider that Monsieur de Cham-
pignon is alarmed, may slip his cable and give us
BRUSH.

He no sooner heard that particular than he started
up, crying, "What the deil say ye? Mackintosh!—
"swunds, mon! that's the name of my ain mither—
"wha kens but mester Heartly and I may be coozens
"seventeen times removed?" Then he gave me a
full account of his pedigree for twelve generations,
and hawked up the names of his progenitors till they
set my teeth on edge. To conclude; he has pro-
mised to give you all the assistance in his power, and
even to favour our escape; for, over and above his
other motives, I find he longs to return to his own
country, and thinks a piece of service done to an
English gentleman may enable him to gratify that
inclination.

HEARTLY.

But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

BRUSH.

The boat is alongside—our men are permitted to
walk the deck—When the captain retires to rest, and
the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy
than

than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoist the fails, and make the best of our way to Old England.

I'm obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance—I hope I've very had a proper ef-

HEARTLY.

But you don't consider that Monsieur de Champignon, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chace—nay, compliment us with a dish of sugar-plumbs that may be very hard of digestion.

—What the devil say ye? Macintosh!

BRUSH.

There the friendship of Maclaymore will be of service; for, as soon as our flight is known, he and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle and confusion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach; and then we must trust to our own canvass and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime sailer.

I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks a piece of service done to an English gentleman may enable him to grasp that

HARRIET.

The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

HEARTLY.

Odso! there he comes.—Brush, go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

When the captain returns to tell, the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy than

SCENE

SCENE VII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Your humble fervant, fir—I hope the lady is plaisted with her accommodation—don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea?—upon my conscience! now it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

HEARTLY.

Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry.—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of captain Oclabber.—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

OCLABBER.

Acquaintance, honey!—by my shoul! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life!

HEARTLY.

Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

OCLABBER.

Ub ub oo!—by Shaint Patrick, I remember you as well as nothing in the world.—Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

HEARTLY.

My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

OCLABBER.

Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh! I remember you two made one with us at the hotel de Buffy—by my shoul! we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as three potatoes;—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot.—Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

HEARTLY.

Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with captain Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't choose to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know;—therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a mere baift.

HEARTLY.

I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own.—I understand by my servant too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! I told him so before you came aboard.—As for ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arraah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head.—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the archbishop of Armagh.—Didn't you know we are sworn brothers—tho' I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

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SCENE

SCENE VIII.

HEARTLY, OCLABBER, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

O Lord, fir! all the fat's in the fire.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, what's a-fire, honey?

BRUSH.

All our fine project gone to pot!—We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.

HEARTLY.

What does the blockhead mean?

BRUSH.

One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears, and storms in a breath!—I have seen Bedlam; but an English lunatic at full moon

moon is a very sober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

HEARTLY.

I care not for his passion or power—By heaven! he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll assault him, though unarmed, and die in her defence.— [Going.

OCLABBER.

Won't you be easy now?—your dying signifies nothing at all, honey; for, if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy?—by my shoul! you'd look very foolish. Take no notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation! I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

HEARTLY.

The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage!

OCLABBER.

Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

L 3

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

BRUSH.

Zooks! fir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no : he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already.—Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name to take care of yourself : for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

OCLABBER.

O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey ; we'll hold a council of war with ensign Mac-laymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

BRUSH.

Soldierly or unfoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape, I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my dear! you're a wag.—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows?—By my shoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

HEARTLY.

I'm so confounded and perplexed in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads.—For my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A great noise and bustle behind the scenes.

MACLAYMORE, CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON running upon the stage in a ridiculous dishabille.

PRENEZ garde qu'elle ne vous echappe!—aux armes!—Monf. le Second—contre maitre—la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

MACLAYMORE (*overturning him as if through mistake*).

As I fall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft!—deel stap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah meutrier! assassins! vous avez tué votre commandant!—holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

MACLAYMORE.

Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow!—Preserve us a'! it's the vara mon—weel I wot, fir, I'm right forry to find you in sic a pickle—
but

but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

CHAMPIGNON (*rising*).

Ventre saingris! my whole brain be derangée!—
traître! you be in de complot.

MACLAYMORE.

Traiter! me nae traiter, Mester Champignon, or
gude faith! you and I man ha' our kail through the
reek.

CHAMPIGNON.

Were be de prifoniers?—tell a me dat—ha!—
mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau!—de prise! de
prifoniers!—sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses!
rendez moi les prifoniers—you be de enseigne, you
be de officier.

MACLAYMORE.

Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer—I wufs some
other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd
the respect due to an officer, we should na be fashed
with a' this din.

CHAMPIGNON.

Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur Artlie?
were be de prifoniers? wat you beat my brains wid
your sottises?

MACLAY-

MACLAYMORE.

Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge, and sae ye may gang and leuk after him—and as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet, whom you ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your bouillon, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu ! Monsieur Maclaimore, you distrait me wid your babil.—I demand de Englis prisoniers—m'entendez vous ?

MACLAYMORE.

Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien—there was nae English prisoner here—for I man tell you, sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*—or *Puffendorf de Officio Hominis & Civis*—ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello*—ergo he was nae prisoner of war—now what says the learned Puffendorf?

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment ! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu ! you be one impertinent.

MACLAY-

MACLAYMORE.

What, what!—that's a paughty word, fir—that's nae language for a gentleman—nae mair o' that, or gude faith we'll forget where we are.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! you ave forget dat I be your general—your chief.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul, mon! that's strange news indeed—You my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

CHAMPIGNON.

Oui, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

MACLAYMORE.

Donna rustre me, fir, or deel dam my faul, but I'll wraist your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France. [*They draw and fight.*]

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, CHAMPIGNON, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my lads! what's the maining of all this disturbance;—o' my conscience! there's no such
2 thing

thing as resting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been a-bed these tree hours, but I could not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep. [*Pretending to discover Champignon.*] Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? what, is it your ownself, Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign?—by my shoul! that's not so shivil now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the king's name—you shall see one another locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then, if you cut one another's throats, by the blessed Virgin! you shall be brought to a court martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

MACLAYMORE (*sheathing his sword*).

Weel, weel, fir,—ye're my commanding officer—*tuum est imperare*—but he and I fall meet before mountains meet—that's a'.

CHAMPIGNON TO OCLABBER.

Vat! you presume to entremettre in mes affaires d'honneur—you have de hardieffe to dispute wid me de command of dis vaisseau de guerre?—tell a me if you know my condition, ha?

OCLABBER.

Indeed, indeed, my dear, I believe your present condition is not very favoury—but, if ensign Mac-laymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse—and yet, upon my

my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monfieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi—you not seem to know my nobleffe—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was threadbare, and out at elbows.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie.—Daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

OCLABBER.

Och! I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my shoul! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for it stood always uncovered; and never refused entrance to any passenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

CHAM-

CHAMPIGNON.

You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

OCLABBER.

By Shaint Patrick! I know them as well as the father that bore them—your nephew is a begging-brother of the order of Shaint Francis—Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent savatier in the county of Bearne; and your own self, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan; then served the Count de Bardasch for your diversion; and now, by the king's favour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah quelle medifance!—que vous imaginez bien Monsieur—but I vill represent your conduit to des marchaux of France: and dey vill convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some confideration—un charlatan!—mardy! dat be ver plaifant.—Messieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres pour rattraper de Englis chaloupe—jusque au revoir—Charlatan!—Savatier!—Morte de ma vie. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight by this time.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul! captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet—He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

OCLABBER.

If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—arra man deul! that's not the thing neither—but you know my maining, as the saying is.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, aye—I've warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my parts pretty weel for a beginner.

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

For a beginner !—Devil fetch me ! but you played like a man that jokes in earnest—but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you—and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

MACLAYMORE.

Let that flie stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—but now we man tak care of the poor waff lassie that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

OCLABBER.

I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

MACLAYMORE.

It's now break of day—donna ye see the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig?—We'll e'en gang down and tak a taffe of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Lord! I'm in such a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being re-taken?

BRUSH.

Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout.—The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle—My master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the centries who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake:—but, now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England.—I'm sure I sent many a wishful look after them.

HARRIET.

What! you are sorry then for having stayed behind with me?

BRUSH.

O! by no manner of means, Ma'am—to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in de-

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firing

firing that I might be left, when you spoke to my master through the barricado:—but yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr. Heartly, Ma'am, that I should be glad to share all his dangers, Ma'am—though, after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to leave his mistress, and faithful servant, in such a dilemma.

HARRIET.

Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly—you know how unwillingly he complied with my request—we could not guess what villanous steps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

BRUSH.

Well—heaven grant him success, and that speedily—for my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence—If I had broke my leg two days ago, I shouldn't have been in this quandary—God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

HARRIET.

Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage—I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Odso! I'll run down to lieutenant Oclabber, and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose. [Exit BRUSH.

SCENE V.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you pardon my presumption, dat I pay my devoirs in dishabille—bot it 'be all for your service—Monfieur your amant avec decampé fans façon—I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure de plaisir of seeing him again—Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitresse!

HARRIET.

Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar! it be tout a fait impossible—he steal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité!

HARRIET.

I'm heartily glad to hear it!

CHAMPIGNON.

For vat you be glad, my princefs, ha?

HARRIET.

That he's no longer in your power.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—juste ciel!—how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, revanche! revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra—Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave de honeur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom.—Ah! larron! perfide!—la, la, la, ra, ra.

[He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.]

Monfieur Artlie is not in my power—bon!—but, by gar! Madame, you know who is, hah!

HARRIET.

As for me, my fex protects me—I am here, indeed, a prisoner and alone; but you will not, you dare not treat me with indignity.

CHAMPIGNON.

Dare not!—Bravo—Shew to me de man vil fay I dare not—ça—ha—hah! *[Capers about.]*

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want music—Shall I sing you a song?

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—you gouverne vid foverain empire over my art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into one calm.

SONG.

I.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shewn;
And the blast that blows loudest is soonest o'erblown.

II.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

III.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

M 3

SCENE

SCENE VI.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH,

BRUSH,

News! news! there's an English man of war's boat
along-side, with a flag of truce.

CHAMPIGNON,

Comment!—Madame, you ave de bonté to retire
to your cabane—I go drefs myself, and give de
audience. [Exit CHAMPIGNON.]

SCENE VII.

HARRIET, BRUSH,

HARRIET.

O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates
with fear and suspense!—What does the arrival of
this boat portend?

BRUSH,

Our deliverance from the hands of the Philistines,
I hope—it could not arrive at a more seasonable
juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that
I'm so much concerned on my own account, Ma'am
—but

—but I can't be insensible to your danger, Ma'am—
I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not feel for
one that is so dear to Mr. Heartly, Ma'am.

HARRIET.

Really, Mr. Brush, you seem to have improved
mightily in politeness since you lived among these
French gentlemen.

BRUSH.

Lived, Ma'am!—I have been dying hourly since
I came aboard; and that politeness which you are
pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneaking
fear and hen-heartedness, which I believe (God for-
give me) is the true source of all French politeness;
a kind of poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity—I
should be very proud to be drubbed in England for
my insolence and ill-breeding.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your
heart's content—When we revisit our own country,
you shall have all my interest towards the accomplish-
ment of your wish—meanwhile do me the favour to
make further inquiry about this same flag of truce,
and bring an account of what shall pass, to my cabin,
where I shall wait for you with the utmost impa-
tience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

BLOCK, and another Seaman,

BLOCK.

Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieutenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder—nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is—we shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money—if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage—he's all upperwork and head-sail—I'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion. [Enter BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Heh!—how!—no, sure!—Yes faith but it is—Od-fo! cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

BLOCK.

What cheer, ho?—How does mother Margery?—Meet me among the French! Agad! I'd never desire better pastime than to be among 'em with a good cut-lash in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle.—Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your mistress were wind-bound, we are come alongside to tow you into the offing.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

The Lord reward you, cousin—but what if this damned Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

BLOCK.

Why, then, lieutenant Lyon is a-cruising to windward of that there head-land—he'll be along-side in half a glass, fall under your stern, clap his helm a starboard, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman and every soul on board to the devil in the turning of an handspike.

BRUSH.

The devil he will!—but, cousin, what must become of me then?

BLOCK.

Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose—we sailors never mind those things—every shot has its commission, d'ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

BRUSH.

O! curse your comfort.

BLOCK.

BLOCK.

Hark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore?—What d'ye say to a slug?

BRUSH.

Slug!—O, I understand you.

[Fetches a keg of brandy, which BLOCK sets to his head.

BLOCK.

Right Nantz, strike my top-fails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution.—Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains—This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French. An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother—but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy.—No more keg, no more courage.

BRUSH.

T'other pull, cousin.

BLOCK.

Avast, avast—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel—Smite my cross trees! we begin to yaw already—Hiccup.—

BLOCK.

BRUSH.

BRUSH.

Odso! our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midshipman.

BLOCK.

Steady,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE,
BRUSH, TOM HAULYARD an English Midshipman,

CHAMPIGNON.

Eh bien, Monsieur, qui fouhaite il?

HAULYARD.

Anan—Monfeer sweat ye!—Agad! I believe, if we come along-side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

MACLAYMORE.

That's mair than ye can tell, my lad—ye may gar me sweet with fetching; but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweet with fear.

OCLABBER.

You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey—but, by the blessed Virgin! you shall not sweat me alive—
and

and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

HAULYARD.

If it wa'n't for such as you that shew your own country the fore top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to shew their colours at sea—but howsomever, we'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the saying is—If so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mardy! de commission be very peremtoire!—ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monsieur your commandant?

HAULYARD.

I don't take in your palaver, not I—and mayhap you don't know my lingo! but, agad! we'll soon make you understand plain English.

OCLABBER.

Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

HAUL-

HAULYARD.

Who should it be but lieftenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of sixty guns? as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne?

HAULYARD.

Suppose!—if you do, he'll run you along-side, yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water; that's all.

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! he vill find himself mistaken: here is not vater for one sixty-gun ship—(*aside*). Hearnk you me, Monsieur, vat is your name, tell Monsieur Lionne dat I am called Michel Sanfon Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau—dat I ave de honeur to serve de king—dat fear be one bagatelle of wich I have de mepris—dat I regard you ambassade as de galimatias—dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre; and dat if Monf. Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un visite, I shall ave de gloire to chastise his presomption; so I permitte you go your way.

MACLAY-

MACLAYMORE.

Dissentio—bide you, Billy—there's nae clerk here I trow—weel, lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments in your haund against the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English leddy, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may gang about your buisness; when ye come back, I'll tauk with you in another stye.

OCLABBER.

For my own part, honey, I shall be after shewing you some diversion in the way of my duty; but I taake you to witness that I have no hand in detaining the lady who is plaised to favour us with her company against her own consent, gra.

HAULYARD.

Mayhap you may trust to your shoal water—if you do, you're taken all aback, brother: for lieutenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak: and—heh!—agad! yonder she comes round the point with a flowing sail—b'w'ye, Monseer Champignon! all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taste some of your soup meagre by that time you pipe to dinner.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE,
BRUSH.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendois par fitot, a
quelle coté faut il que je me tourne? sacrebleu! (*aside*).
Messieurs, I demand your conseil; you protest against
my conduite; if you tink me ave done de injustice,
you vil find me tout a fait raisonnable: we render Ma-
demoiselle to de Englis; for I judge it bien mal
a-propos to engage de enemy, vere de spirit of contra-
diction reign among ourselves.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, the contradiction is all
over; you have nothing to do but to station your
men; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own shelf,
the English cannon may make our legs and arms play
at loggerhead in the air, honey, but we'll stand by
you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and
all his works, gra.

MACLAYMORE.

Never fash your noddle about me: conscience!
I'se no be the first to cry barley.

OCLAB-

OCLABBER.

Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o'the head, gra : but I'm afraid they're no better than dunghills ; for they were raised from the canaille of Paris.—And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra ; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger, you know ; and then she'll be released without ransom.

BRUSH.

God bless you, Captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady : I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance ; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exit* OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, and BRUSH.]

SCENE XI.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ventre faingris ! que ferai-je ? Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois sont si précipités ! que diable les étouffe. Allons ! Aux armes ! matelots—

mes enfans ! chardon—chifon—ortie—fumiere—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes !

[A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musquetry.]

Ah mon bon Dieu ! ayez pitié de moi encore—qu'on m'apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur !—je suis mort !—je suis enterré !—ah ! voila assez mes enfans—cessez—desistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—lieutenant O-claw-bear !

SCENE XII.

OCLABBER.

Holloa !

[Behind the scenes.]

CHAMPIGNON.

Laissez—laissez—leave off your fire—de ennemi be too strong—we ave abaissée le drapeau—I command you leave off.—

OCLABBER.

Leave off ! arrah, for what ?

CHAMPIGNON.

De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn your quarter!—what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd?—The men are lying along the deck like so many paife; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my shoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[Coming upon the stage.]

Arrah mon deaul! I believe the English have made a compact with the devil to do such execution; for my ensign has lost all his men too but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecastle sword in hand.

BRUSH (*in great trepidation*).

O Lord! Mr. Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpose, my master is come aboard, and if they should meet, there will be murder.

OCLABBER.

By my shoul! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him it will be in the way of friendship, honey—howsomever, if there's any mischief done, I'll go and prevent it. *[Exit OCLABBER.]*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

CHAMPIGNON, Lieutenant LYON, HEARTLY,
HAULYARD, BRUSH, BLOCK, and English
Sailors.

CHAMPIGNON (*throwing himself on his knees, and
presenting his sword*).

Ah! misericorde, Monsieur Artlie, quartier—quar-
tier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

HEARTLY.

I have no time to mind such trifles—where is my
Harriet?

BRUSH.

I'll shew you the way to the poor solitary pigeon
—Master, this is a happy day!

[*Exeunt HEARTLY and BRUSH.*]

SCENE XIV.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, Lieutenant LYON,
HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, &c.

OCLABBER (*delivering his sword*).

Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day, You
ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very
little

little trouble.—Our commander there is a very shivil person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the soldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my shoul! now they're the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of my life! about two minutes agone they were lying like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they are all scamper'd off about their business.

MACLAYMORE.

As I fall answer, it's a black burning shame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem*.

OCLABBER.

By my shalvation! if the king will take my advice, every single man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE the Last.

Enter HEARTLY, leading in HARRIET.

HEARTLY (*embracing OCLABBER and MACLAYMORE.*)

Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shewn to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessary to our grievances.

OCLAB-

DOCLABBER (*receiving his sword*).

Mr. Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my shoul.

LYON.

I a'n't used to make speeches, Madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old school-fellow, Heartly, is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't shew a commission authorising him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's arm by the neck as a pirate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfered from you and Mr. Heartly.

HARRIET.

At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; "Hanging and marriage go by destiny:" yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence: Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

(Enter BLOCK drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.)

BLOCK.

Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of CHAMPIGNON's clothes.]

By your leave, Tinsey—Odds heart! these braces are so tort, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

LYON.

Ahey!—what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

BLOCK.

All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon overhaul the rest of the cargo.

[Pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons, What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood, the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.]

[The next thing that appears is a very coarse canvas shirt, with very fine laced ruffles.]

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottennesses alow.

[Draws out a plume of feathers.]

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that, like his fancy,

fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigg'd with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledg'd, no wonder they are so ready to fly.

[Finds a pocket-glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.]

Swing the fwivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under false colours, like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog, he dares not shew his own face to the weather!

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

BLOCK.

Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket—thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French is to spare all their Shampinions—Odd's heart! I wou'd all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

LYON.

But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

BLOCK.

Swab! I did swab the forecattle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

N 4

LYON.

LYON.

None of your jaw, you lubber.

BLOCK.

Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of Old England—but go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul—I have seen the day when thou would'st have shewn thy colours with the best o'un.

LYON.

Peace, porpuss.

BLOCK.

I am a porpuss; for I spout salt-water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a-going.

HARRIET.

Come, Mr. Block, I must make you friends with lieutenant Lyon.—As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

BLOCK.

BLOCK.

Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, as how, he's as brisk a seaman as ever greas'd a marlin-spike—I'll turn 'un adrift with e'er a he that reefed a forefail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

BLOCK.

I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see—then a may to see when a wool, and hoist the Union flag.—Stand clear, John Frenchman—"The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves," as the song goes.

LYON.

And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monsieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceed my orders, which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

Well—I'm persuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny ; and, to shew that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress ; but in other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

LYON.

I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly.—I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness—but there are Champignons in every service—While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities ; when she breaks her treaties and grows insolent, we will drub her over to her good behaviour.—Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

SONG.

Behold ! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses :
Buss and part with your frolicsome lassies ;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide-flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls ;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our

II.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
 Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
 And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
 Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

III.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
 We must mind other music than catches;
 Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
 Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

IV.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
 British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
 Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
 So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
 And English courage fires our souls;
 To crown our toils, the fates decree
 The wealth and empire of the sea.



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MISS MACKLIN.

A YE—now I can with pleasure look around
 Safe as I am, thank heaven, on English ground—
 In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
 'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
 Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,
 Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic ass—
 By Champignon a wretched victim led
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
 As nun or wife, alike a penitent,
 His gallantry, so confident and eager,
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe—maigre:
 To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr:
 But heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar.
 Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or fore,
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—
 Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder:
 In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,

[To the Gallery.

Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
 Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below,

[To the Pit.

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
 Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
 Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
 He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.

His

His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[Looking round the House.]

And hollow groans portend th' approaching storm;
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,

[To the Gallery.]

And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble,

[To the Pit.]

He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.



His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who dares him, is no Aristocrat.
Indulge'd with favour and smiling grace,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this western angry clouds deform,
[Looking round the House]

And hollow gales portend the approaching storm;
Should the descending flow'rs of hail redouble,
[To the Gallery]

And these rough billows fall, and boil and bubble,
[To the Hall]
I'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.



Safe from your hands, we need no other aid,
We might be lost, but not by your hand.
[To the Poet]
The house which you have chosen to dwell,
Have you not made it your own?
Our house is yours, and yours is ours,
We are all one, and all are free.

ADVICE, AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEARS 1746 AND 1747.

—Sed podice levi

Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.—

Q Proceres ! cenfore opus est an haruspice nobis? JUVENAL.

—nam quis

Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit

Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?

Ibid.

ADVICE:

A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
 'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
 And who, so much to sense and glory lost,
 Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!
 From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose; 5
 Divorc'd, all hell shall not re-tie the noose!
 Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife
 Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;
 Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; Nature, ever kind, 10
 Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
 'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small——

8. *Not Cope fly swifter,*] A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Why sleeps the muse?—is there no room for praise,
 When such bright names in constellation blaze?
 When sage Newcastle, abstinently great, 15
 Neglects his food to cater for the state;
 And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
 So well rewards a genius like his own:
 Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name
 For sober dignity and spotless fame; 20
 Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel yet unfung:
 Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

POET.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
 These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
 But what of that? the more the bard shall claim, 25
 Who can create as well as cherish fame.
 But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
 To rouse th' engag'd attention of the great,

15. *When sage Newcastle, &c.*] Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

17. *And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne, &c.*] This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colly Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

19. *Granville and Bath, &c.*] Two noblemen famous in their day for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

21. *Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel, &c.*] Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd—

Amus'd,

Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
 Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum; 30
 While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
 Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
 Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
 Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of hell.
 Ev'n Atticus (so wills the voice of Fate) 35
 Enshrines, in clouded majesty, his state;
 Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
 Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
 Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
 And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe? 40
 Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploing eye,
 With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
 A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
 Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
 While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, 45
 And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
 'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
 The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!

29. *Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,*] This alludes to a phenomenon not more strange than true; the person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest, one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

30. *Transports of a drum;*] This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
 Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
 Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,
 Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow?
 A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
 And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed:
 My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
 'Tis he who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
 Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
 Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
 And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.

FRIEND.

Heav'ns how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
 If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
 Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:
 The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
 Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,
 And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
 Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
 And minister to him who serves a slave:
 Be sure you fasten on Promotion's scale;
 Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail:

62. Lockman's fate] To be little read, and less approved.

Th'

Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
 From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.
 Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
 Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
 Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame, 75
 The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;
 But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
 A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
 There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours bright,
 His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite; 80
 Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
 And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star:
 Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
 Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
 His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, 85
 Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:
 Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
 A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d:
 And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
 Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace. 90

POET.

Eternal infamy his name surround,
 Who planted first that vice on British ground!

88. *A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L——d:*] This child of dirt, (to use a great author's expression,) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

90. *Accomplish'd Warren*] Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications, commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoeblack: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
 And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
 Pollio! the pride of science and its shame, 95
 The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name?
 Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
 Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
 There only may the spurious passion glow,
 Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow, 100
 Obscene with crimes avow'd, of ev'ry dye,
 Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:
 Let Chardin, with a chaplet round his head,
 The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;
 " Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write, 105
 " And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
 Worthy to feel that appetite of fame
 Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
 Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,
 Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons; 110
 While Dulness screens the failings of the church,
 Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch;

103. *Let Chardin, with a chaplet round his head,*] This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

109. *Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs, &c.*] In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

111. *While Dulness screens, &c.*] This is a decent and parental office, in which Dulness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone 115
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lacquies fatten at his board: 120
To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride, 125
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,
If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice. 130
What if, arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo through his hall;
And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale, 135
And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd pass,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:

Say, Friend, is it benevolence of soul,
 Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole? 140
 These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive,
 His pride inveigled from the public hive :
 And numbers pine in solitary woe,
 Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.
 When silent misery assail'd his eyes, 145
 Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathise?
 Or his extensive charity pervade
 To those who languish in the barren shade,
 Where oft, by want and modesty suppress'd,
 The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? 150
 No! petrify'd by dulness and disdain,
 Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
 The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
 Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, 155
 If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price,

POET.

Sooner in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
 Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
 What new resource?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain
 That bloom with honours, or that team with gain: 160
 These

These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
 Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair :
 Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
 The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie ;
 All merit mock, all qualities depress,
 Save those that grace th' excelling patroness ;
 Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
 And heard with joy, by defamation praise :
 To this collect each faculty of face,
 And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace ;
 Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
 The smutty joke ridiculously lewd ;
 And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
 Applaud th' abortive fallies of her tongue :
 Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,
 Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist ;
 Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
 Priest of her love, and dæmon of her hate,

POET.

But say, what recompence for all this waste
 Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste ?
 To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,
 And fall by what I rose, low ridicule ?
 Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,
 Again shall harmony with rapture glow !

177. *Her midnight rites, &c.*] These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only ; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them : we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

The

The spells dissolve, the combination breaks, 185
 And Punch, no longer Frafi's rival, squeaks.
 Lo, Ruffel falls a sacrifice to whim,
 And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
 With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
 And sees their favour like a vision fade! 190
 Is this, ye faithless Syrens!—this the joy
 To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
 Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,
 His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
 Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye! 195
 Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie!
 Behold his gay career to ruin run,
 By you seduc'd, abandon'd, and undone!
 Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
 My muse with murders shall the town alarm; 200

187. *Lo, Ruffel falls, &c.*] A famous mimic and finger. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expence they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last his generous patronesses, after much sollicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

199. *Rather in garret, &c.*] These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Gutherie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect, in a Beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well ;—enjoy that petulance of style, 205
And, like the envious adder, lick the file :
What tho' success will not attend on all !
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of Fortune spread ;
Each weakness, Vice and Folly, yields thee bread ; 210
Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What ! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother :
Turn usurer, o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood, 220
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal——

POET.

Why not a purse?

206. *And, like the envious adder, lick the file :*] This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

Two

Two things I dread, my Conscience and the Law. O

FRIEND.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw? 225

Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,

'Till minted by the mercenary tongue;

And what is Conscience, but a fiend of Strife,

That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?

The wayward child of Vanity and Fear, 230

The peevish dam of Poverty and Care;

Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast

That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail! sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!

Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide; 235

Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll

Eternal hurricanes around my foul;

My soul, serene, amidst the storms shall reign,

And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

* Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve, 240

Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

POET.

No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;

And moral rage, heroic courage lend

* This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

"Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

To

To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow. 245

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who fought the bosom of the wood?
Invenom'd calumny the first shall brand, 250
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' un hospitable shore.

248. *What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,*

249. *And him who fought the bosom of the wood?*] This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

To pierce the gleaming passion of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguishing blow.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back;
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who fought the bottom of the word?
Invenom'd certainly the first shall stand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command;
The first, a name, and a sword, and a shield.

If such be life, its wretched I deplore,
And long to quit this unsupportable shore.
What then, I pray, shall I do?—I will not
Who, when the battle is over, shall
The victor to the behavior of a general on a certain occasion,
who displayed an extreme gallantry for the cool shade during the
heat of the day: the Hesperian general, in the battle of the
river.

To the great, who, in the midst of the
The great, who, in the midst of the

And, for the sake of the
And, for the sake of the

The great, who, in the midst of the
The great, who, in the midst of the

REPROOF:

A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

HOWE'ER I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good heav'n! what dæmon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook, 5
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your purse relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:

Among

Among your kindred have I kindled strife, 15
 Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
 Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
 Or foil'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
 Expos'd my private counsel to the town. 20

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
 I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
 Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
 That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due) 25
 Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallow'd be the mouth
 That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
 Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,
 No penitent more mortify'd than I; 30
 Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan
 Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamfon*.

* Governor of the Tower.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—

† The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay, 35
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse;

I'll own my error and expunge the verse.

Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,

The world allows the race was fairly run. 40

But lest the truth too naked should appear,

A robe of fable shall the goddess wear:

When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,

Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,

Voracious wolves fierce rushing from the rocks, 45

Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks;

The suff'ers crowding round the royal cave,

Their monarch's pity and protection crave:

Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,

To shield their lambs from danger and alarms; 50

† Sir John Cope,

A thousand rams the champions of the fold,
 In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
 Engag'd in firm association, stood,
 Their lives devoted to the public good :
 A warlike chieftain was their sole request, 55
 To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest ;
 Their pray'r was heard, and, by consent of all,
 A courtier ape appointed general.—
 He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
 The savage foe came pouring like a flood ; 60
 Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
 Nor deign'd, in three score miles, to look behind ;
 While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
 And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain :
 The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short) 65
 With all his speed could not outrun Report ;
 And to appease the clamours of the nation,
 'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
 The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place ;
 All senior members of the horned race.— 70
 The wether, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
 And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.—

70. *Horned race.*] It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that, among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Th'

Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest, 75
And pausing, thus his fellow-chiefs address'd.—
If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,
But sacred wisdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, maturés my thought; 80
Th' important issue of this grand debate
May furnish precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape 85
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. 90
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope, 95
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.— 100

P 2

POET.

POET.

Hail, sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
 O bring the darling objects to my sight!
 My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
 My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
 Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread, 105
 To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
 But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
 Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song.
 Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
 To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay; 110
 The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
 A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
 Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
 The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
 Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise 115
 A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
 Else should the venerable patriot stand
 Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
 The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue;
 And bring fair Virtue's triumphs to the view! 120
 Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
 From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.

108. Lockman's *ode* and Hanbury's *song*.] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Craffum ungentum, et sardo cum melle papaver*.

110. Stanhope's *worth*] The earl of Chesterfield.

122. *Melting* Scot.] Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil, 125
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle;
Infatiate Lafcelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries. 130

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car, 135
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle, carefs'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball; 140

126. Gideon, Lafcelles, Vaneck,] A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

129. Griping Jasper] A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

139. The leering belle,] A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Where peers attentive listen and adore,
 And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
 At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
 Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge
 For the vile tribes of usurers and bites, 143
 Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.
 Each low pursuit, and slihter folly bred
 Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
 Thrives uncontroll'd, and blossoms o'er the land,
 Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand: 150
 While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
 By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
 I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
 And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
 The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, 15
 That curse with hideous dreams the caittiff's sleep;
 Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
 Which daily persecute his wretched life;
 With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
 That rack his bosom while the mail is read. 160
 Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
 A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
 While the young lordling struts in native pride,
 His party-coloured tutor by his side,

143. *Peter's obsequies*] Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

164. *His party-coloured tutor*] Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care, 165
 Who to the brawny fire commits her heir.
 Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
 Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
 Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
 While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd; 170
 I see, with joy, the vaticide deplore
 An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.
 Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord,
 Employ the social chair, and venal board;
 Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, 175
 The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
 While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
 The gig'ling minx half-choak'd behind her cards:
 These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem
 The motley spawn of ignorance and whim. 180

170. *Spues new monsters to the crowd;*] Monsters of absurdity.

- "He look'd, and saw a fable forc'er rise,
- "Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
- "All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
- "And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
- "Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
- "Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
- "A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
- "'Till one wide conflagration swallows all."

DUNCIAD.

174. *Employ the social chair;*] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

174. *Venal board;*] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
 The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
 Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
 By this dishonour ceases to be shame:
 This weans from blushes lewd Trawly's face,
 Gives Hawley praise and Ingoldsby disgrace,
 From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
 A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!
 And may (should taste a little more decline)
 Transform the nation to an herd of swine. 190

FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!
 Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;
 Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
 The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;
 Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty, 195
 And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:
 While sagely neutral fits thy silent friend,
 Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny
 His invoked voice to fill the cry! 200

186. Hawley *praise*] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

195. Clark, Banks, Barrowby, Chitty,] A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste are much of the same dimension.

And

And let me still the sentiment disdain
 Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
 Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank, 205
 Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often hums and shakes his empty head; 210
 Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
 The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
 Then, in loud clamour, echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd.
 These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry, 215
 That nibble round, I pity and defy.



And let me fill the ferment disdain
 Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;
 The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
 Whom neither awe, nor shame, nor loss adorn;
 Or him, who to maintain a critic's rank,
 The conductors of his own eternal blank,
 His want of taste unwilling to betray,
 Twice female and noncense hesitates all day;
 With brow contracted hears each passage read,
 And often frowns and shakes his empty head;
 Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
 The passive part a poet or a dance;
 Then, in loud clamour, echoes back the word,
 'Tis bold! insipid—dramatic—absurd;
 I hear, and in unnumber'd schools of scribblers fly,
 That nibble round, I fly and dally;
 I hear, and in unnumber'd schools of scribblers fly,
 That nibble round, I fly and dally;
 I hear, and in unnumber'd schools of scribblers fly,
 That nibble round, I fly and dally;
 I hear, and in unnumber'd schools of scribblers fly,
 That nibble round, I fly and dally;



POEMS.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

POEMS AND ODES.

Thy hospitable walls no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins fast they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner less than
His ad become the prey of war;
Bereaves him of his babes and wife,
Then takes his breath, and curses his
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their women folk;
Thy ravish'd virgins sunk in vain
Thy infant perils on the plain.

POEMS AND ODES.

POEMS.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

I.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What

III.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their fathers stood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Repentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
" Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES

ON A

YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON A HARPSICORD,
AND SINGING.

I.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire :
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away !

II.

But had the nymph, possess'd with these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

III.

The worm of Grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid :
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

In Imitation of TIBULLUS.

I.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
 Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
 Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

v.

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
 A while in silence o'er my fate repine :
 Then, with a long farewell to Love and Care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

vi.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

SONG.

I.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
 On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
 My cautious soul essays in vain
 Her peace and freedom to maintain :
 Yet let that blooming form divine,
 Where grace and harmony combine,
 Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
 Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
 In all their pomp assail my view,
 Intent my bosom to subdue ;
 My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
 Not all those charms shall force to yield.

II.

But when, invok'd to beauty's aid,
 I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd ;
 That soul so sensibly sedate
 Amid the storms of froward fate !
 Thy genius active, strong, and clear,
 Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe,
 The social ardour void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart ;
 My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And ev'ry faculty oppress,
 Almighty love invades my breast !

SONG.

I.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

II.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As Winter's dreary frost unkind.

III.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Tho' hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

IV.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah!

V.

Ah ! friend ! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
She need but look, and, I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

VI.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there ;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

V.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-lived trance,
 Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
 She need but look, and I could see,
 Those looks completely cur'd or blest.

VI.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
 So something more than human's there;
 I must submit, for this is vain,
 'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

ODES.

BURLESQUE ODE.*

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless Fate
 From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore;
 These pious arms, essay'd too late,
 To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
 Could not thy healing drop, illustrious Quack,
 Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
 For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
 Thy sorrels dragg'd thee thro' the worst of ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
 Thy steps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids;
 Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
 Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
 Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
 Beset with rowers dank;
 Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
 Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
 Steep Snow-hill rolls the fable flood;
 Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs:

* Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill-treated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Ill doth it now beseem,
 That thou should'st doze and dream,
 When Death in mortal armour came,
 And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.
 Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast
 The brute creation kindly blest'd :
 Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
 The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd ;
 Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
 Did she glad sustenance refuse ;
 The strutting cock she daily fed,
 And turkey with his snout so red ;
 Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
 Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren ;
 While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
 As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
 What comfort can I find ;
 O best of gramams ! thou art dead and gone,
 And I am left behind to weep and moan,
 To sing thy dirge in sad funereal ray,
 Ah ! woe is me ! alack ! and well-a-day !

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flow'r adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The Morning opes on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden show'r:
 Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
 Pale

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth : I see her fit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side,
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer ;
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Nor should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil imbrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love;
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source ;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
 The springing trout in speckled pride ;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
 The silver eel, and motled par *.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals
 in delicacy and flavour.

And

And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry imbrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

I.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
 And Ocean's billows cease to roll ;
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova-Zembla's loft !
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

II.

No more shall flow'rs the meads adorn ;
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn ;
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring ;
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring ;
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
 When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

III.

No more shall joy in hope be found ;
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round ;
 Nor Love's light god inhabit earth ;
 Nor beauty give the passion birth ;
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When

IV.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range ;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom ;
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume ;
 When Nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime.
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul
 With frantic Superstition for his guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heav'n's name urg'd th' infernal blow;
 And red the stream began to flow:
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood*!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.

* *Baptiz'd with blood!*] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut. — Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
 When a bold savage pass'd that way,
 Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stopt: he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt th' impression of her charms:
 He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curliu scream'd, the Tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
 Old Time exulted as he flew;
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flow'ring thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.—
 The mountain Driads seiz'd with joy
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
 The Doric muse caress'd the fav'rite boy;
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his op'ning mind.
 As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and finewy as his fire;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.
 On desert isles * 'twas he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain †;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He, with the generous rustics, fate
 On Uri's rocks in close diwan ‡;
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

* *On desert isles*] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendor.

† *To burst the Iberian's double chain;*] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ *On Uri's rocks*] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd *,
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's Adamantine shrine;
 And many a Tartar herd forlorn, 'aghast †!
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
 And taught amidst the dreary waste
 Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
 He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ‡.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
 My lips by him chastis'd to truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

* *Arabia's scorching sands*] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

† *And many a Tartar herd*] From the tyranny of Jehghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

‡ *And turns the dross of Corsica*] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flow'rs of spurious Fancy blow;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glitt'ring spoils oppress'd:
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on ev'ry scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study shall with Solitude recline ;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender chord that fluttering Life sustains :
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
And Industry supply the humble store ;
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chace far off the goblins of the night ;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious pow'r ! my patron and my pride.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ANTISTROPHES

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the poet's dark, but evening-dim'd charms,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There, study shall with solitude redine;
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
 And Toil and Temperance solemnly twine
 The hardest chord that flustering life sustains:
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
 And taste unspoil'd the fragrant table spread;
 And Industry supply the humble store;
 And Sleep unbid'd his dews refreshing shed:
 While-mantled Innocence, ethereal spirit,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Precious bow at noon-past and my pride.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ERRATA in VOL. I.

- Page v. line 3, *for variatious read variations*
 xxvii. — 23, *for Arimanius read Arimanes*
 xxxiii. — 23, *for ingenuous read ingenious*
 xxxvii. — 9, *for reasan read reason*
 xli. — penult. *for Corous read Corvus*
 xlii. — 12, *for to frapped read so frapped*
 xliv. — 24, *for profanity read profaneness*
 lxi. — 12, *for woman read women*
 cii. — 4, note, *for shreaking read shrieking*
 cxlvi. — 14, *for Tadnor read Tadmor*
 cxlvii. — penult. *for and read of*
 clix. — 22, *for except read accept*
 cxc. — 16, *for lepores read leporis*